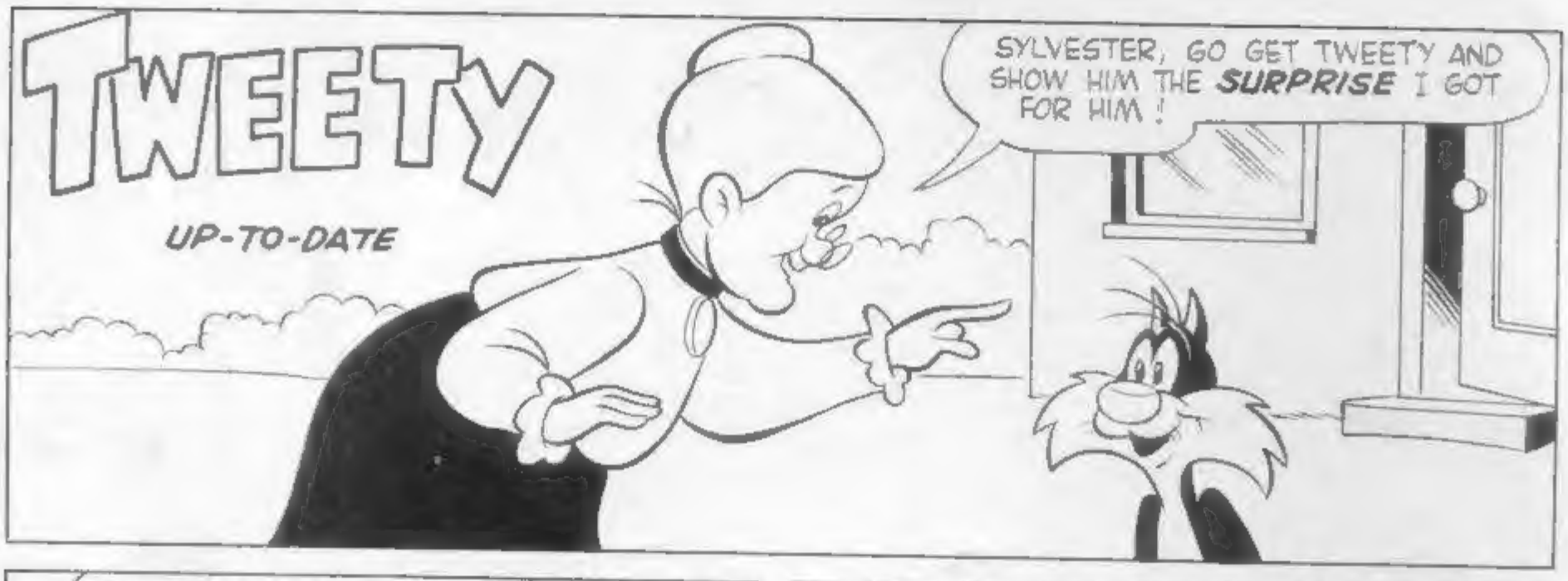
DELL
15¢

MARCH-MAY

TWEETY and SYLVESTER


TWEETY
UP-TO-DATE
SYLVESTER, GO GET TWEETY AND SHOW HIM THE SURPRISE I GOT FOR HIM !

HEY, BIRDBRAIN, GO OUT IN THE BACKYARD AND SEE WHAT GRANNY BOUGHT FOR YOU !

THERE ! ISN'T IT A BEAUTY ?

WHAT'S THE MATTER ? DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR BIRD BATH ?
OH, SURE ! IT'S NICE, BUT I WAS HOPING FOR SOMETHING MORE MODERN !

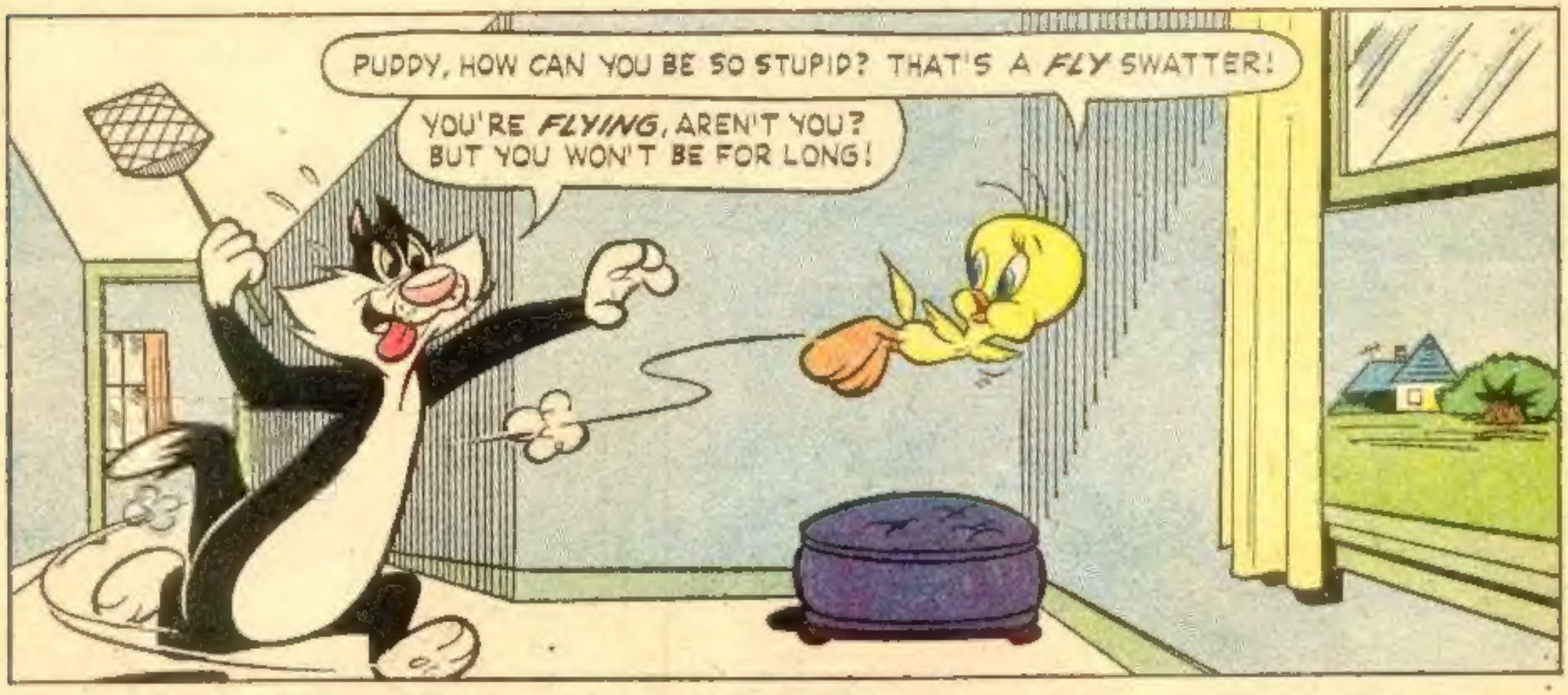
BUT I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO ...I'LL FIX IT !

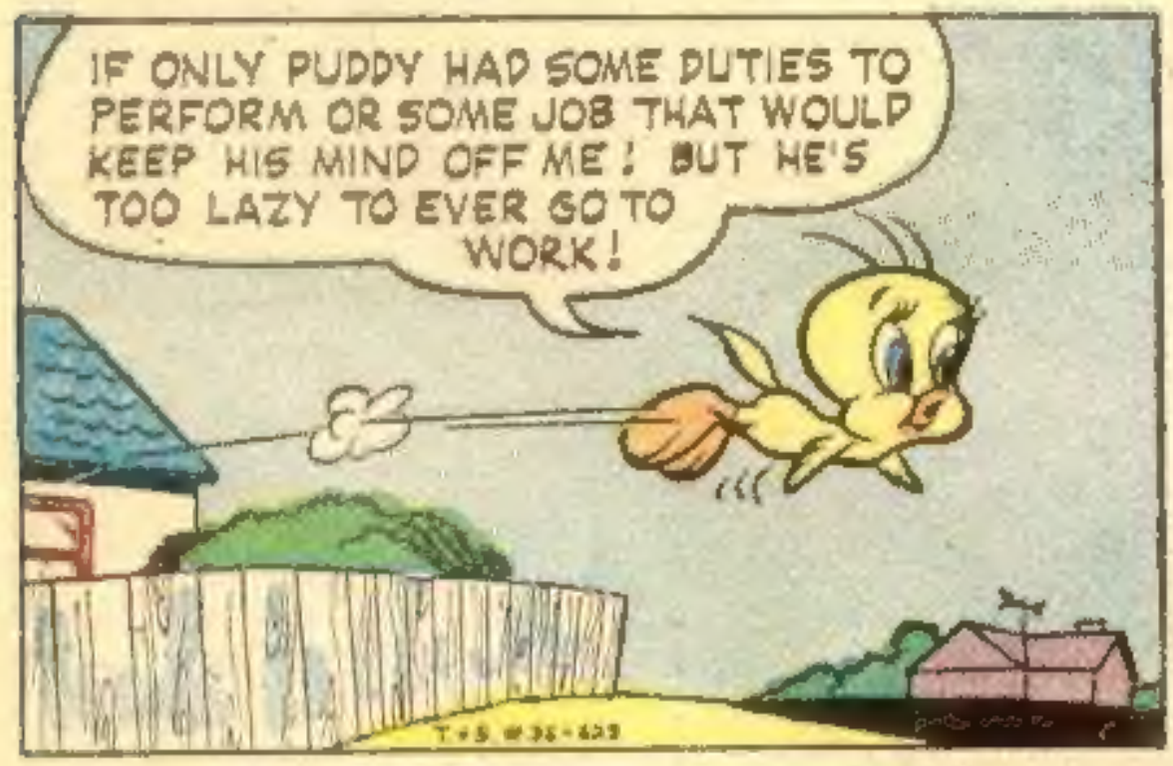
THIS WILL DO THE TWICK !

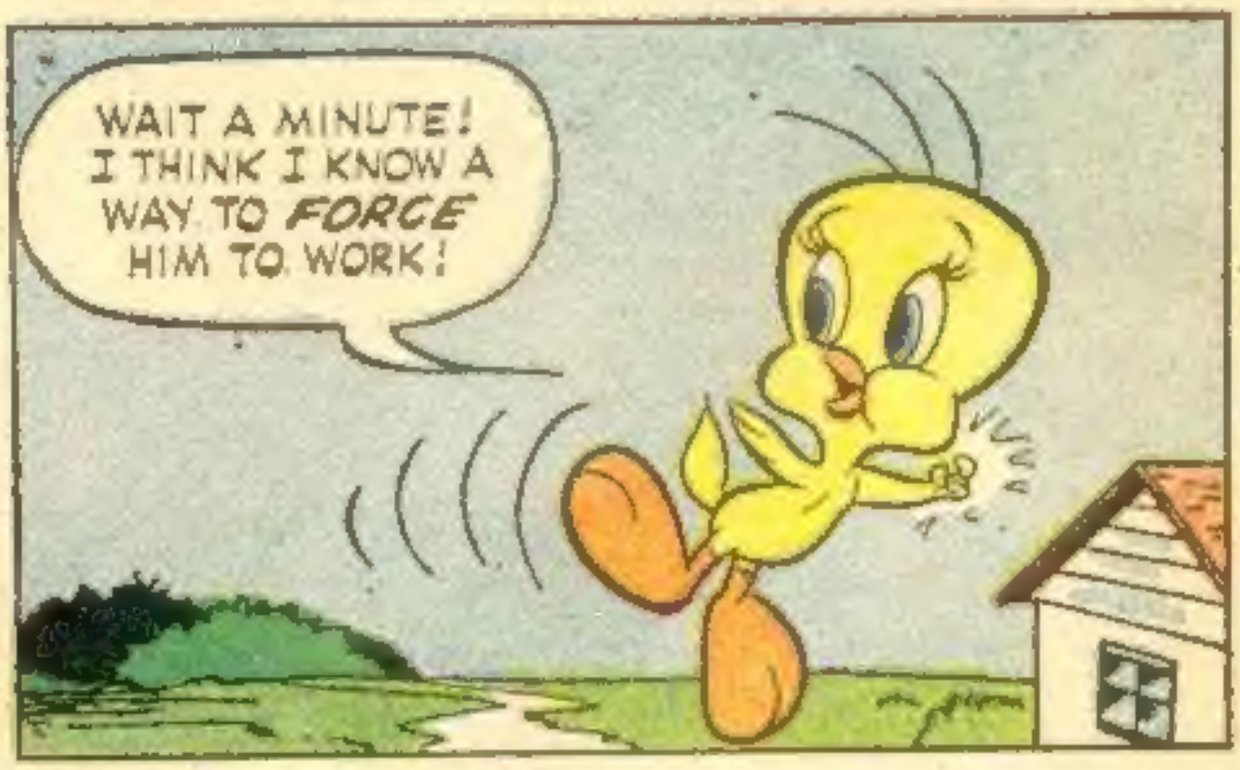
IT'S JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED...A NICE BIRD SHOWER !

TWEETY and SYLVESTER

THE ITTY BITTY KITTY







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I CAN GET EXACTLY WHAT I NEED WIGHT IN HERE!
PET SHOP

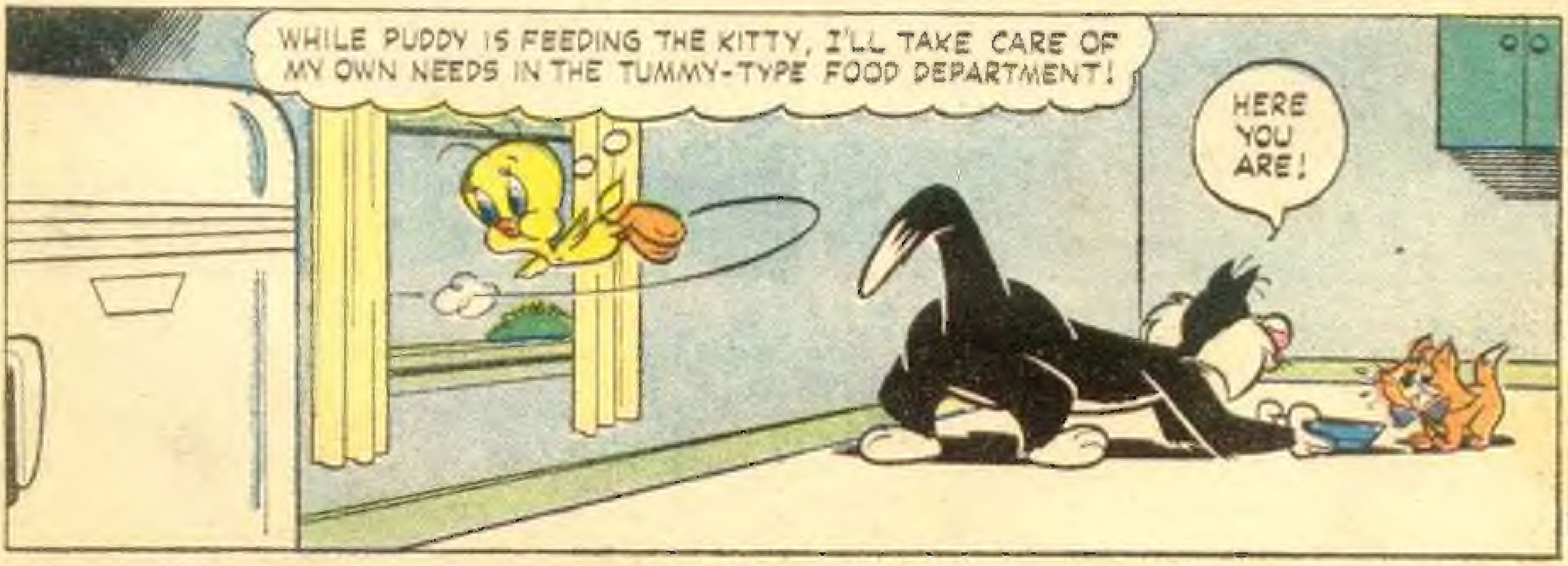
SHORTLY...
GRRR! I HOPE IT'S THAT TWEETY! I'M IN THE MOOD TO FRAZZLE SOME FEATHERS!
RING!

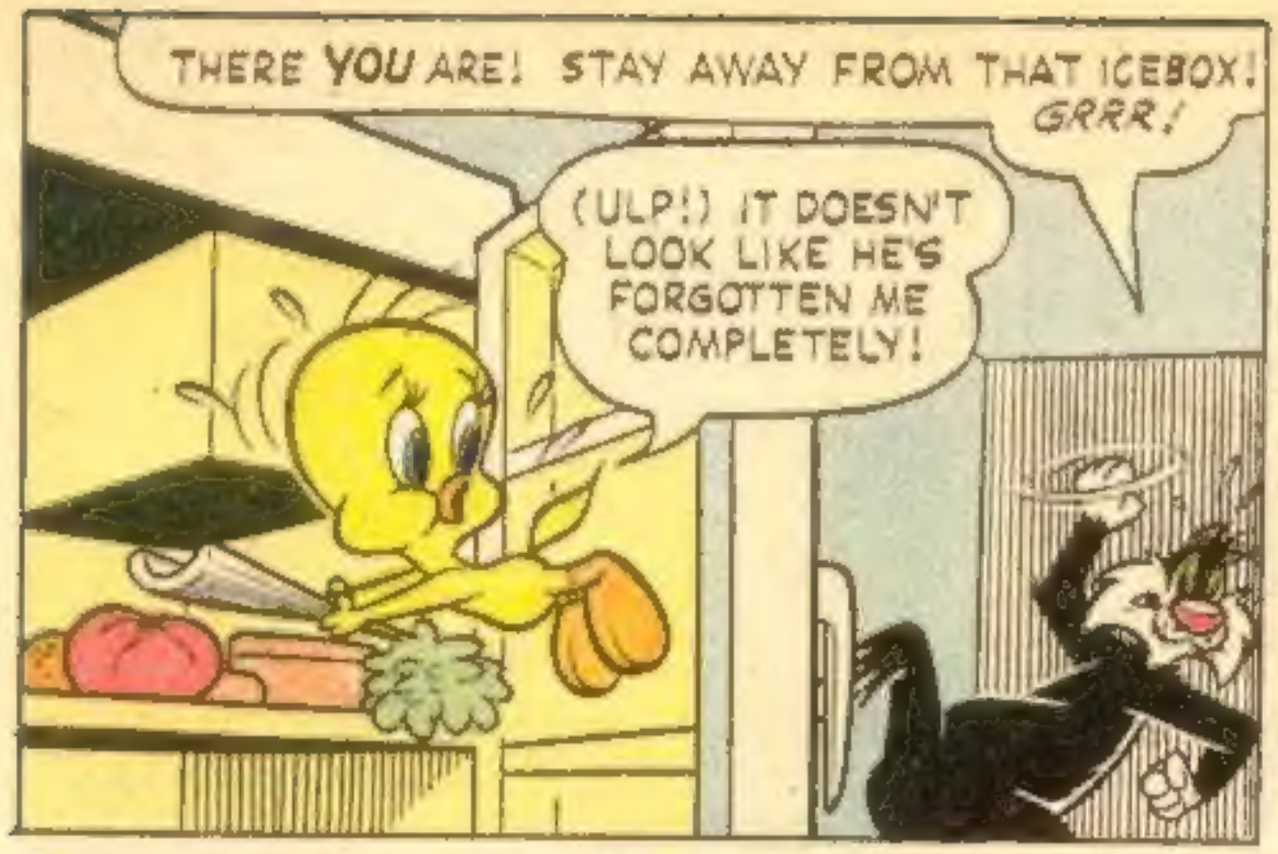
MEEOWW!
OKAY, YOU LITTLE MOULTING MOUTHFUL! I'M READY TO...(ULP!)

GOSH! HE'S KIND OF A CUTE LITTLE GUY! IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY ABANDONED HIM!

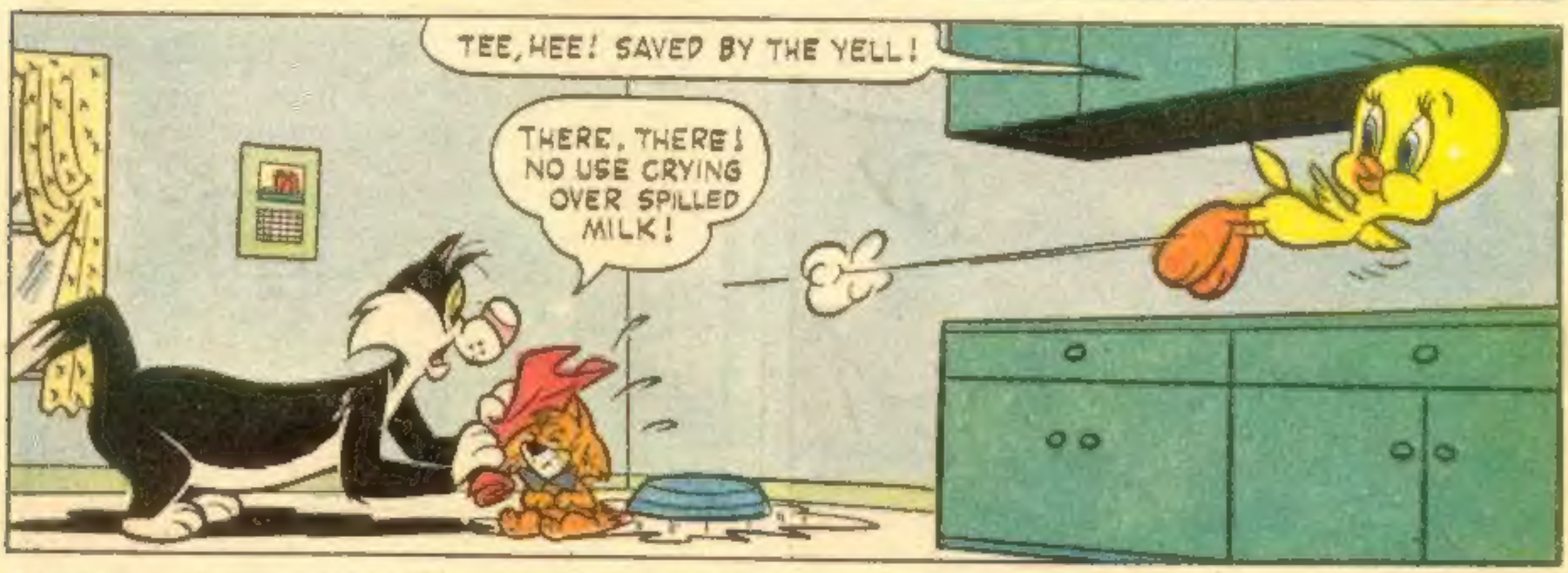
COME ON! I'LL TAKE YOU INSIDE AND FEED YOU!
HEH, HEH! MY SCHEME IS WORKING LIKE A CHARM!

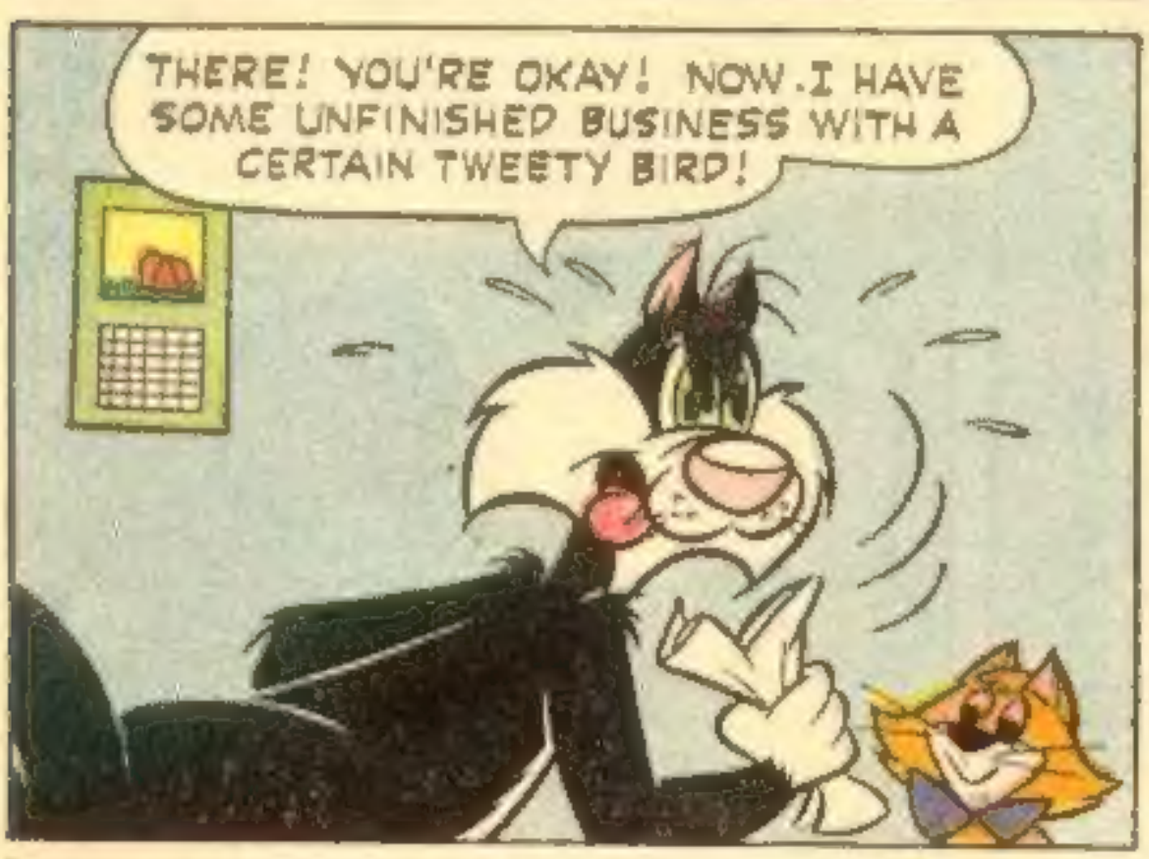
SYLVESTER WILL HAVE HIS FURRY PAWS FULL WITH TAKING CARE OF THAT CUTE KITTY! HE MAY NOT LIKE BIRDS, BUT HE DIGS CATS!

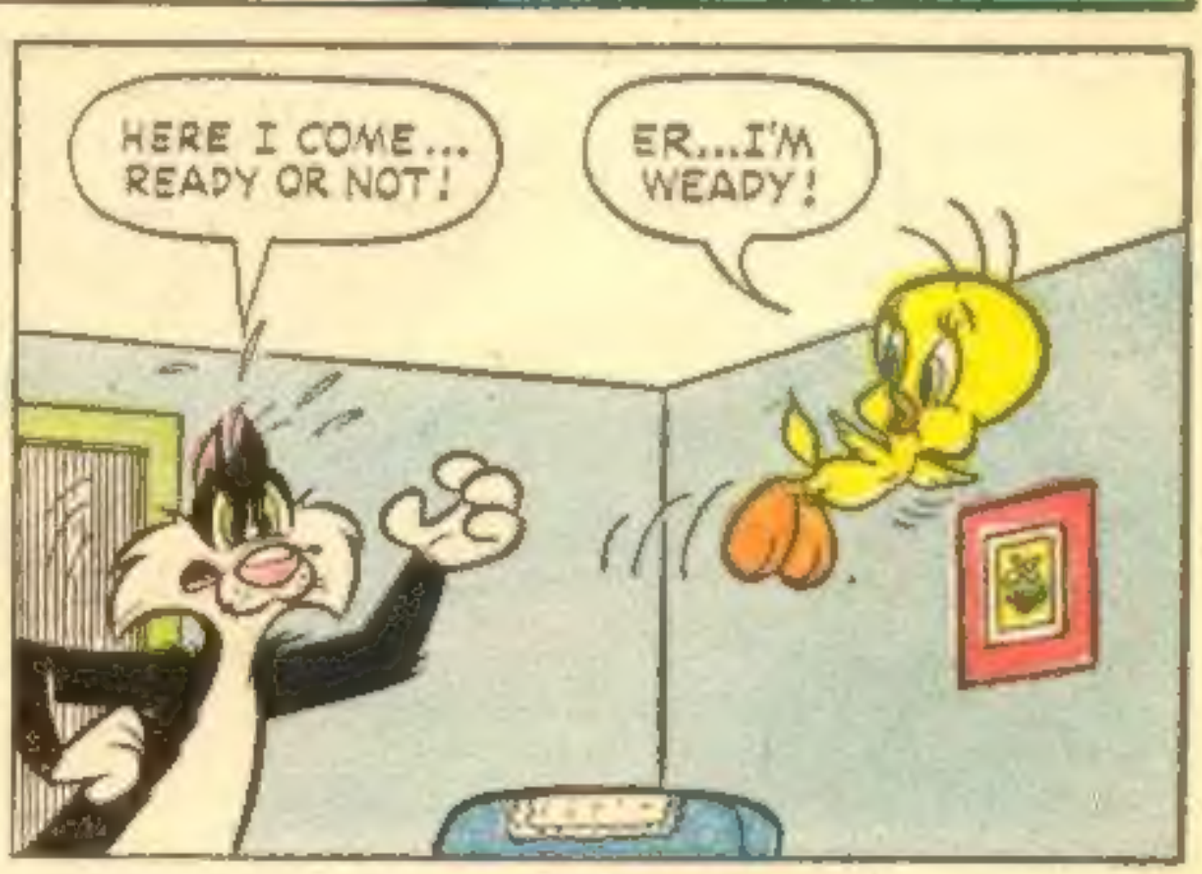

WHILE PUDDY IS FEEDING THE KITTY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF MY OWN NEEDS IN THE TUMMY-TYPE FOOD DEPARTMENT!
HERE YOU ARE!

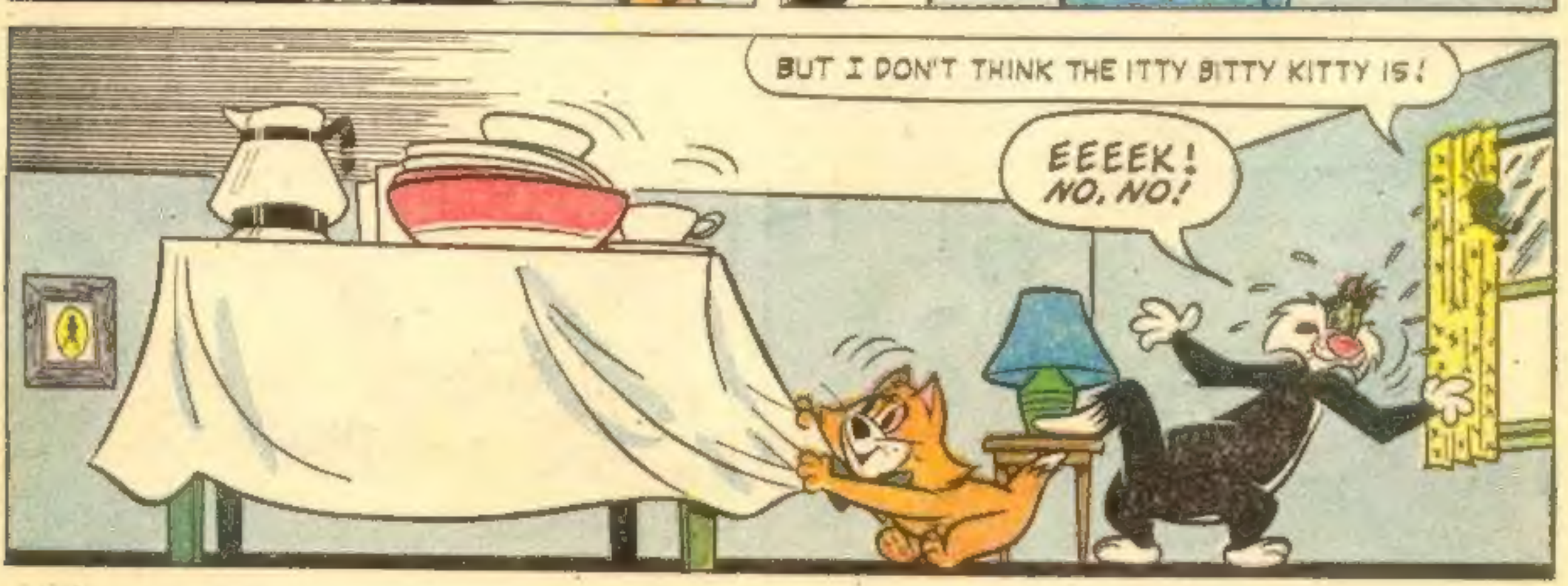

THERE YOU ARE! STAY AWAY FROM THAT ICEBOX! GRRR!
(ULP!) IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S FORGOTTEN ME COMPLETELY!

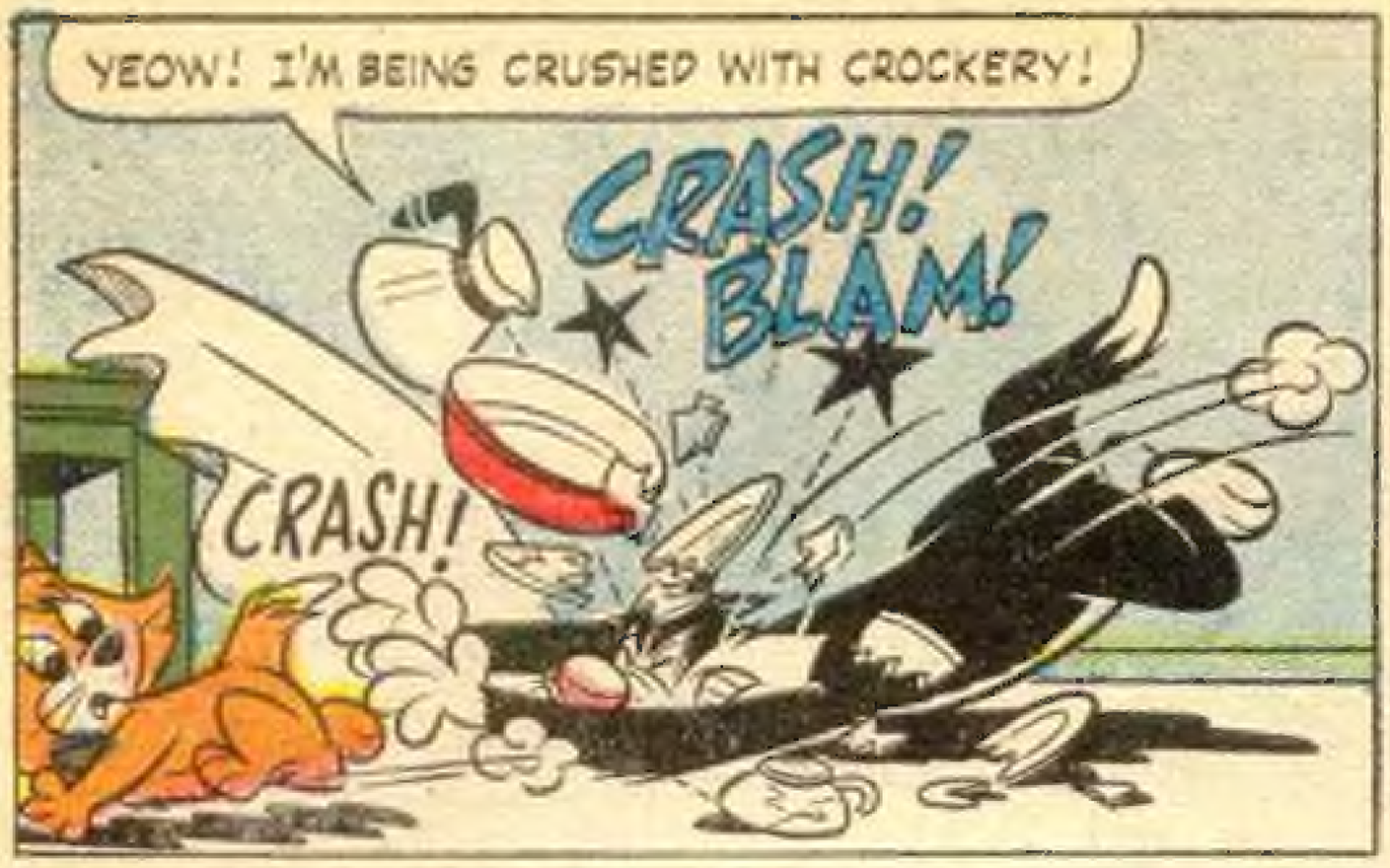
I'LL GET YOU, YOU...
CRASH!
MEEEOWRR!


TEE, HEE! SAVED BY THE YELL!
THERE, THERE! NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK!


THERE! YOU'RE OKAY! NOW I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH A CERTAIN TWEETY BIRD!

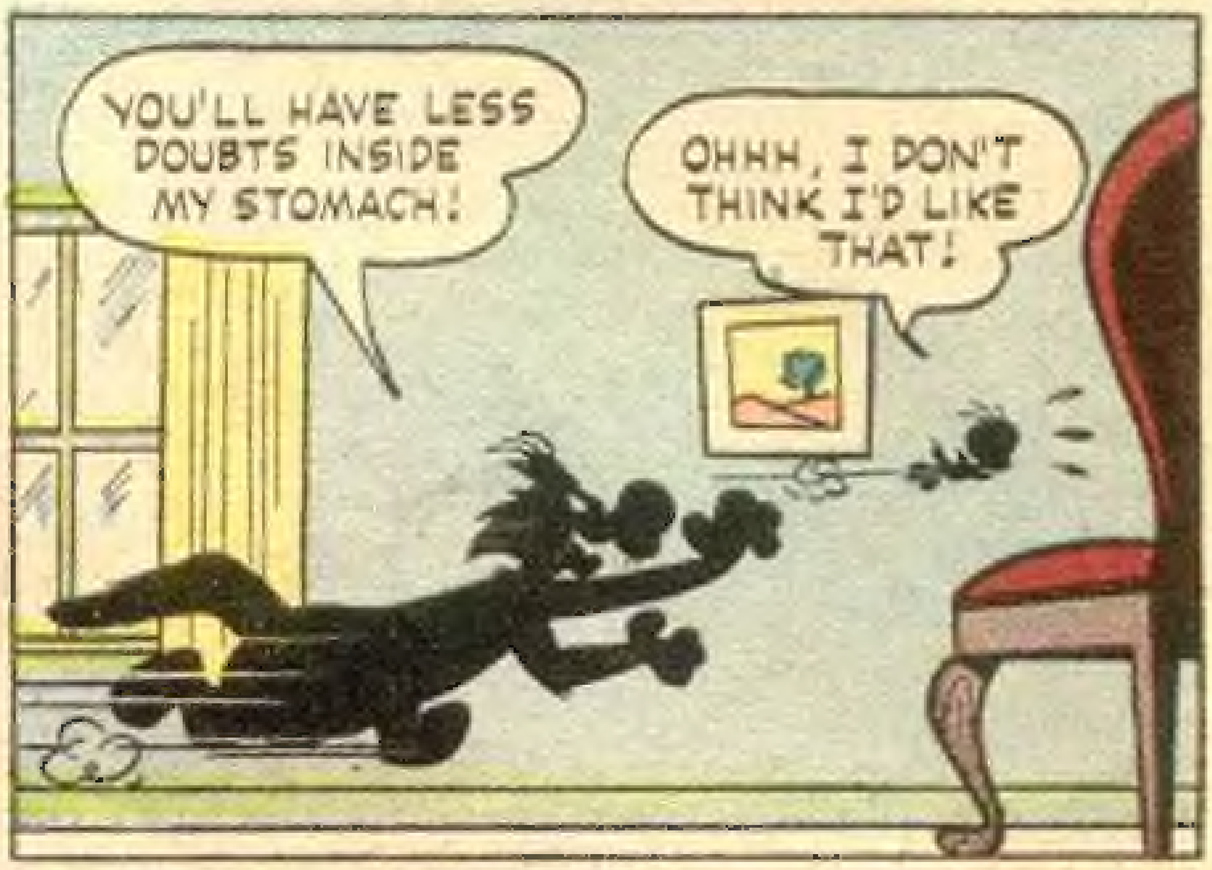

HERE I COME... READY OR NOT!
ER...I'M WEADY!

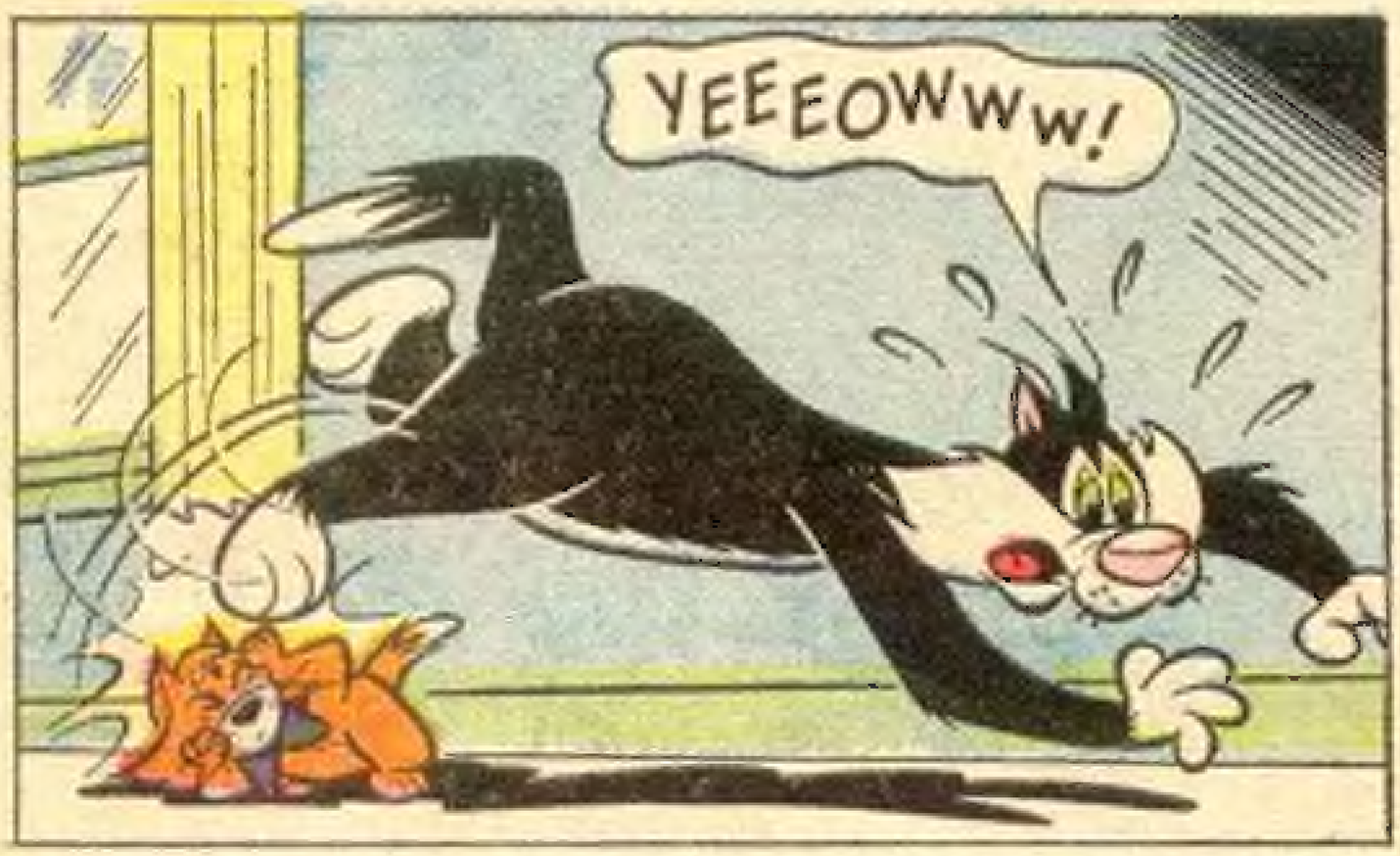

BUT I DON'T THINK THE ITTY BITTY KITTY IS!
EEEEK! NO, NO!


YEOW! I'M BEING CRUSHED WITH CROCKERY!
CRASH! BLAM!
CRASH!

TEE, HEE! THE ITTY BITTY KITTY SURE CAN DISH IT OUT!

GRRR! I'LL BE READY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU IN JUST A MINUTE, SQUIRT!
I DOUBT IT! I WEALLY DOUBT IT!


YOU'LL HAVE LESS DOUBTS INSIDE MY STOMACH!
OHHH, I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE THAT!


YEEEOWWW!

THAT NEW PUDDY WOULD MAKE A SWELL TWAVELING COMPANION! HE'S GWEAT ON TWIPS! HA, HA, HA!

LOOK, LITTLE PAL, YOU JUST HAVE TO STAY OUT OF MY WAY! I NEED TWEETY-TAGGING ROOM!
MEEEOWW!

YOU KNOW, I THINK SYLVESTER IS GOING TO HAVE A BUSY TIME OF IT FOR A WHILE!
SMACK!

TWEETY IS SO RIGHT...
EEEK! THAT USED TO BE GRANNY'S FAVORITE SWEATER!

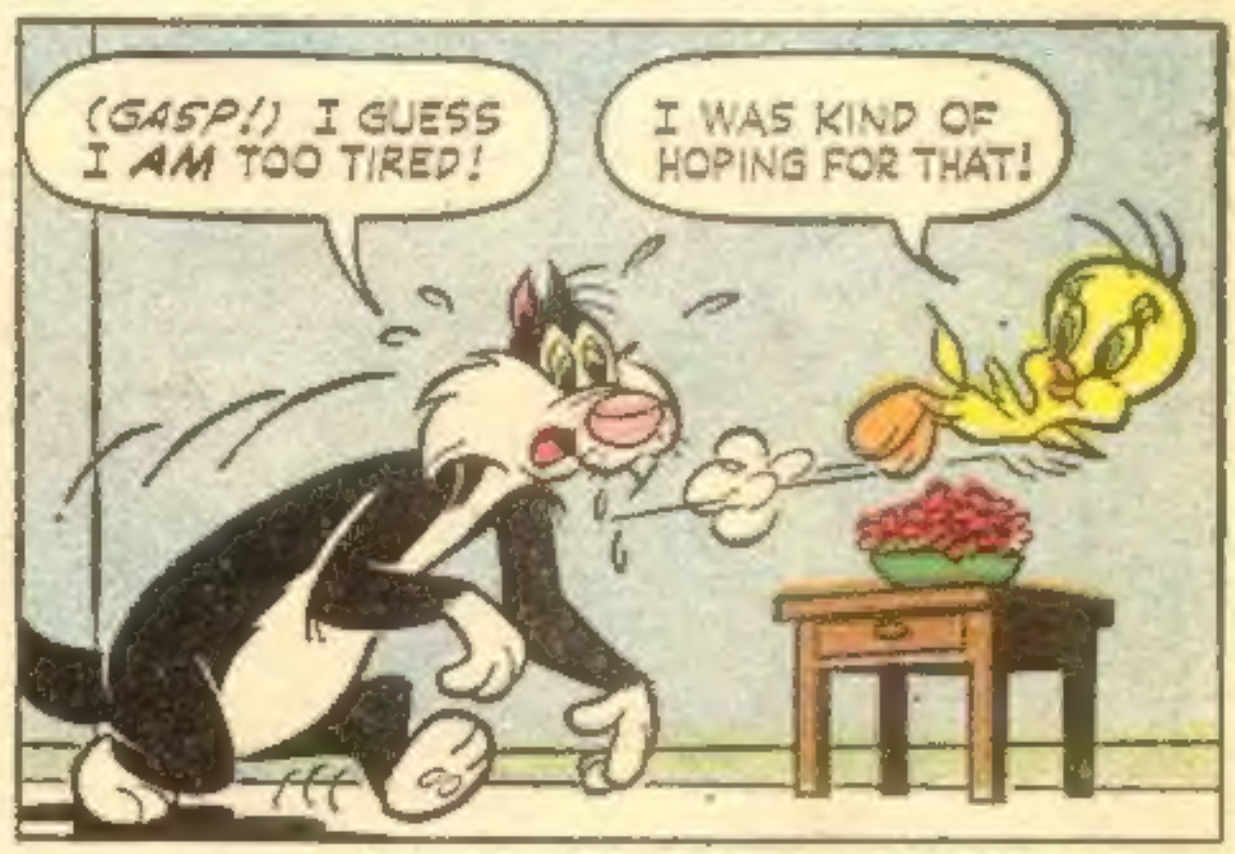
YIPE! GET YOUR TABLE-TEARING CLAWS OFF THAT!
SCRATCH!

GRRR! I'D SWAT YOU WITH A SLIPPER, BUT YOU'VE TORN THEM ALL UP!

FINALLY...
GO TO SLEEP NOW, LITTLE PAL! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

WHEW! I NEED SOME REST, MYSELF!
IS POOR PUDDY TIRED?

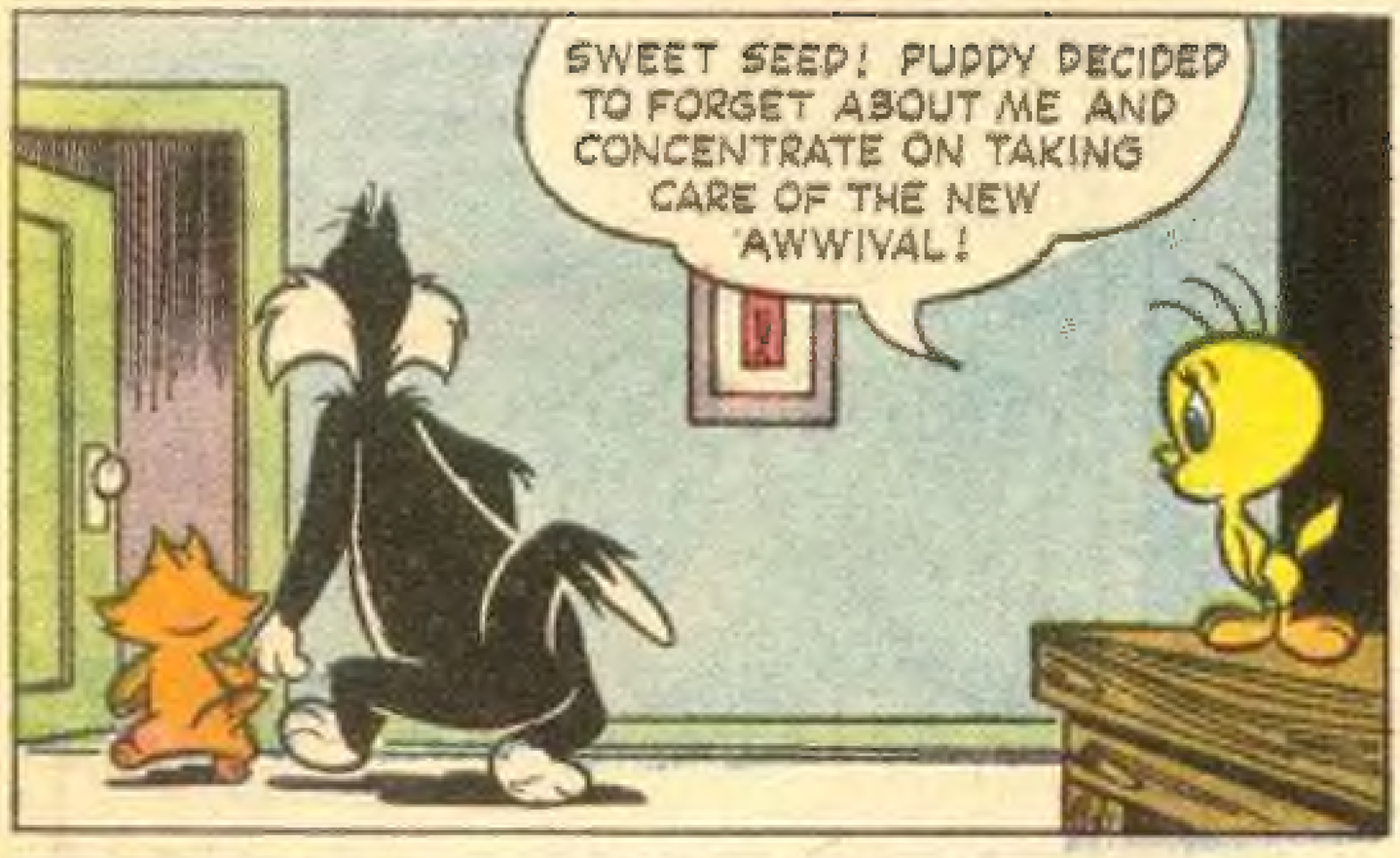
NOT TOO TIRED TO REMEMBER I'M AFTER YOU!
YIPE!

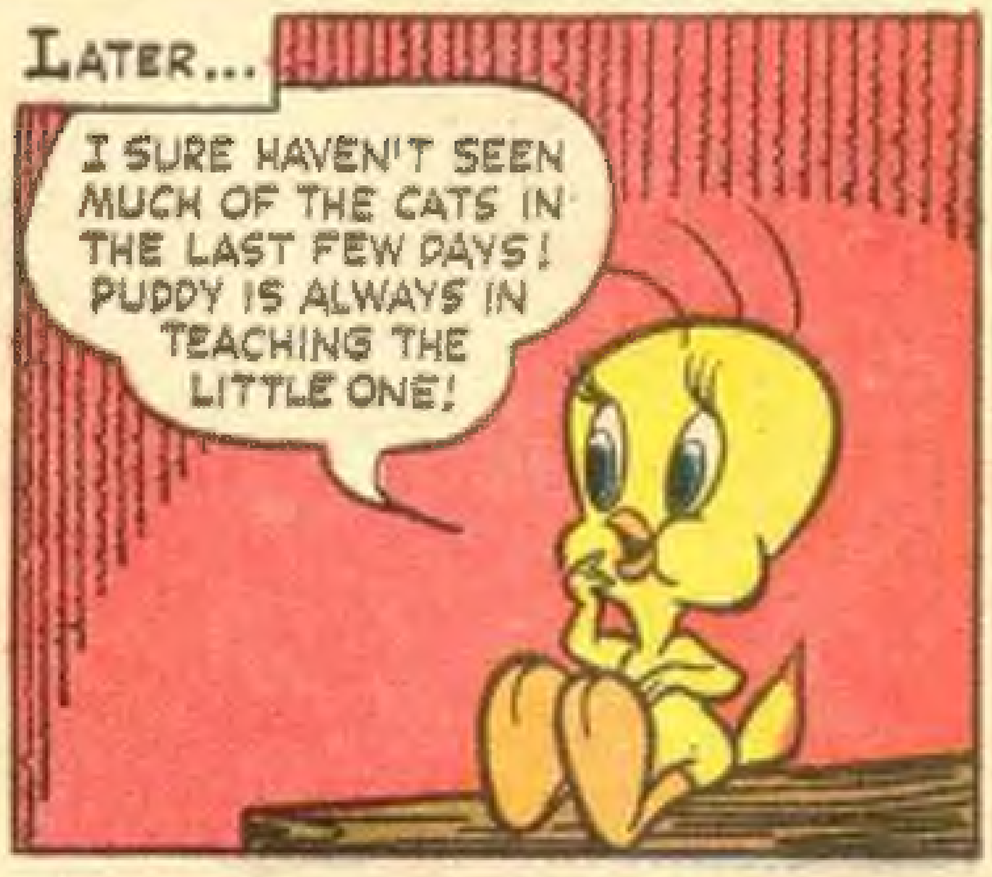

(GASP!) I GUESS I AM TOO TIRED!
I WAS KIND OF HOPING FOR THAT!

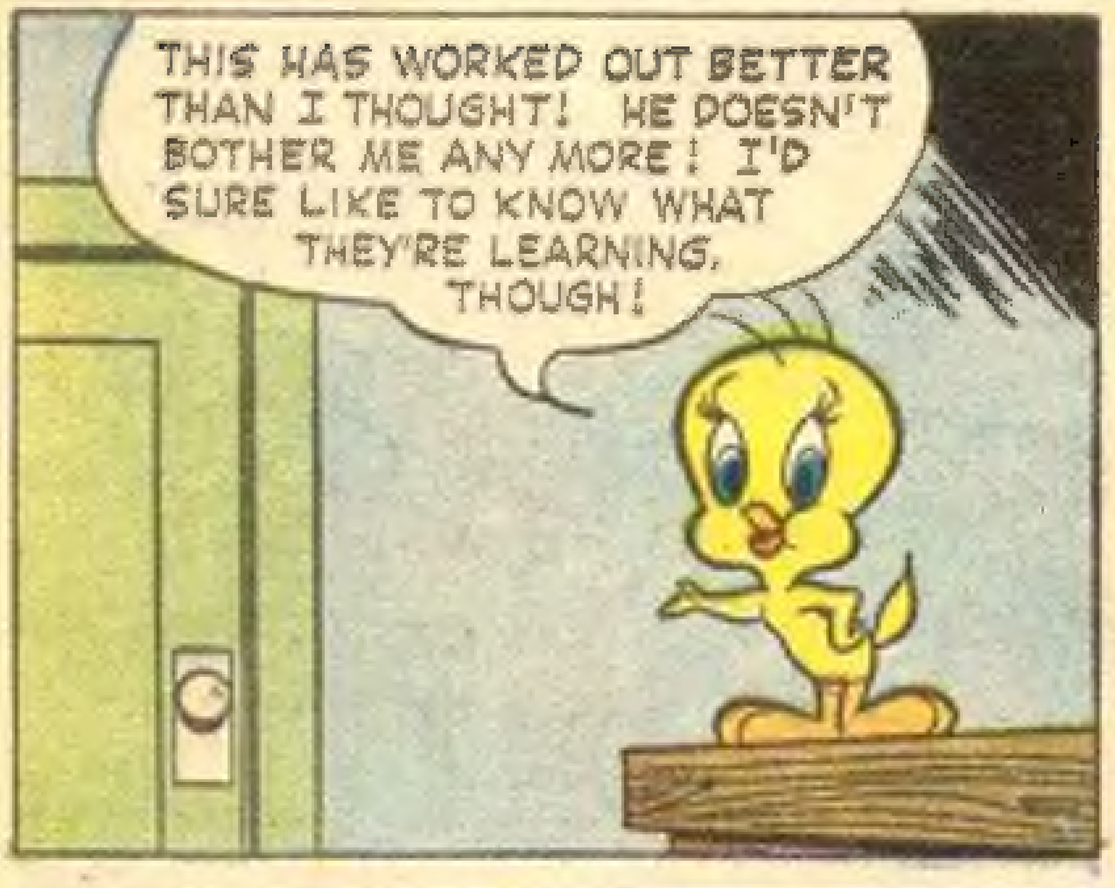
THIS WILL NEVER DO! I LIKE THE NEW KITTEN BUT I ALSO LIKE TO CHASE TWEETY! I CAN'T DO BOTH PROPERLY... IT'S TOO TIRING!

AHA! I'VE GOT IT!

COME ON, SON! YOU DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE THAT CAT NAP, ANYWAY! LET'S HAVE A LITTLE HEART-TO-HEART TALK!


SWEET SEED! PUDDY DECIDED TO FORGET ABOUT ME AND CONCENTRATE ON TAKING CARE OF THE NEW 'AWWIVAL!

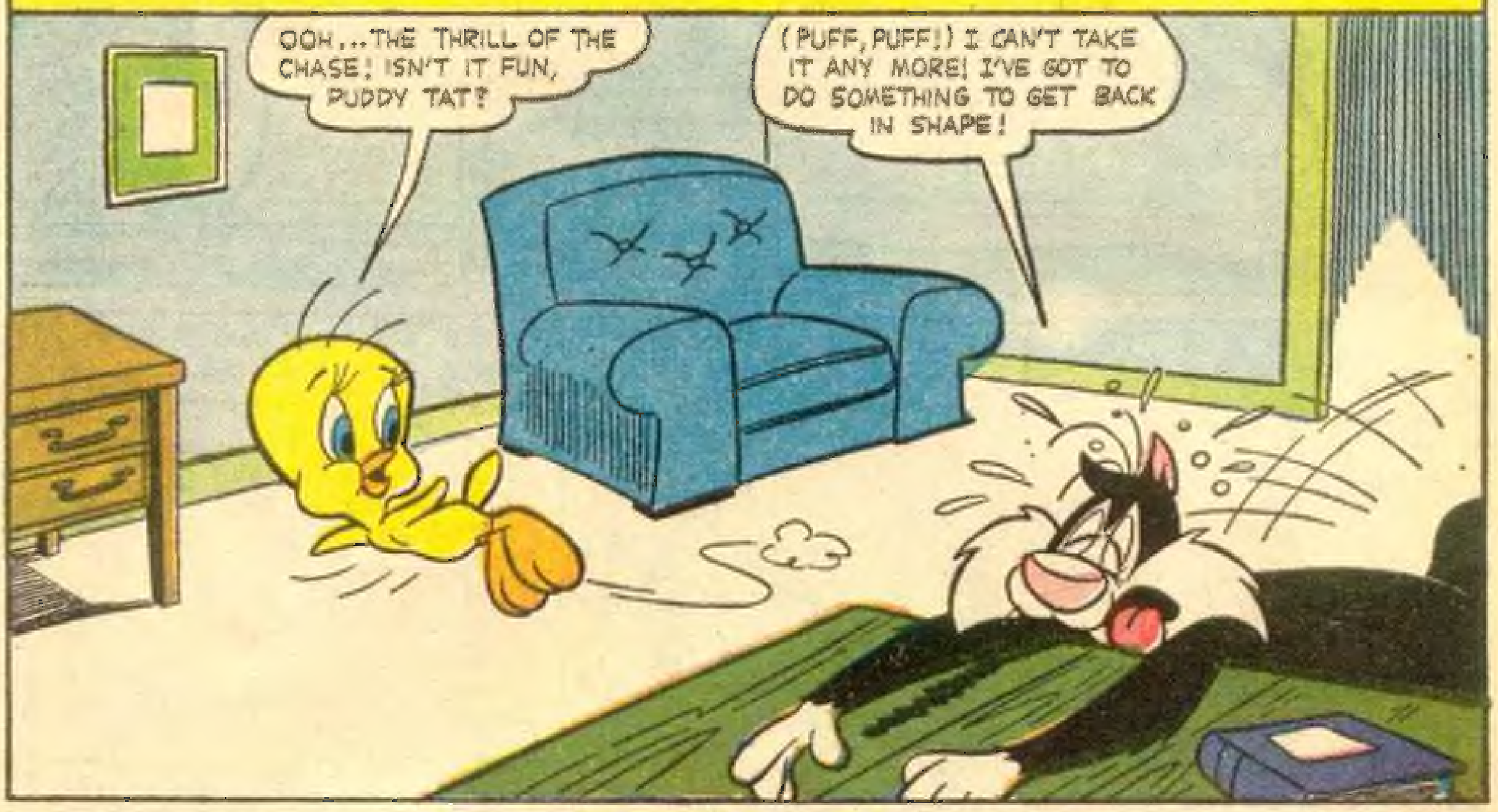

LATER...
I SURE HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF THE CATS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS! PUDDY IS ALWAYS IN TEACHING THE LITTLE ONE!

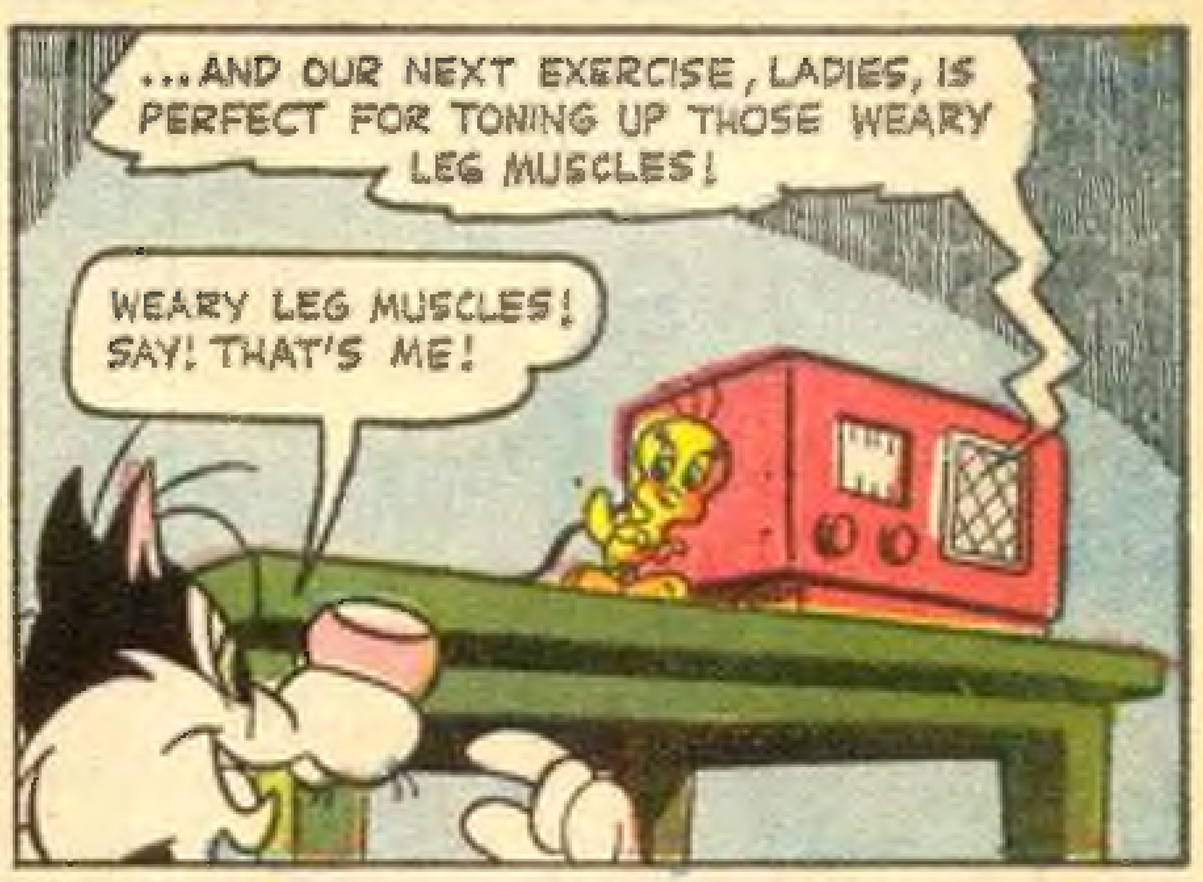

THIS HAS WORKED OUT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT! HE DOESN'T BOTHER ME ANY MORE! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LEARNING, THOUGH!

DON'T WORRY! YOU WILL! COME ON, TIGER!

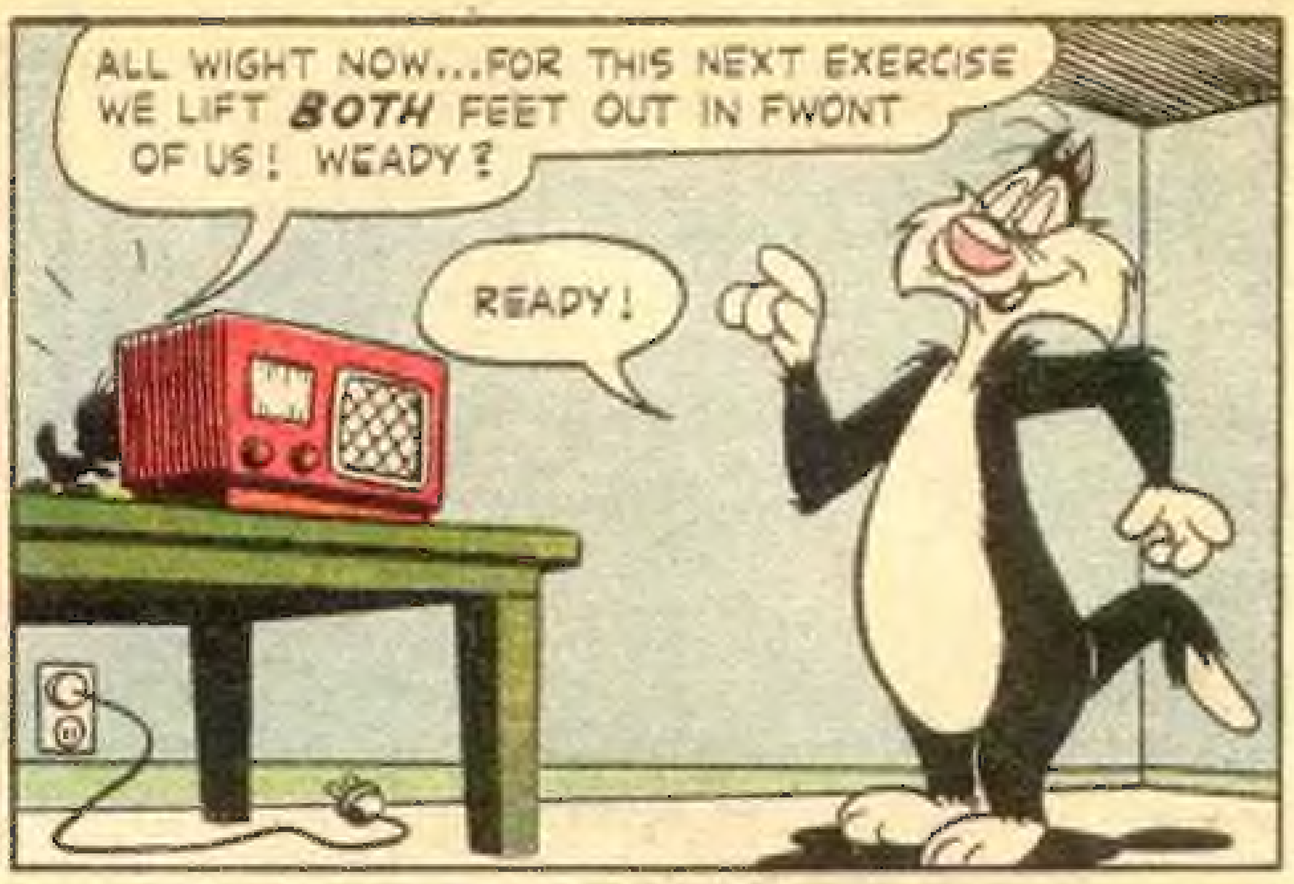
HEH, HEH! CHASING YOU WILL ONLY TAKE HALF THE ENERGY WITH ANOTHER TABBY ON MY SIDE!
YIPE! THE KITTY TURNED AGAINST ME AFTER I FOUND HIM A HOME! YOU JUST CAN'T TWUST PUDDIES! NOT EVEN ITTY BITTY ONES!
The End

TWEETY and SYLVESTER ON THE MENU



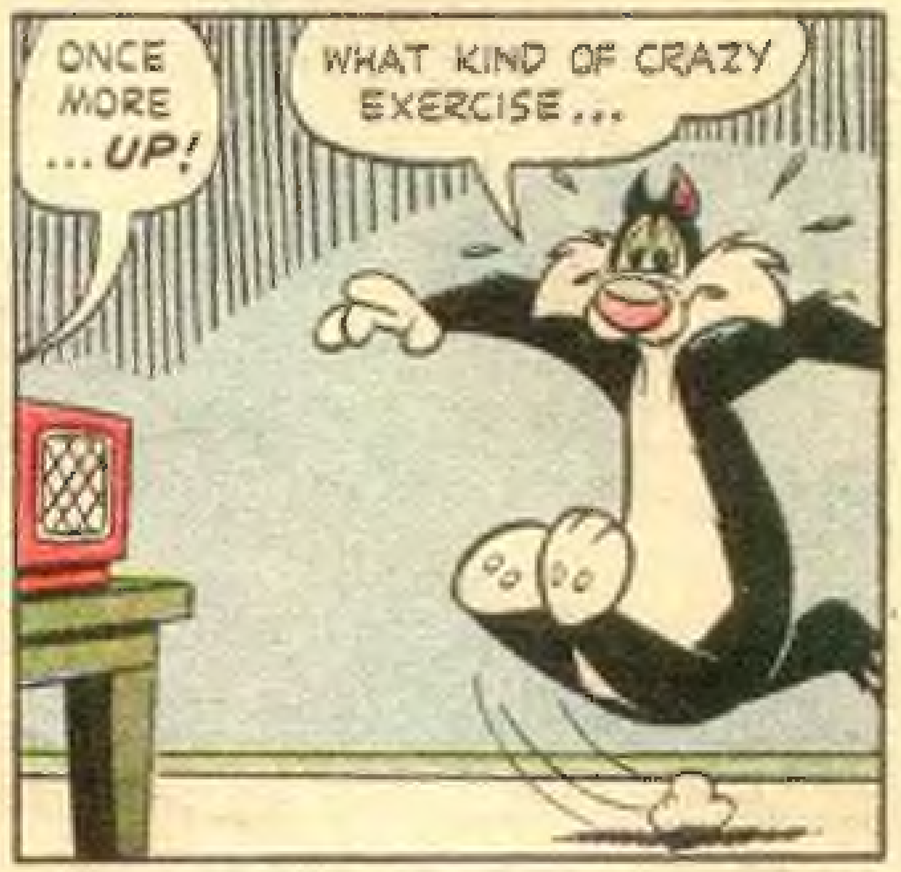


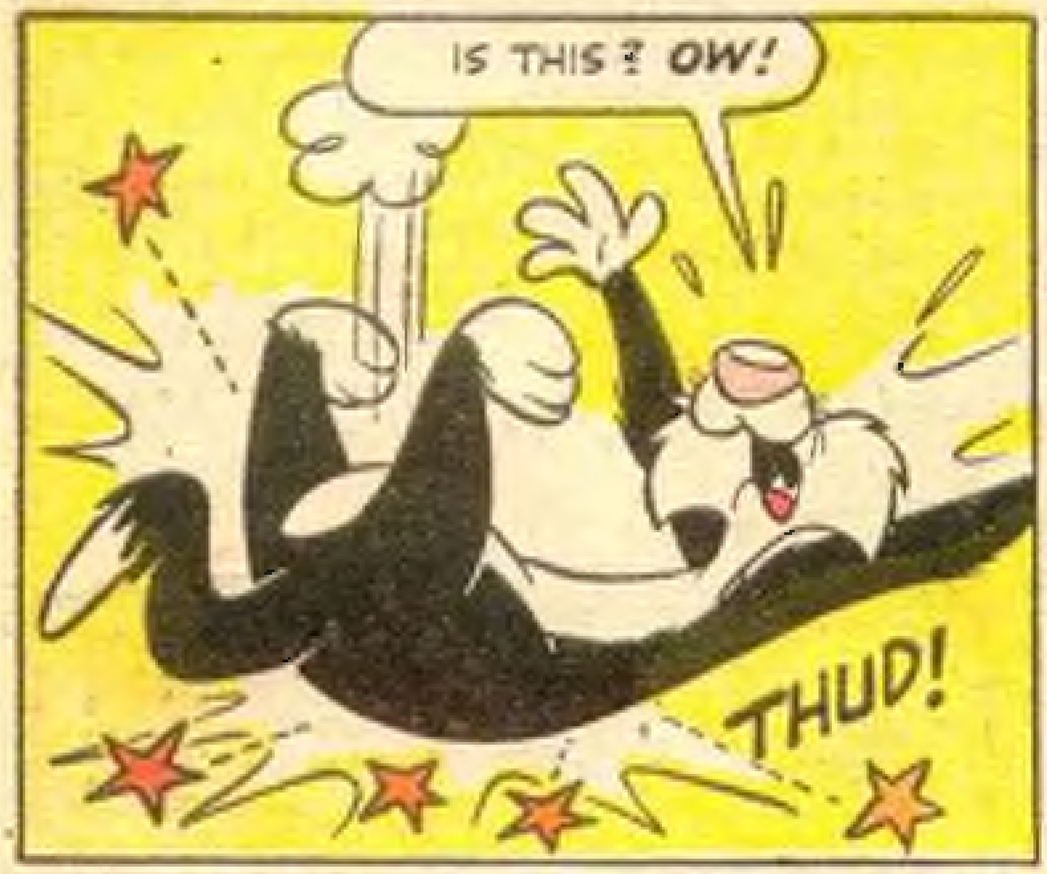
I THINK MAYBE I'D BETTER GIVE PUDDY TAT THE WEST OF THESE WADIO EXERCISES MYSELF!

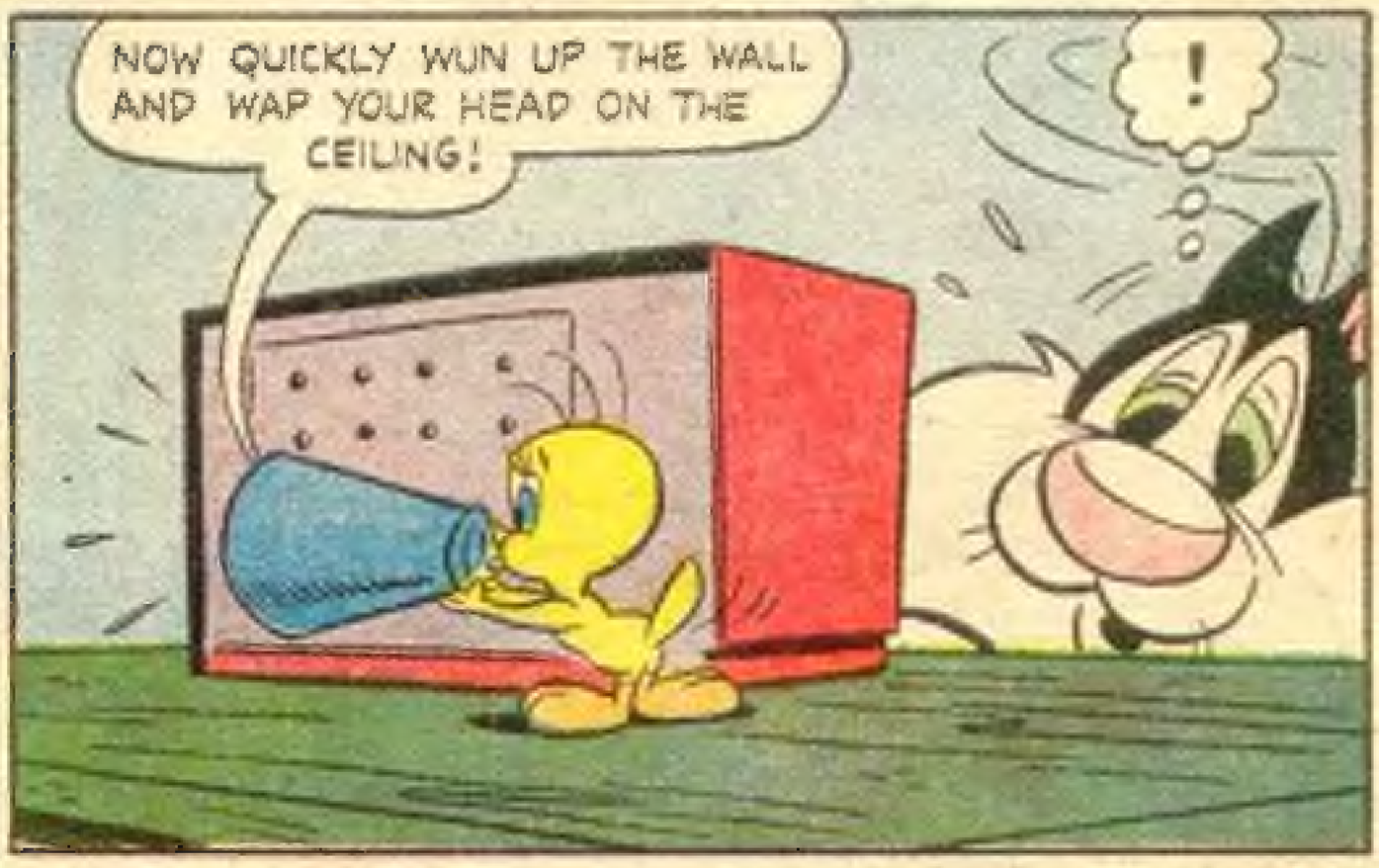

ALL WIGHT NOW...FOR THIS NEXT EXERCISE WE LIFT BOTH FEET OUT IN FWONT OF US! WEADY?
READY!

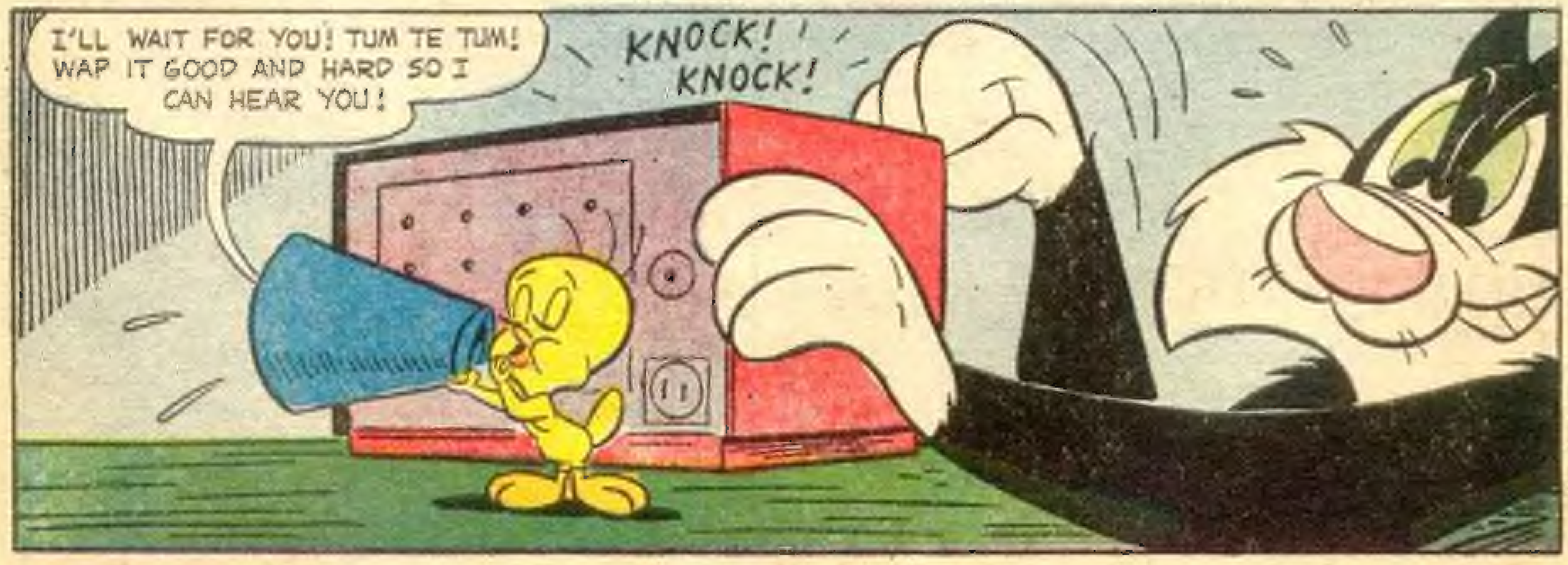
UP! AND NOW...

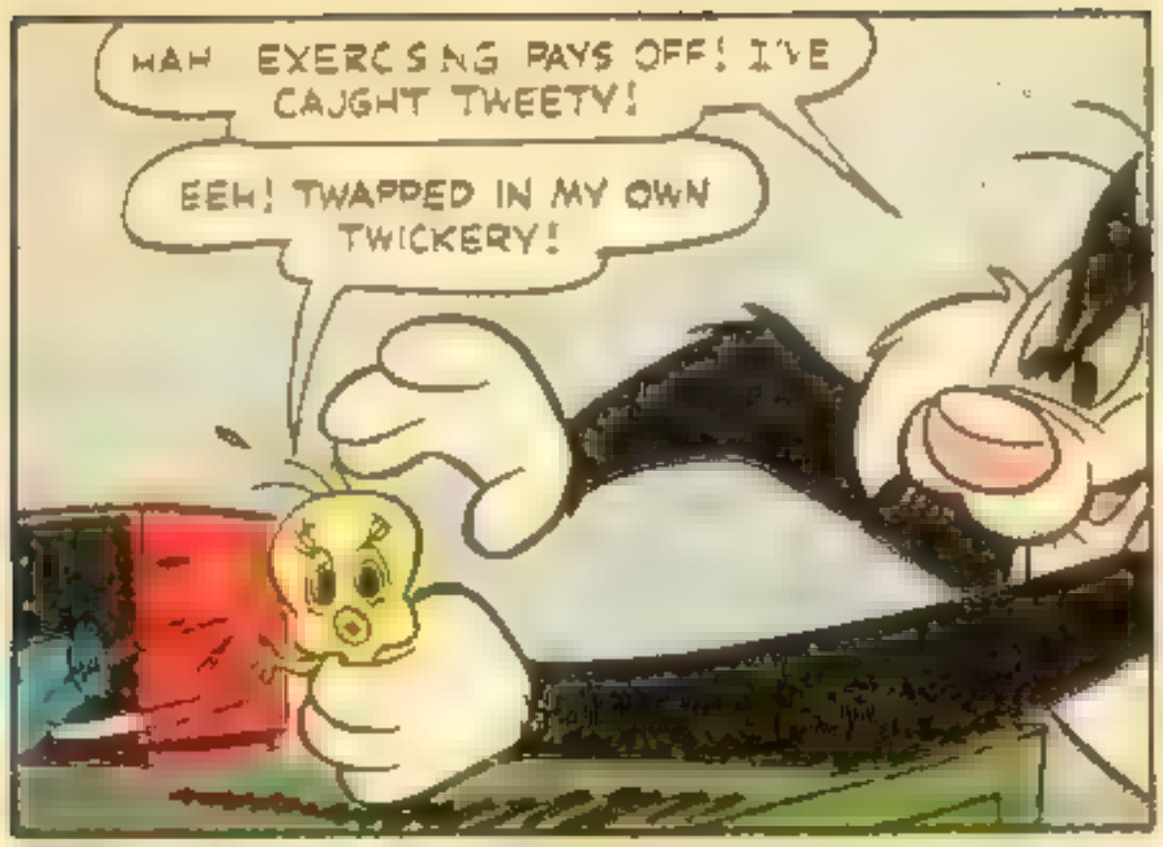
HOLD THEM THERE!
EH?

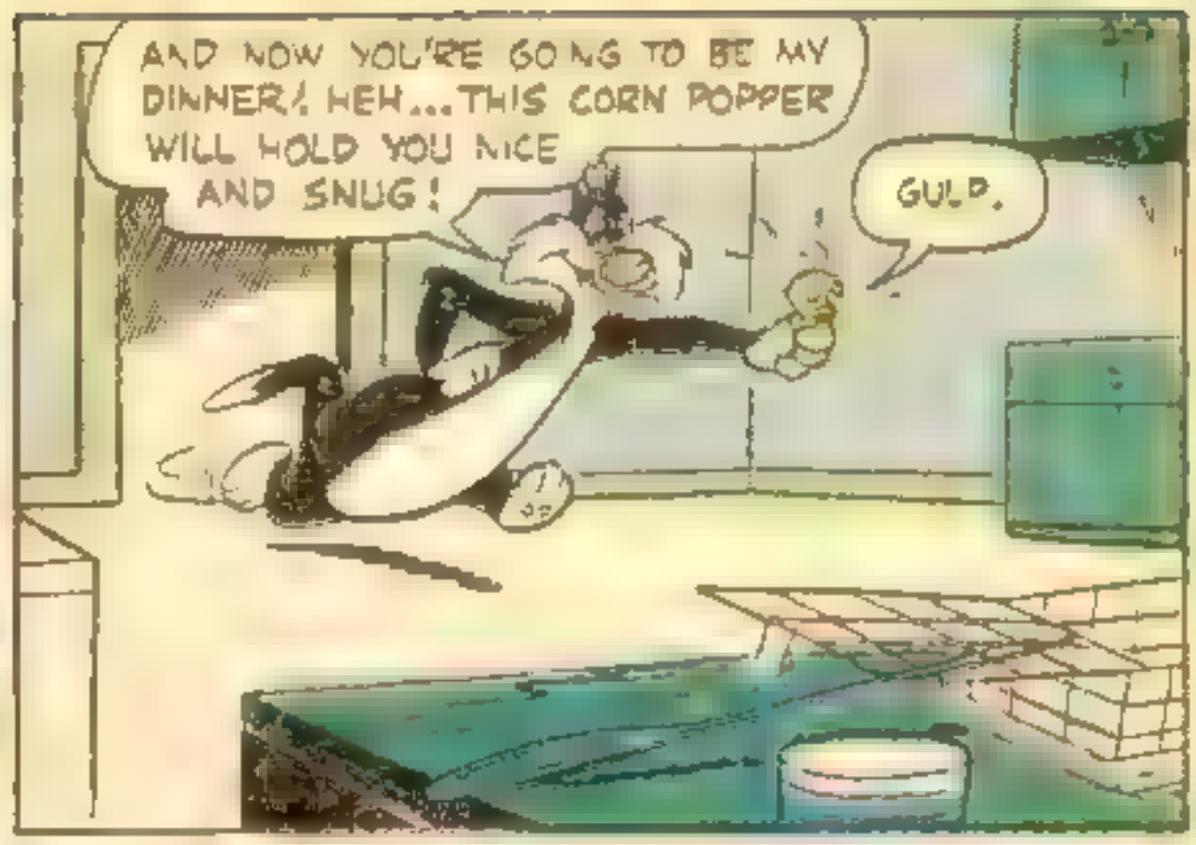

ONCE MORE ...UP!
WHAT KIND OF CRAZY EXERCISE...

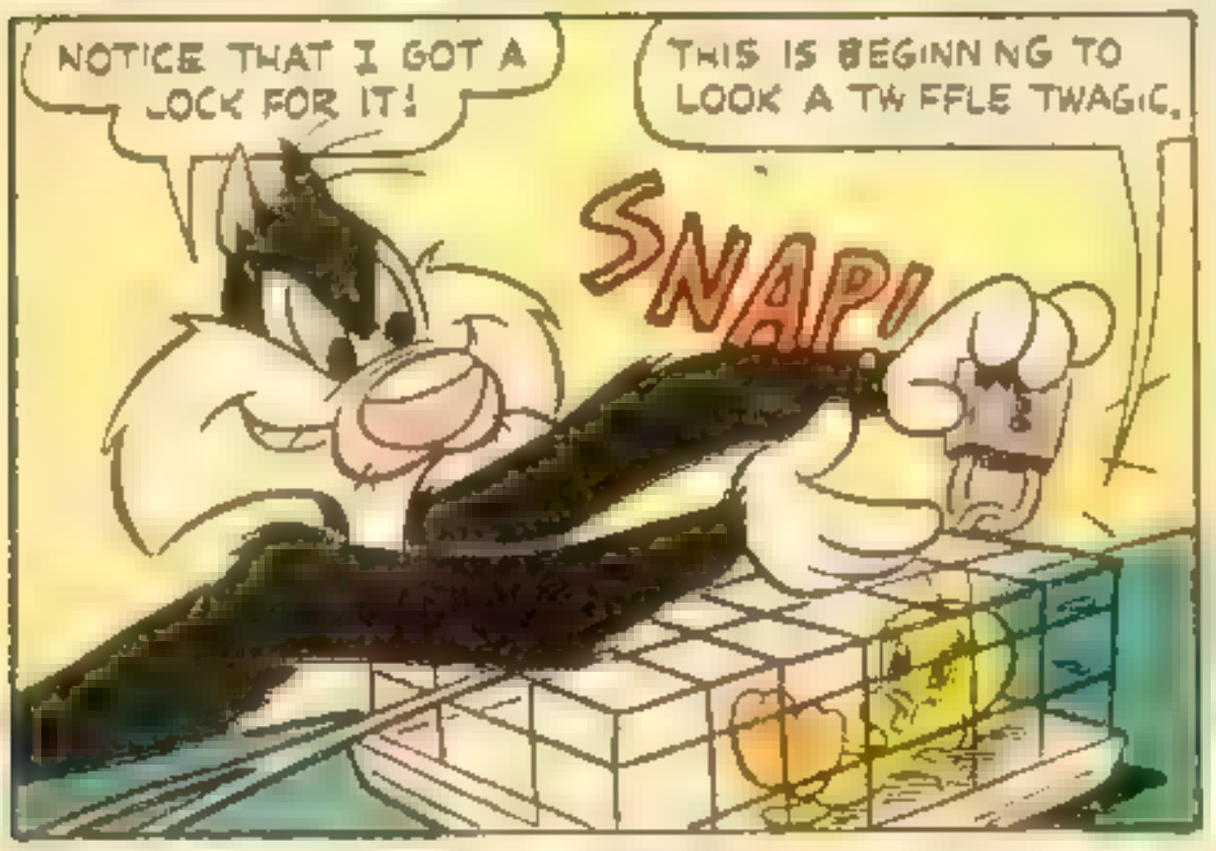

IS THIS? OW!
THUD!

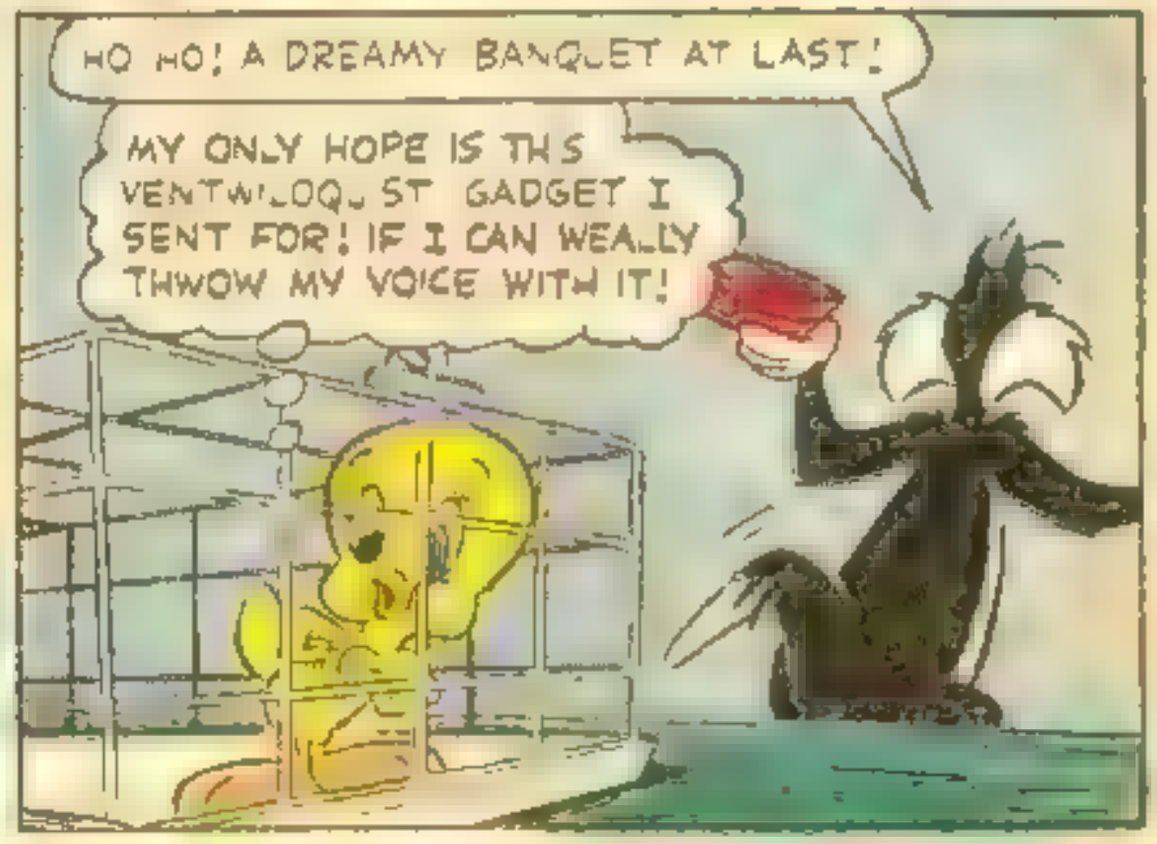

NOW QUICKLY WUN UP THE WALL AND WAP YOUR HEAD ON THE CEILING!
!

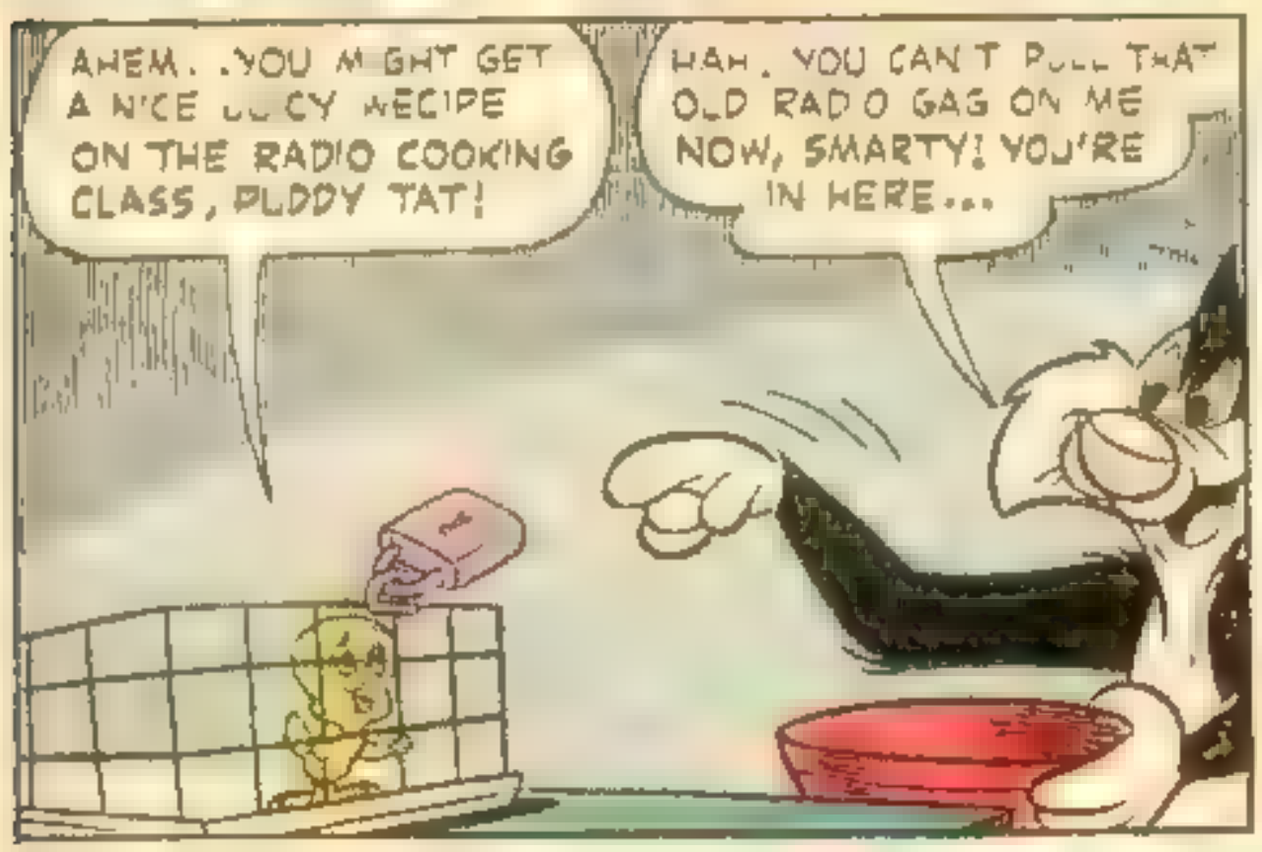

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU! TUM TE TUM! WAP IT GOOD AND HARD SO I CAN HEAR YOU!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

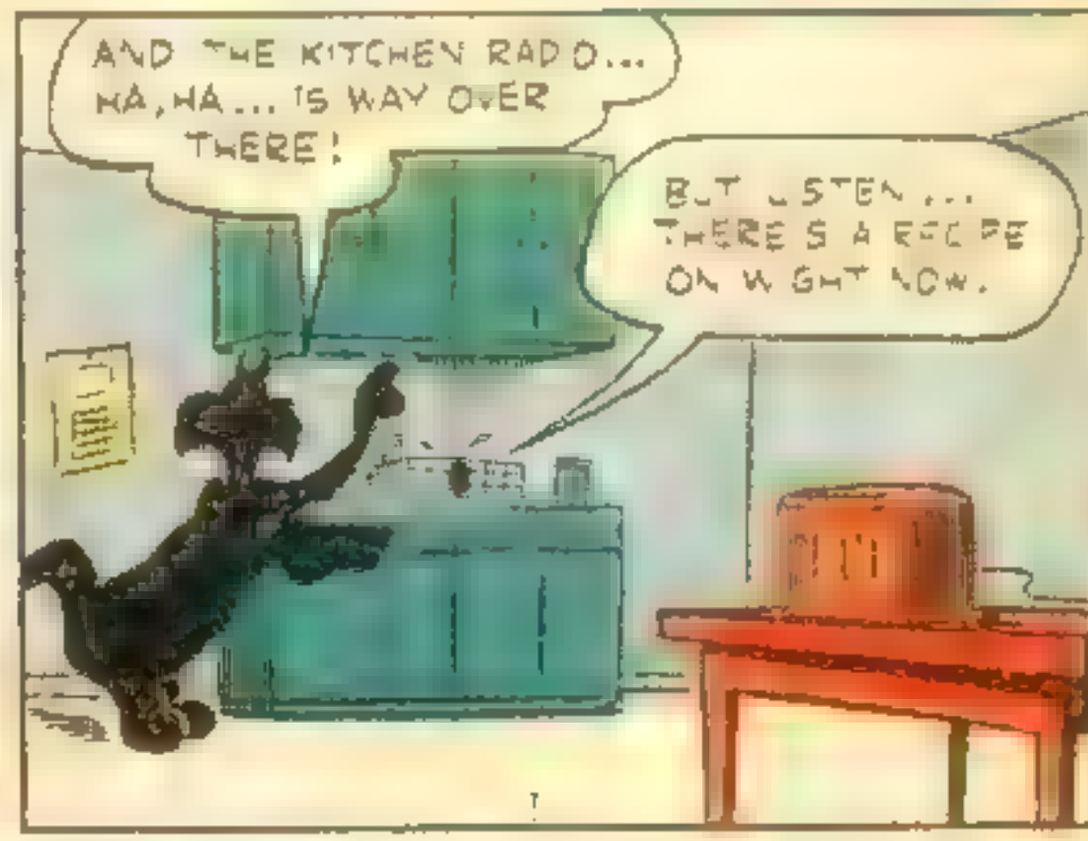

HAH EXERCSNG PAYS OFF! I'VE CAUGHT TWEETY!
EEH! TWAPPED IN MY OWN TWICKERY!

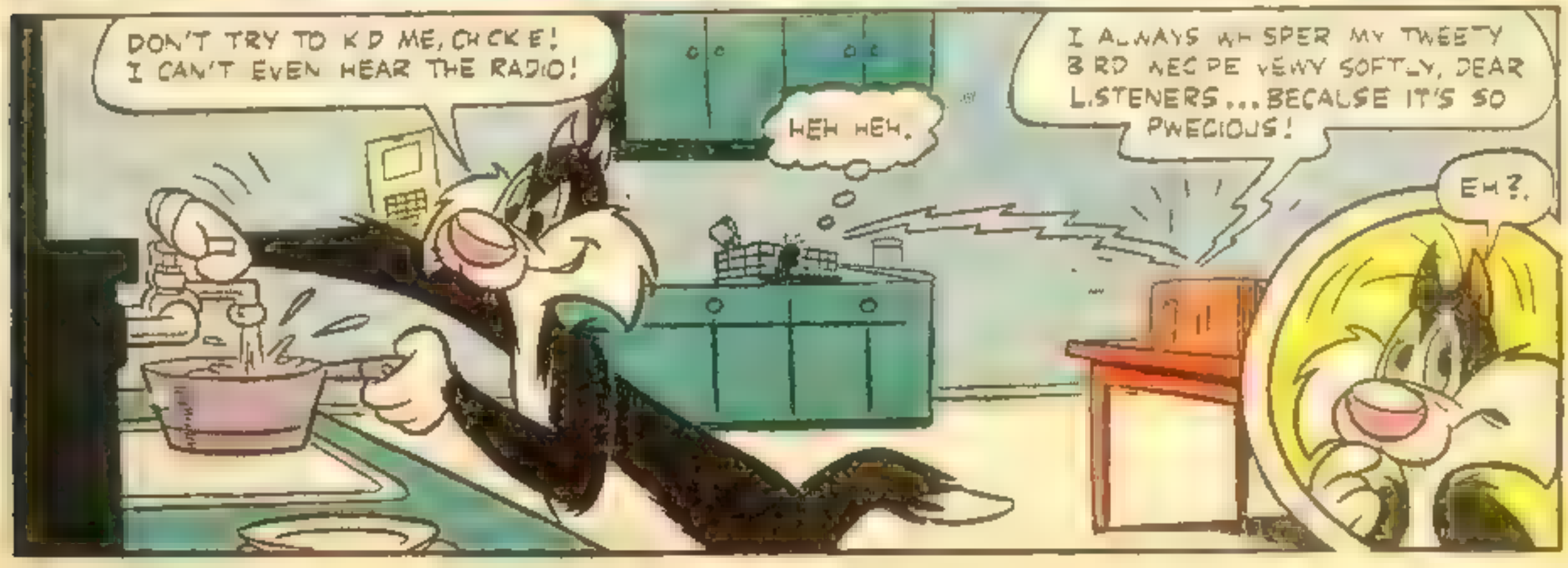

AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY DINNER! HEH...THIS CORN POPPER WILL HOLD YOU NICE AND SNUG!
GULP.

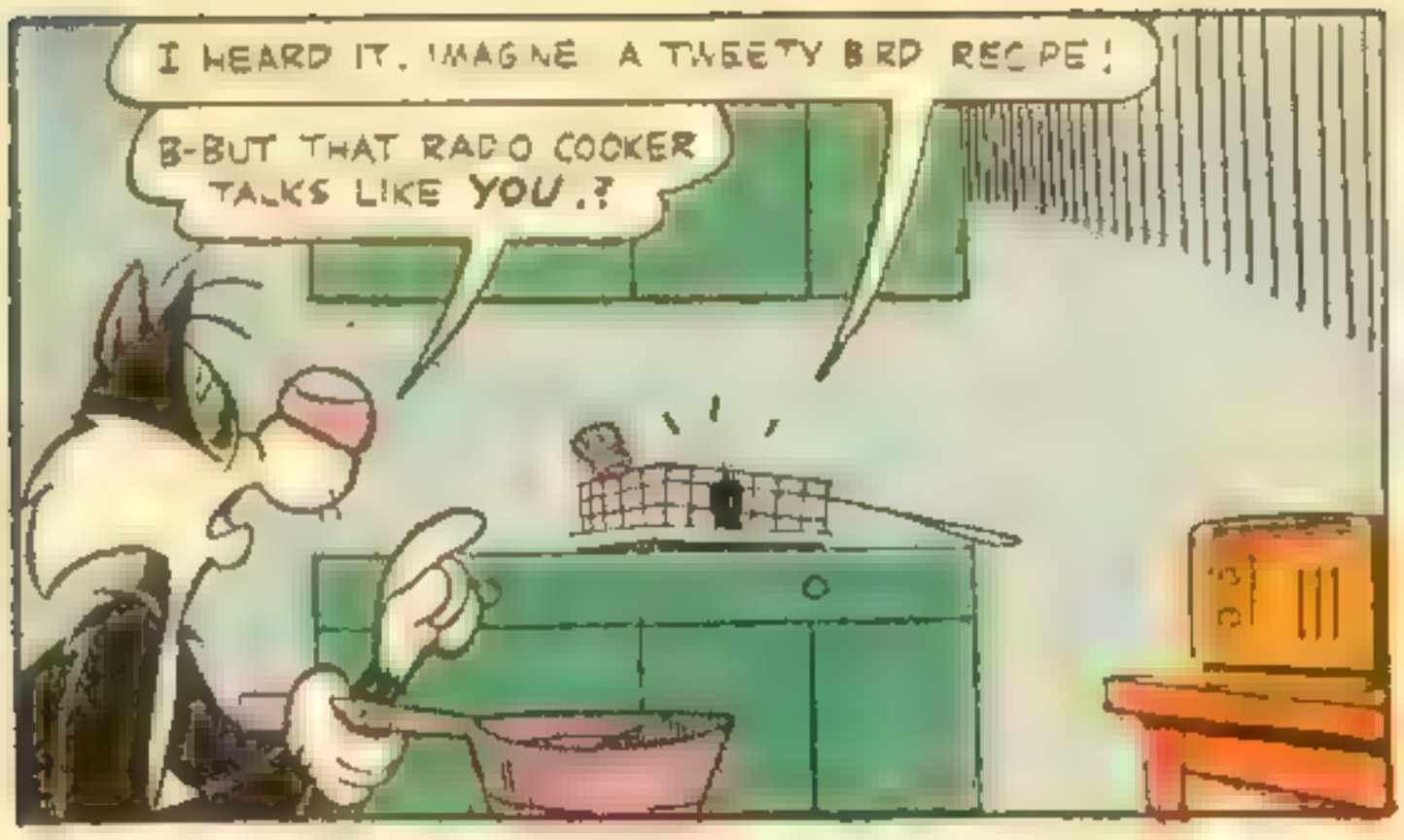

NOTICE THAT I GOT A LOCK FOR IT!
THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK A TWIFFLE TWAGIC.
SNAP!

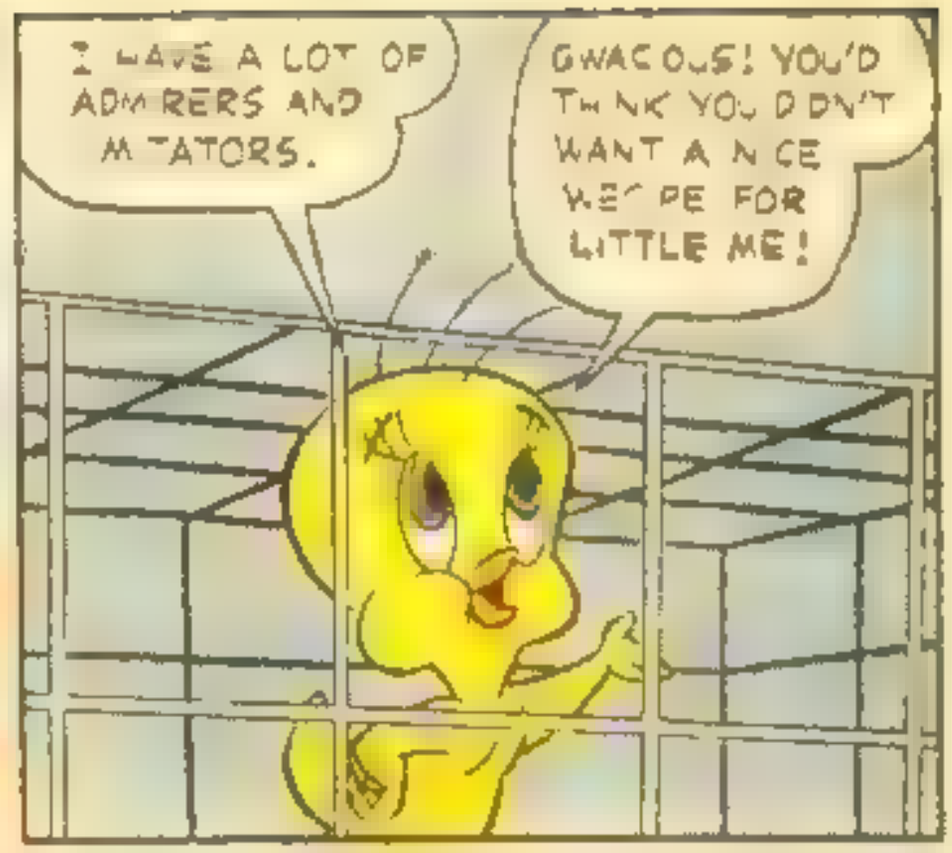

HO HO! A DREAMY BANQUET AT LAST!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THIS VENTWILOQUIST GADGET I SENT FOR! IF I CAN WEALLY THWOW MY VOICE WITH IT!

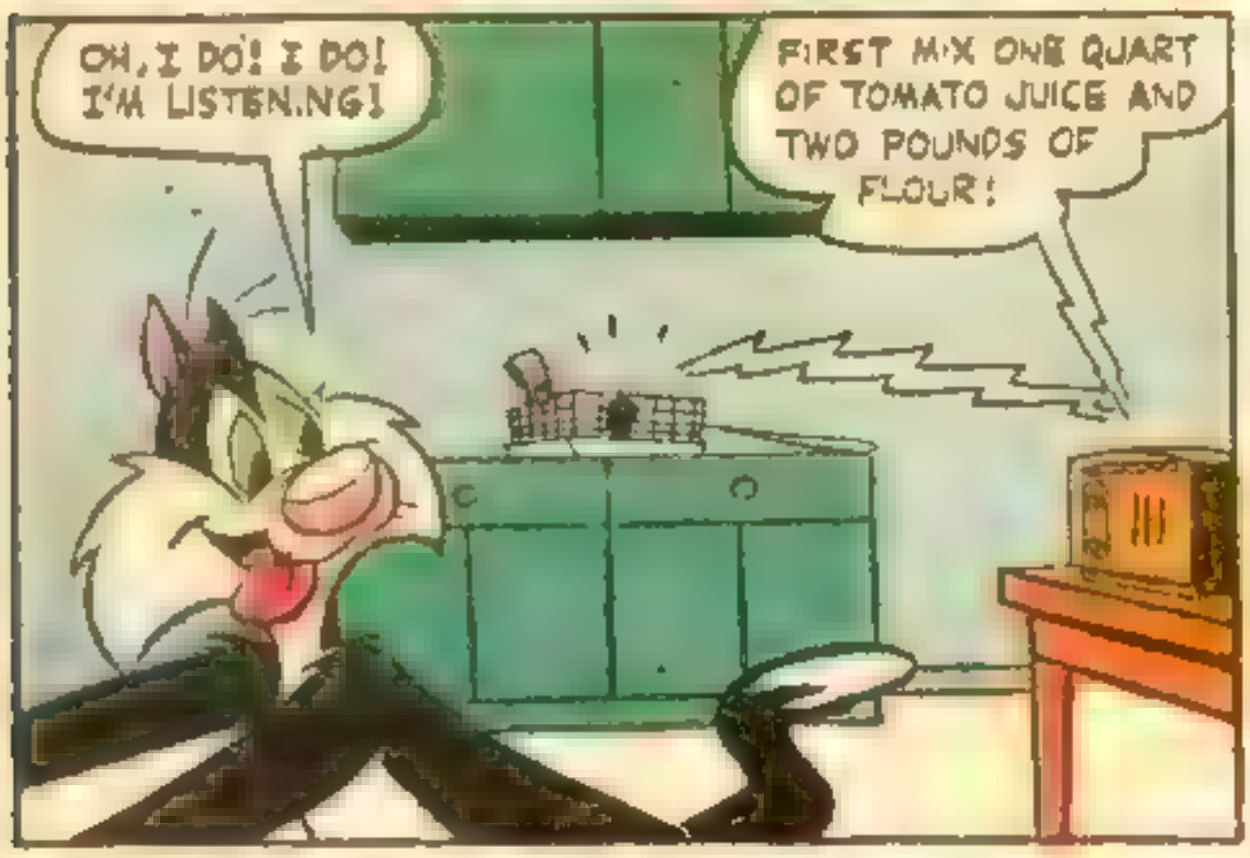

AHEM. .YOU MIGHT GET A NICE JUICY RECIPE ON THE RADIO COOKING CLASS, PUDDY TAT!
HAH. YOU CAN'T PULL THAT OLD RADIO GAG ON ME NOW, SMARTY! YOU'RE IN HERE...

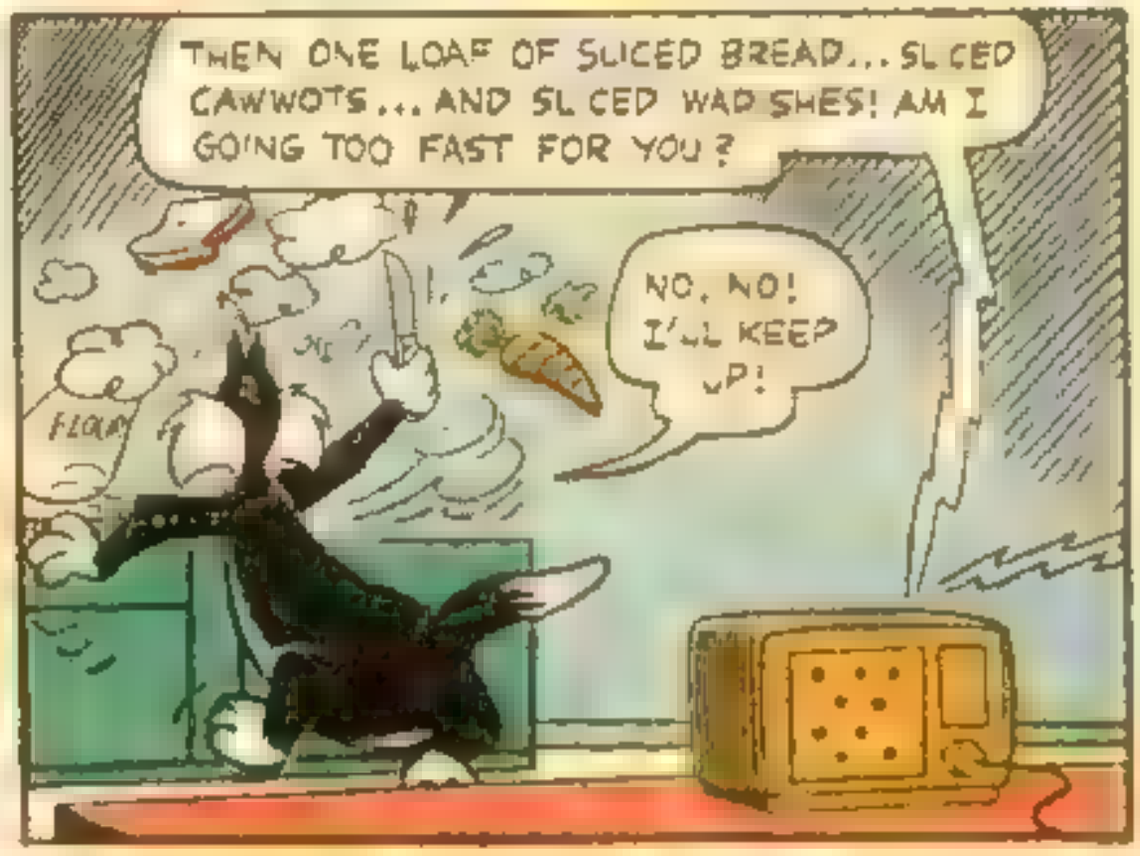

AND THE KITCHEN RADIO... HA, HA... IS WAY OVER THERE!
BUT LISTEN... THERE'S A RECIPE ON WIGHT NOW.

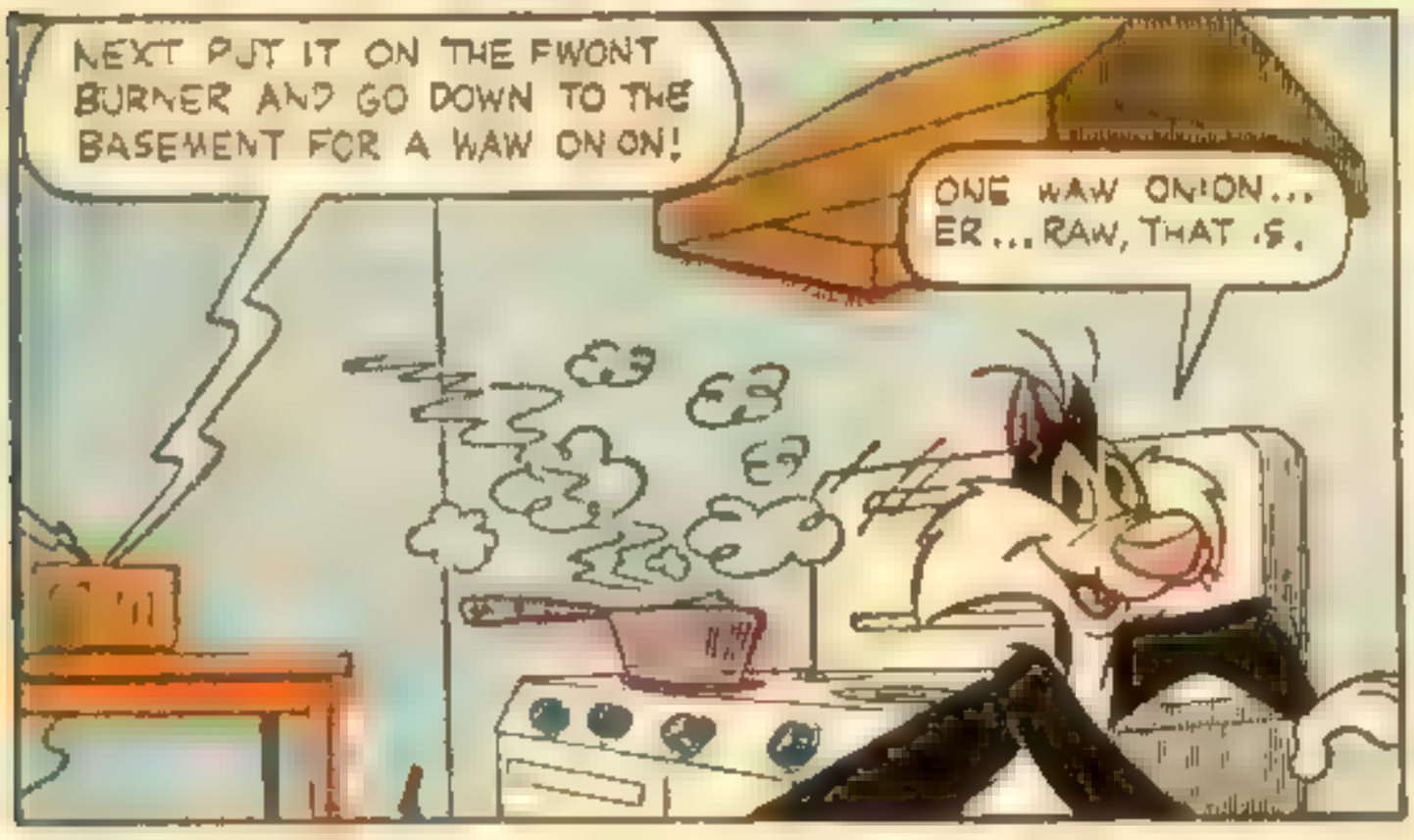

DON'T TRY TO KID ME, CHICKIE! I CAN'T EVEN HEAR THE RADIO!
HEH HEH.
I ALWAYS WHISPER MY TWEETY BIRD RECIPE VEWY SOFTLY, DEAR LISTENERS...BECAUSE IT'S SO PWECIOUS!
EH?.

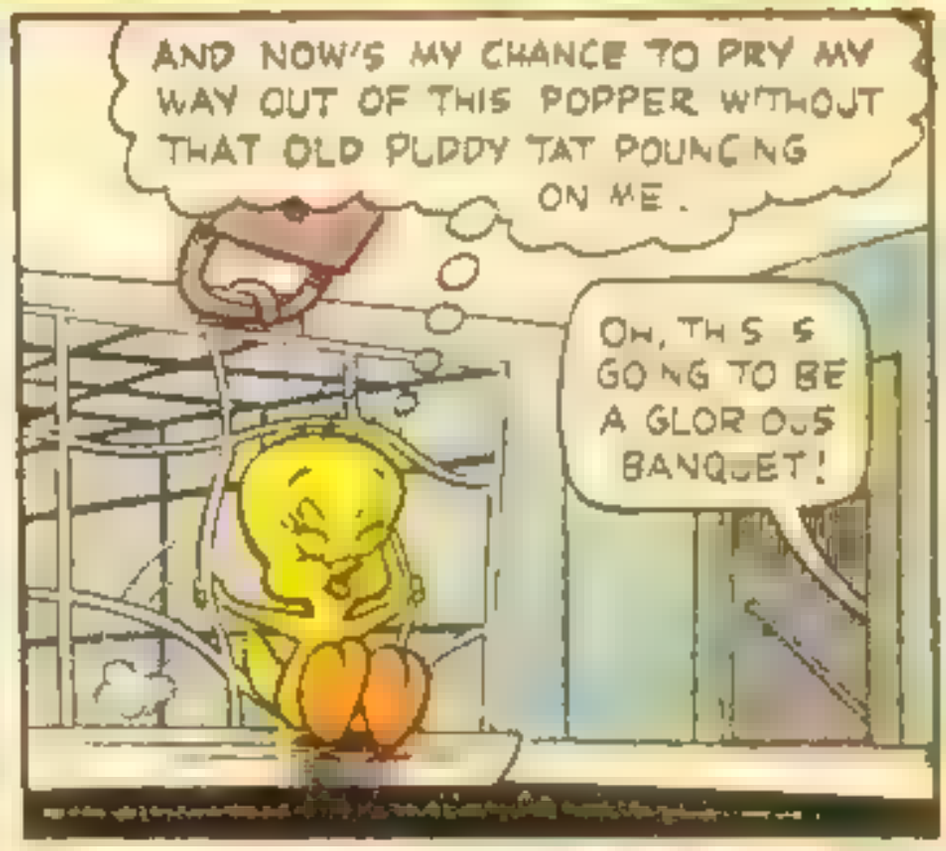

I HEARD IT. IMAGINE A TWEETY BIRD RECIPE!
B-BUT THAT RADIO COOKER TALKS LIKE YOU.?

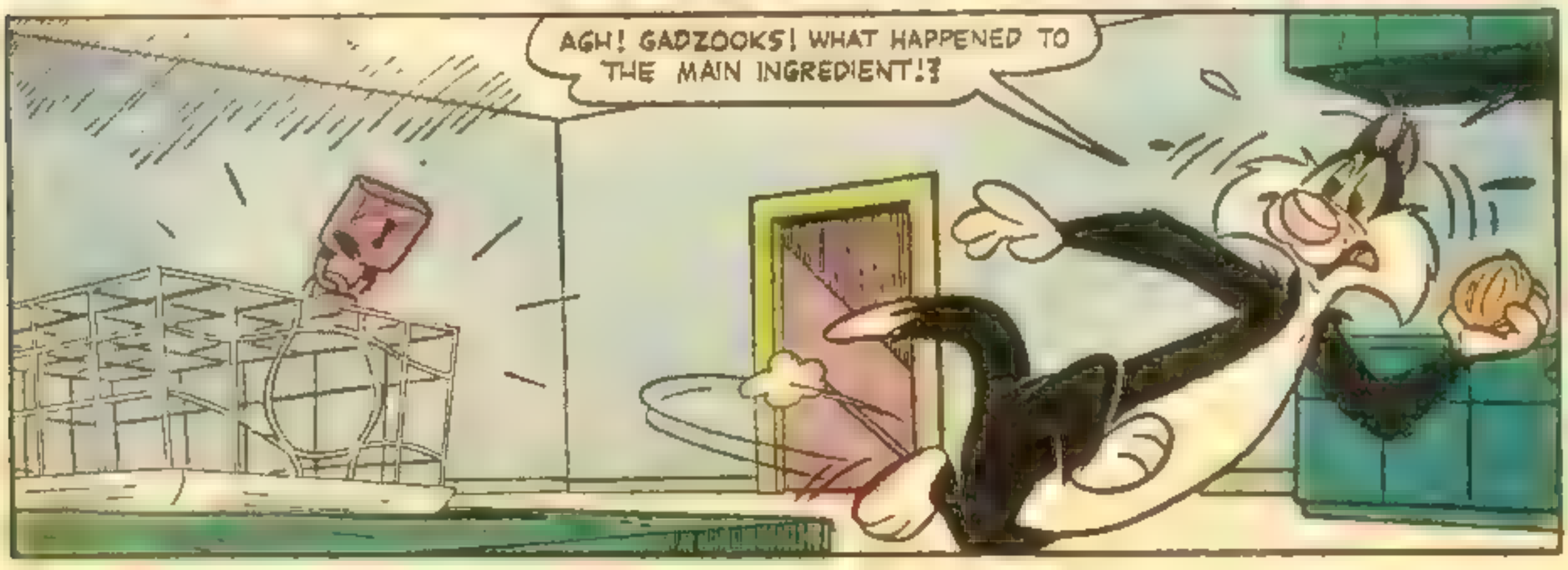

I HAVE A LOT OF ADMIRERS AND IMITATORS.
GWACIOUS! YOU'D THINK YOU DON'T WANT A NICE RECIPE FOR LITTLE ME!


OH, I DO! I DO! I'M LISTENING!
FIRST MIX ONE QUART OF TOMATO JUICE AND TWO POUNDS OF FLOUR!


THEN ONE LOAF OF SLICED BREAD... SLICED CAWWOTS... AND SLICED WAD SHES! AM I GOING TOO FAST FOR YOU?
NO, NO! I'LL KEEP UP!
FLOUR


NEXT PUT IT ON THE FWONT BURNER AND GO DOWN TO THE BASEMENT FOR A WAW ON ON!
ONE WAW ONION... ER... RAW, THAT IS.


AND NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PRY MY WAY OUT OF THIS POPPER WITHOUT THAT OLD PUDDY TAT POUNCING ON ME.
OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE A GLORIOUS BANQUET!


AGH! GADZOOKS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAIN INGREDIENT!?

I COULDN'T WAIT PUDDY TAT. HERE I AM IN THE STEW.

GEE, HOW OBLIGING CAN THAT TIDBIT GET?

TWEETY! AT LEAST LET ME SEE YOU SO I CAN ENJOY THE DELICIOUS SIGHT! PLEASE? PRETTY PLEASE?

OKAY, PUDDY TAT.

R-R-R-R-R

UP YOU GO WHERE THE VIEW IS SIMPLY SCWUMPTIOUS!

Y-I-I-I! YOU TRICKED ME AGAIN!

TEEHEE! THESE KITCHEN FANS ARE VEWY GOOD PUDDY TAT HOISTERS!

LET ME DOWN! LET ME DOWN!

WIGHT INTO THE STEW? OH, NO! THAT WOULD BE SO UNTIDY!

ALSO VEWY HOT.

AND WE STILL HAVE THIS NICE WAW ON ON TO USE... (SIGH!) EVEN IF PEELING THEM ALWAYS MAKES ME CWY!

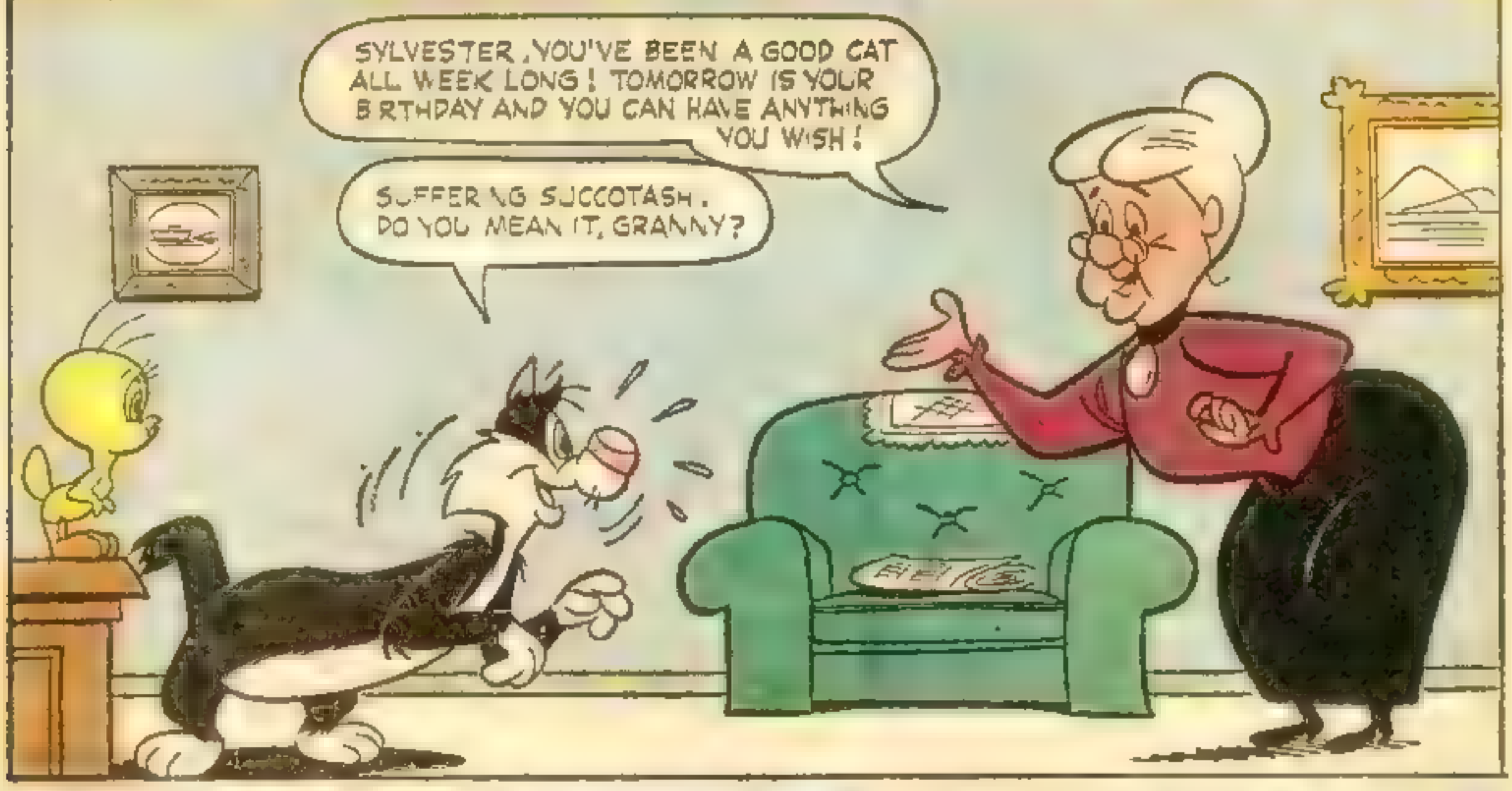
WA-AH! I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO CRY ABOUT WITHOUT ANY HELP FROM AN ONION!

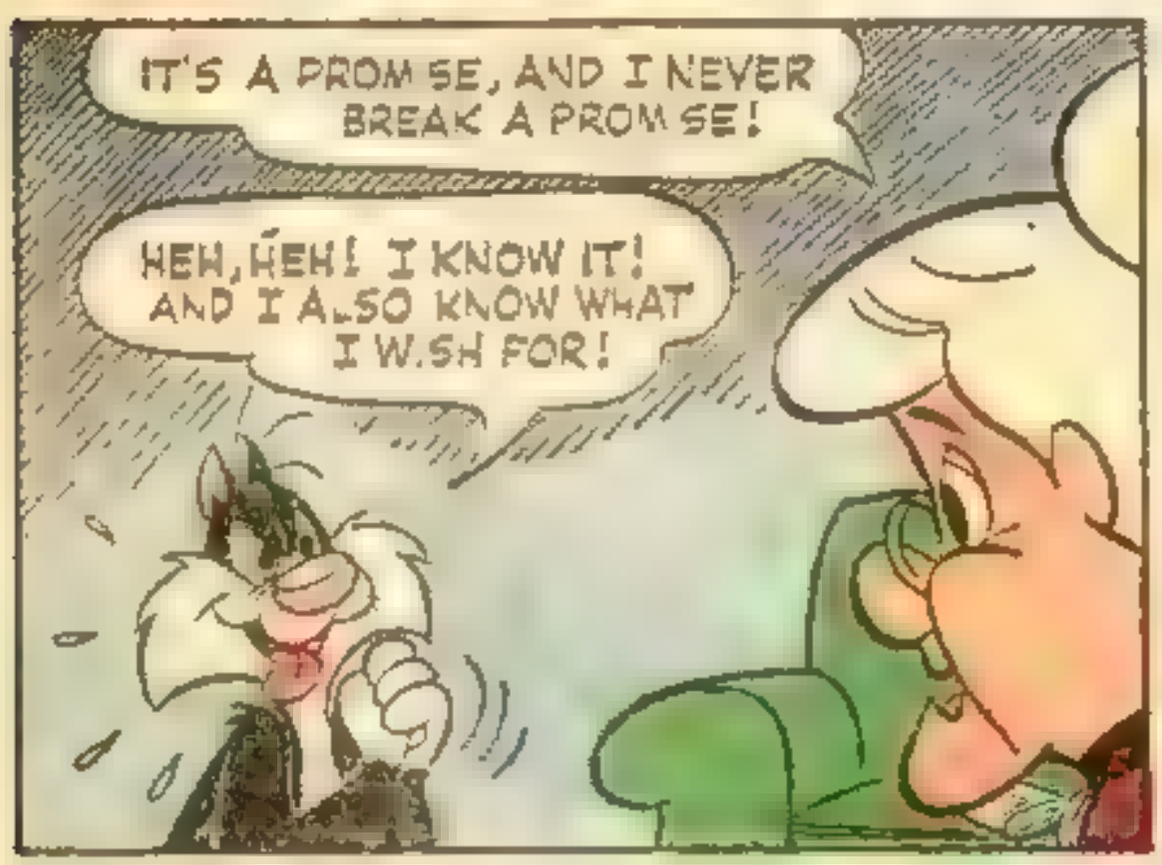
TWUE, TWUE! BUT IT MAKES SUCH AN ***A-PEELING*** STOWY THIS WAY! TEE,HEE!

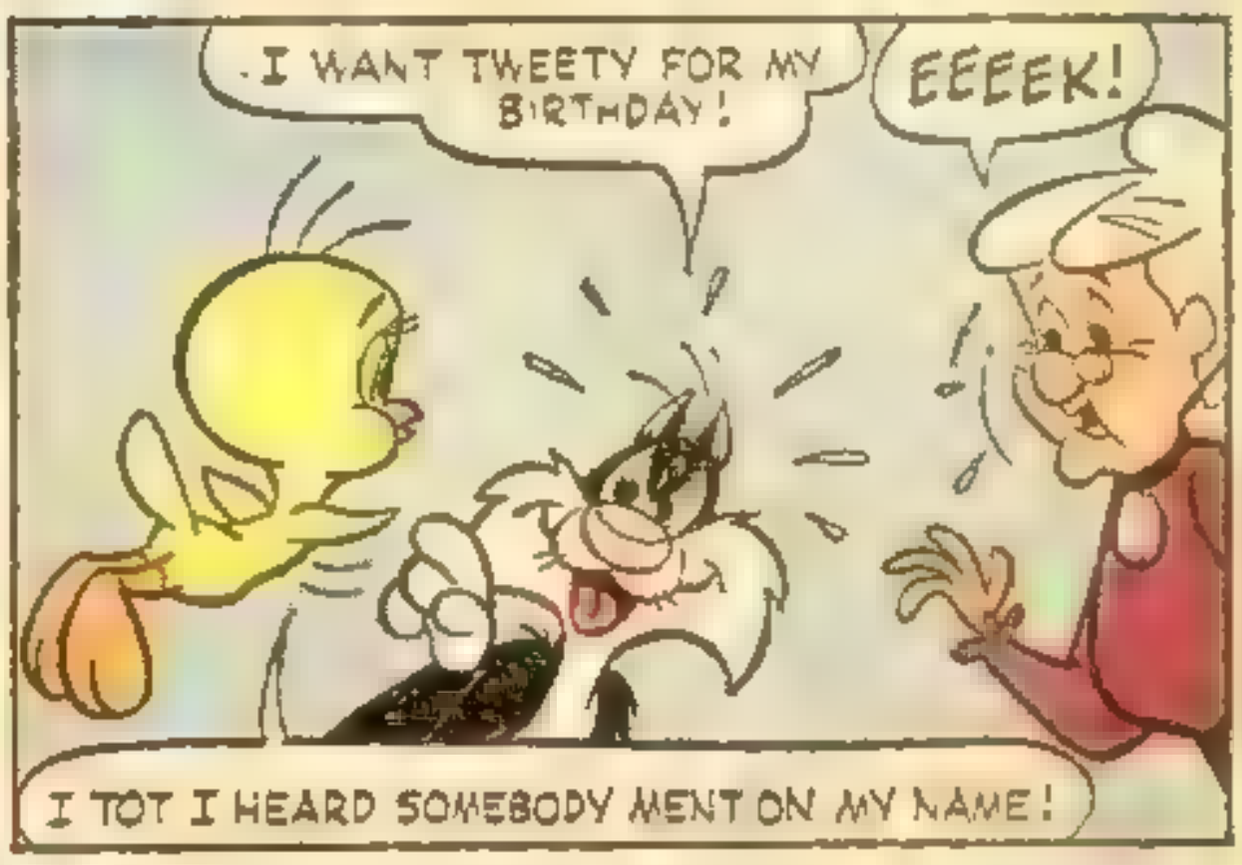
END

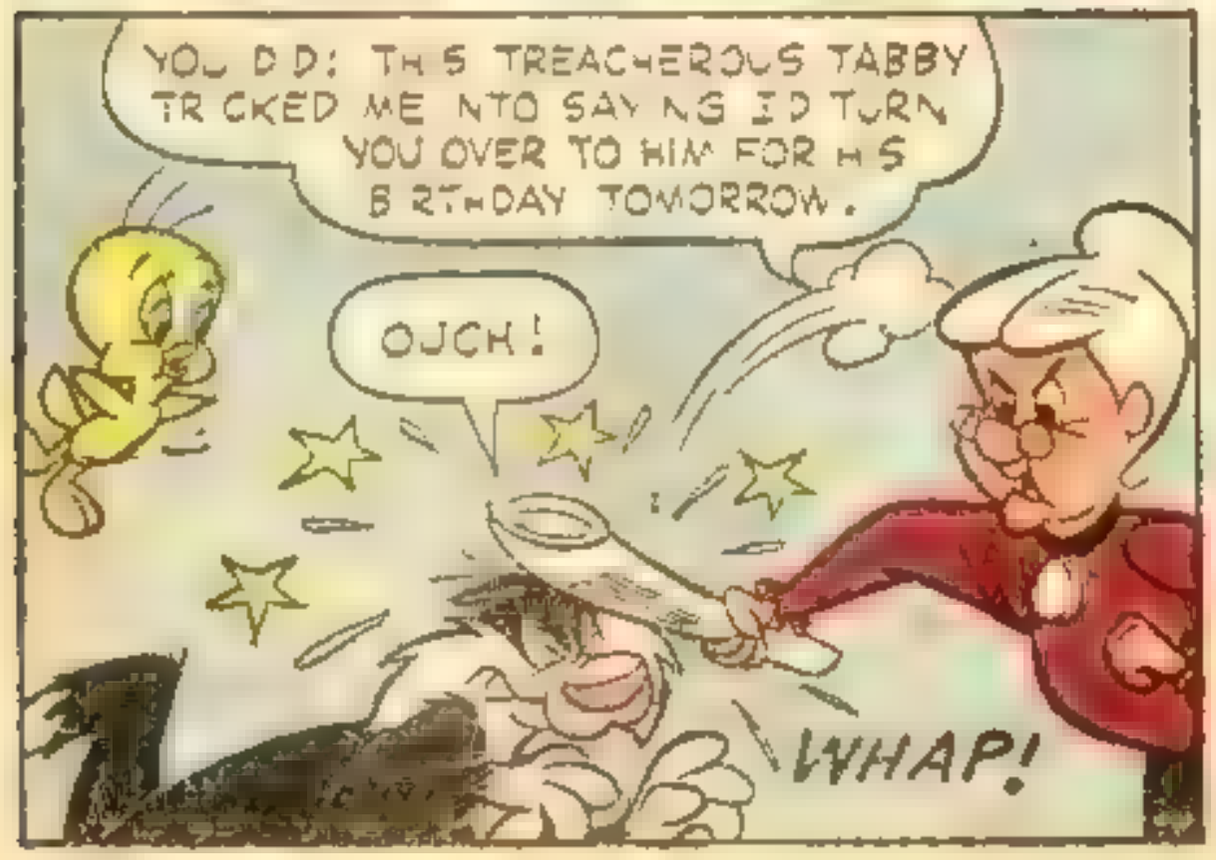
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

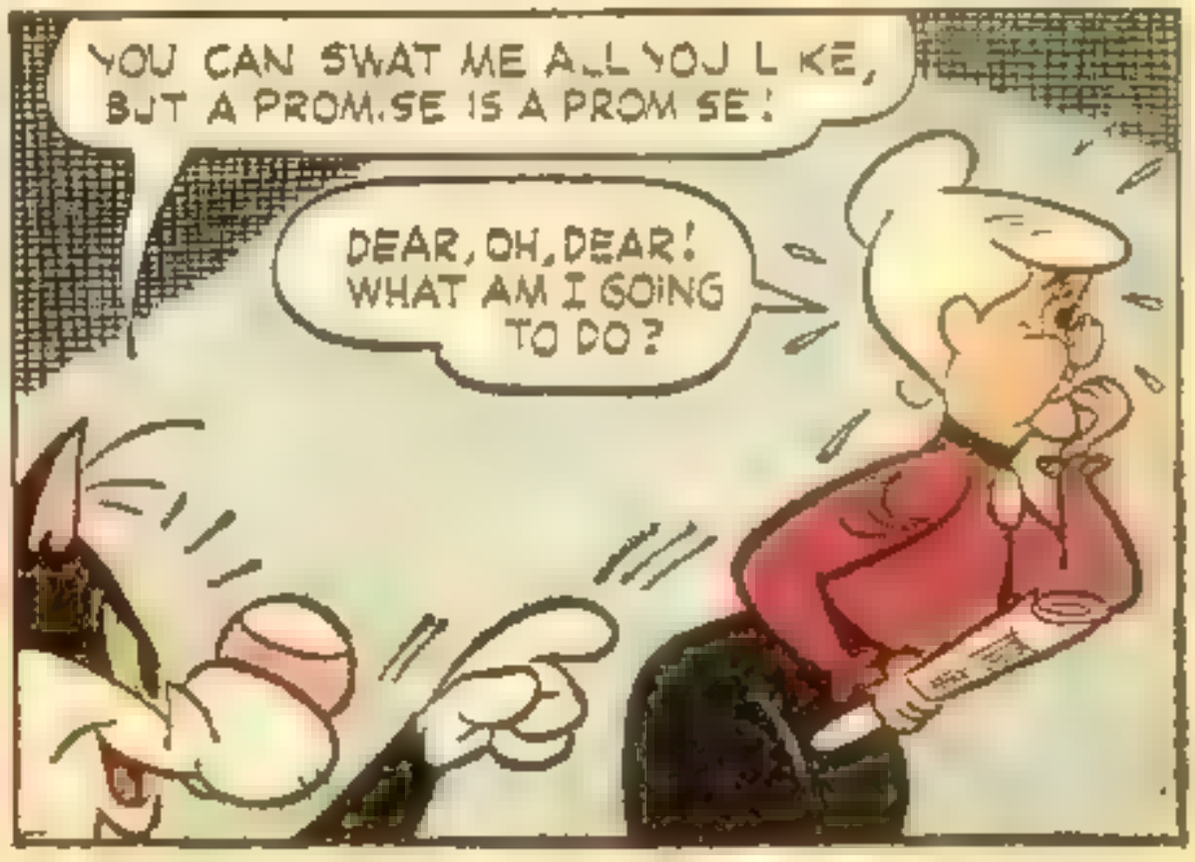
THE WASTED WISH

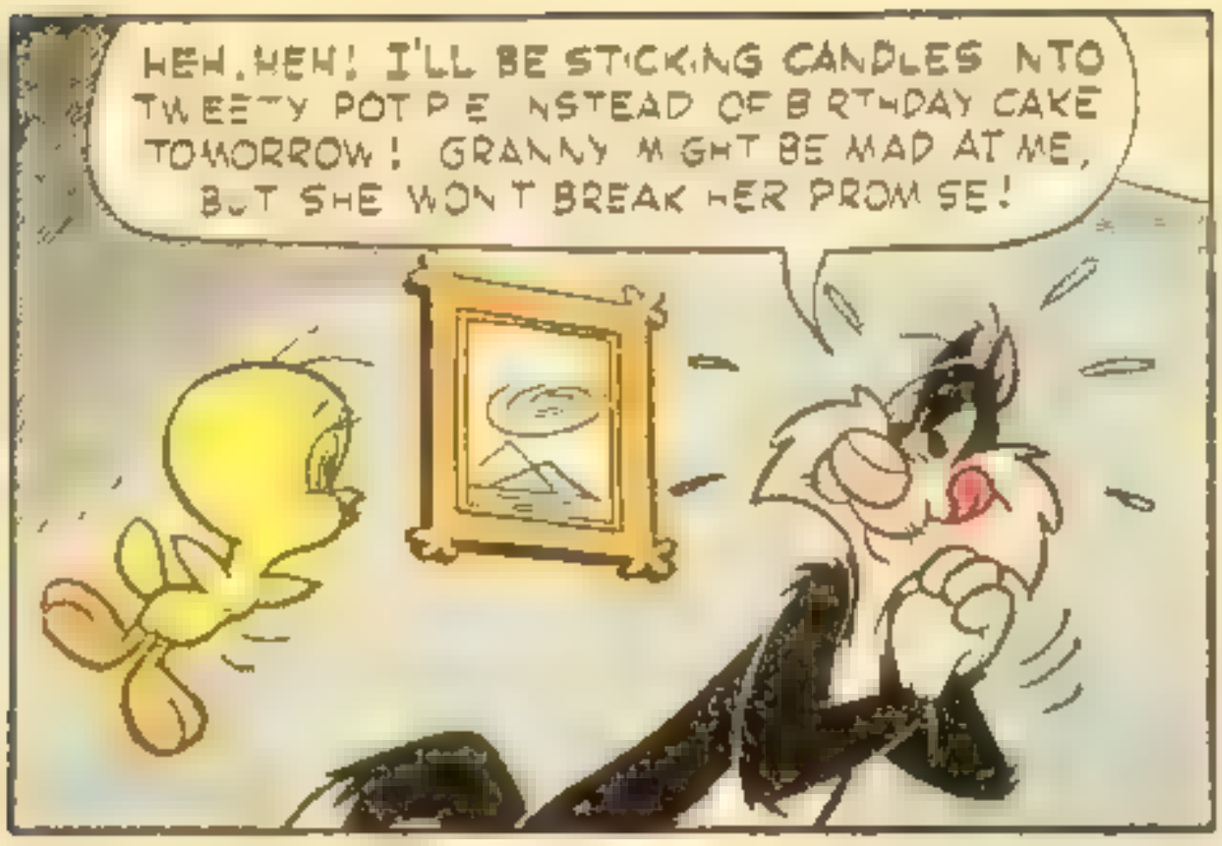


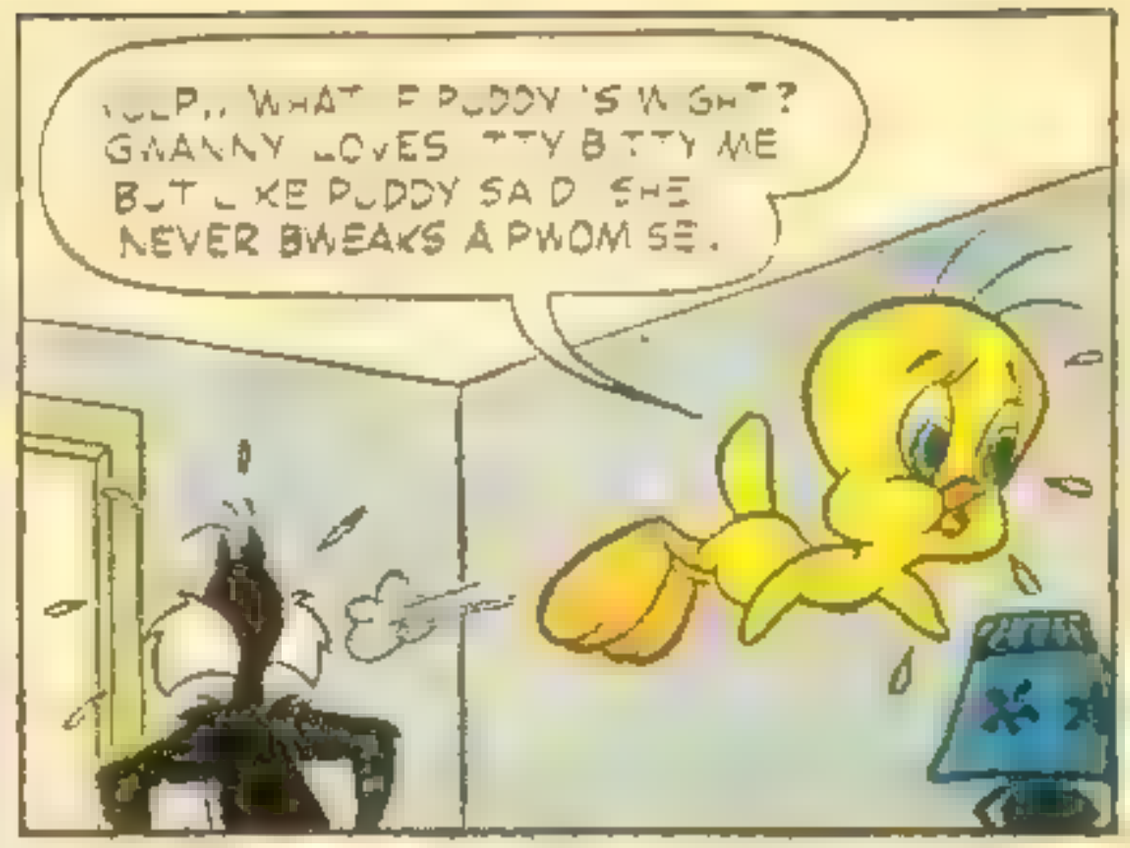


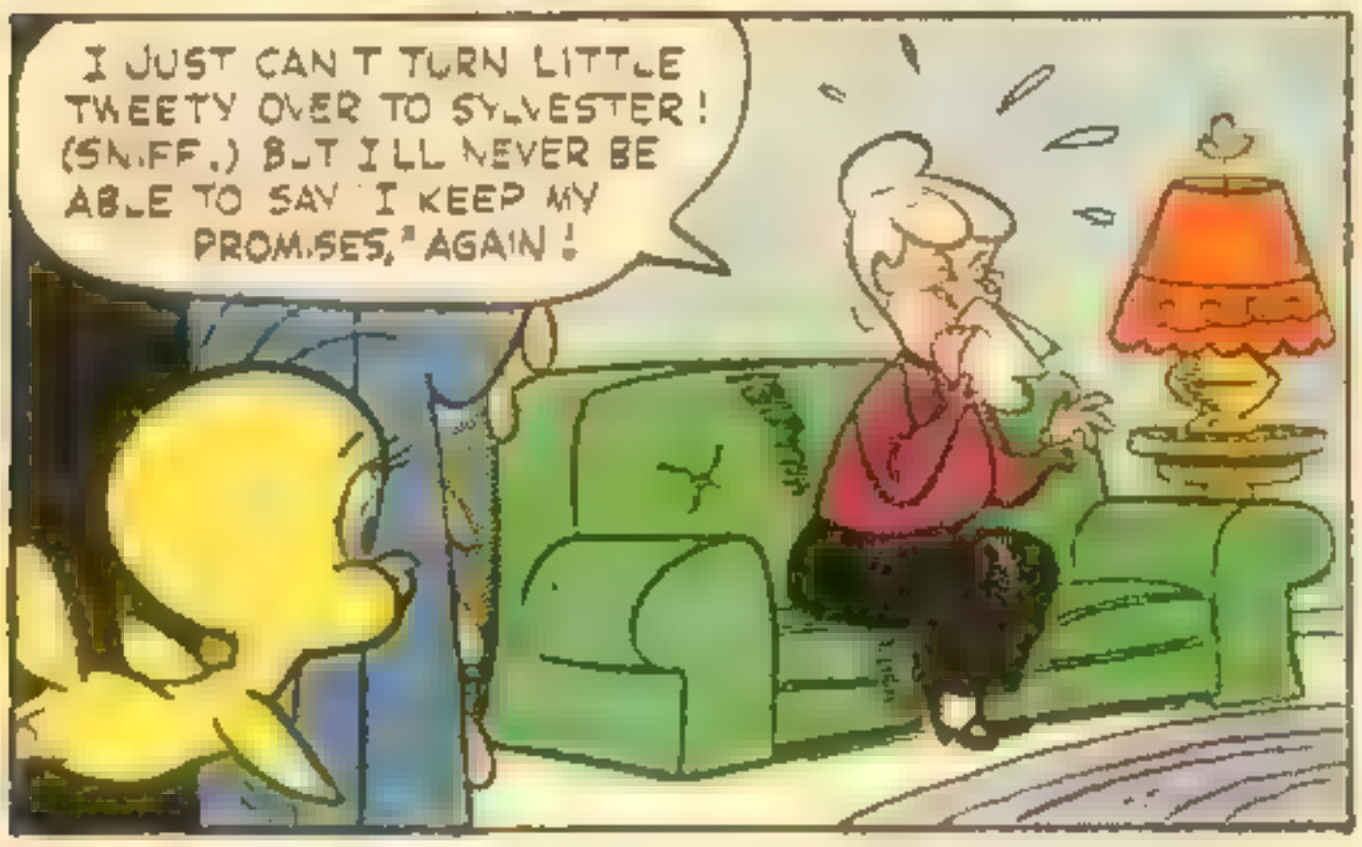


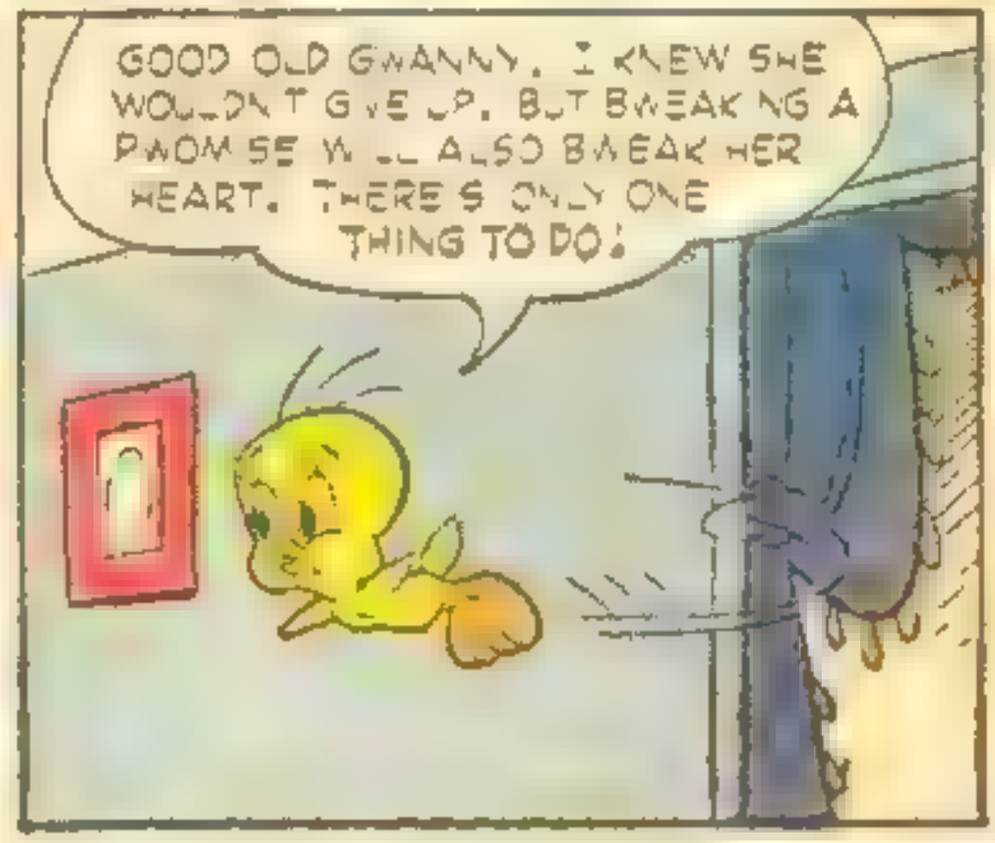


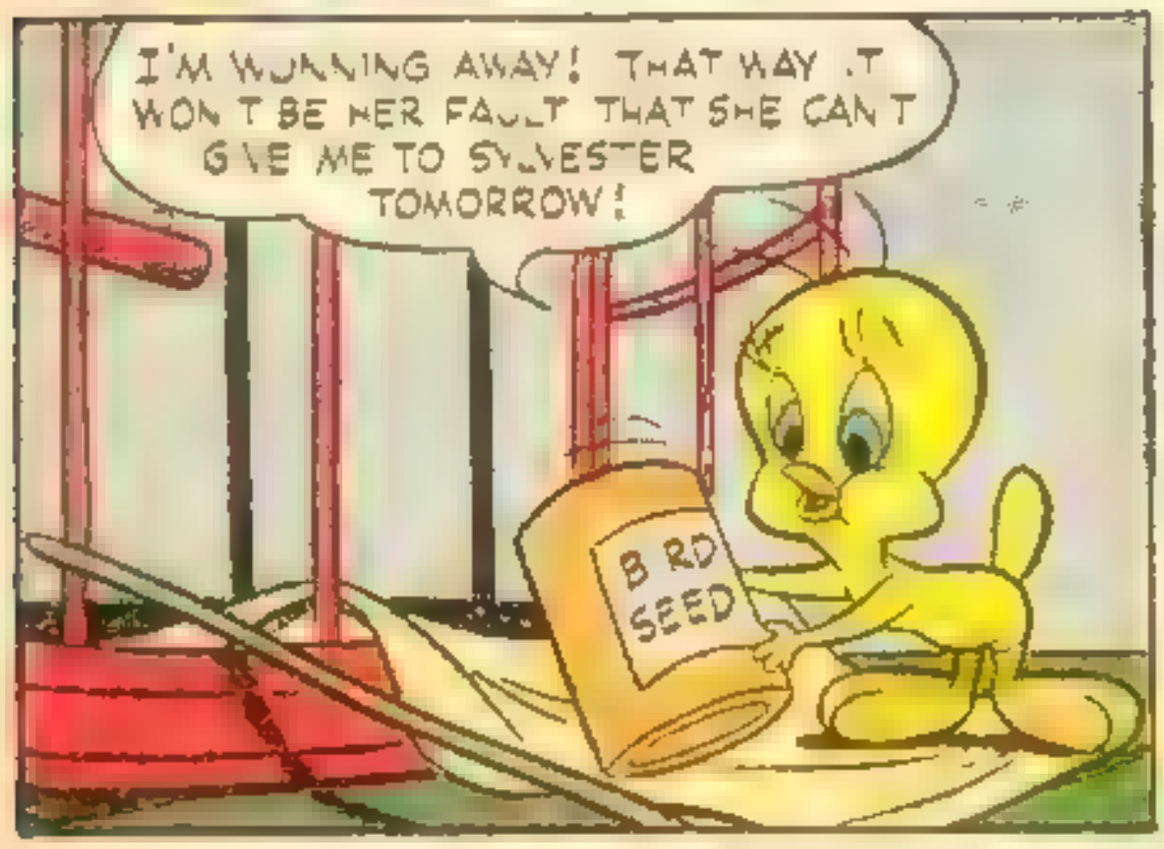


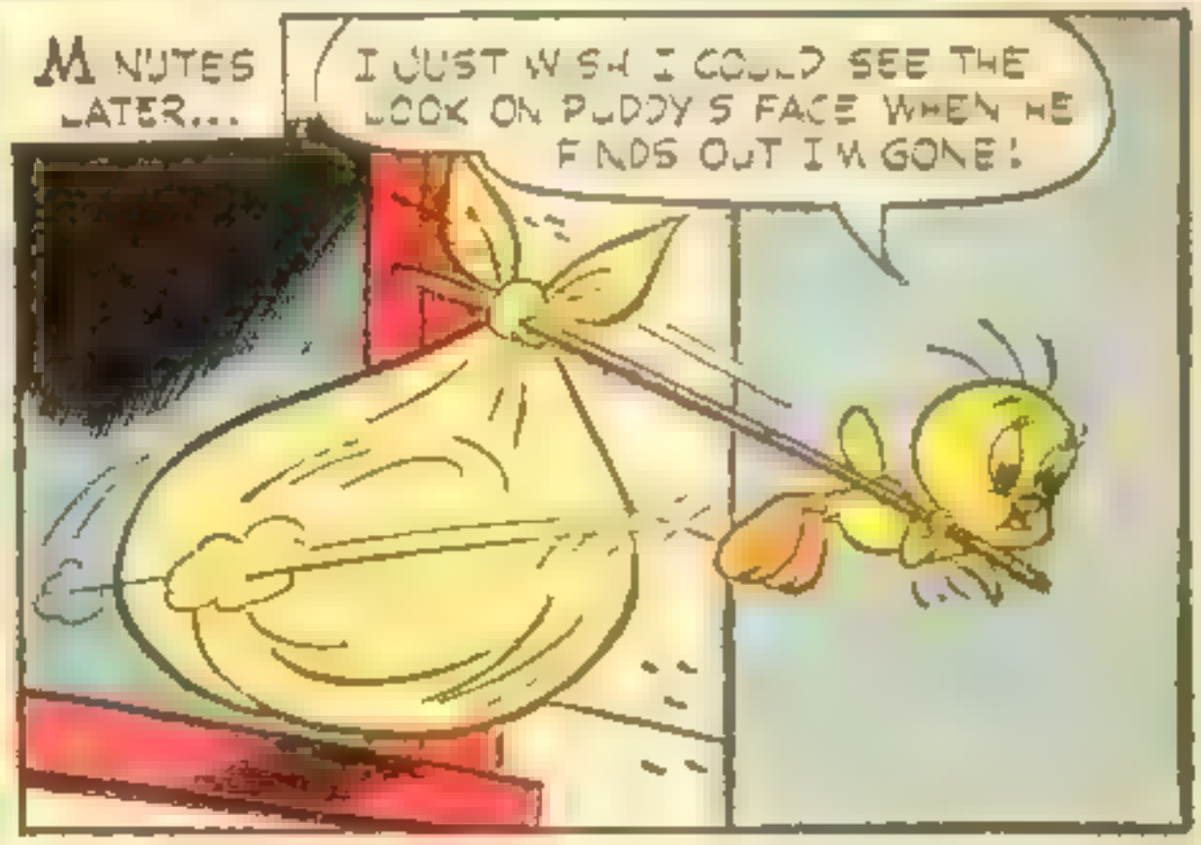

HEH, HEH! I'LL BE STICKING CANDLES INTO TWEETY POT PIE INSTEAD OF BIRTHDAY CAKE TOMORROW! GRANNY MIGHT BE MAD AT ME, BUT SHE WON'T BREAK HER PROMISE!

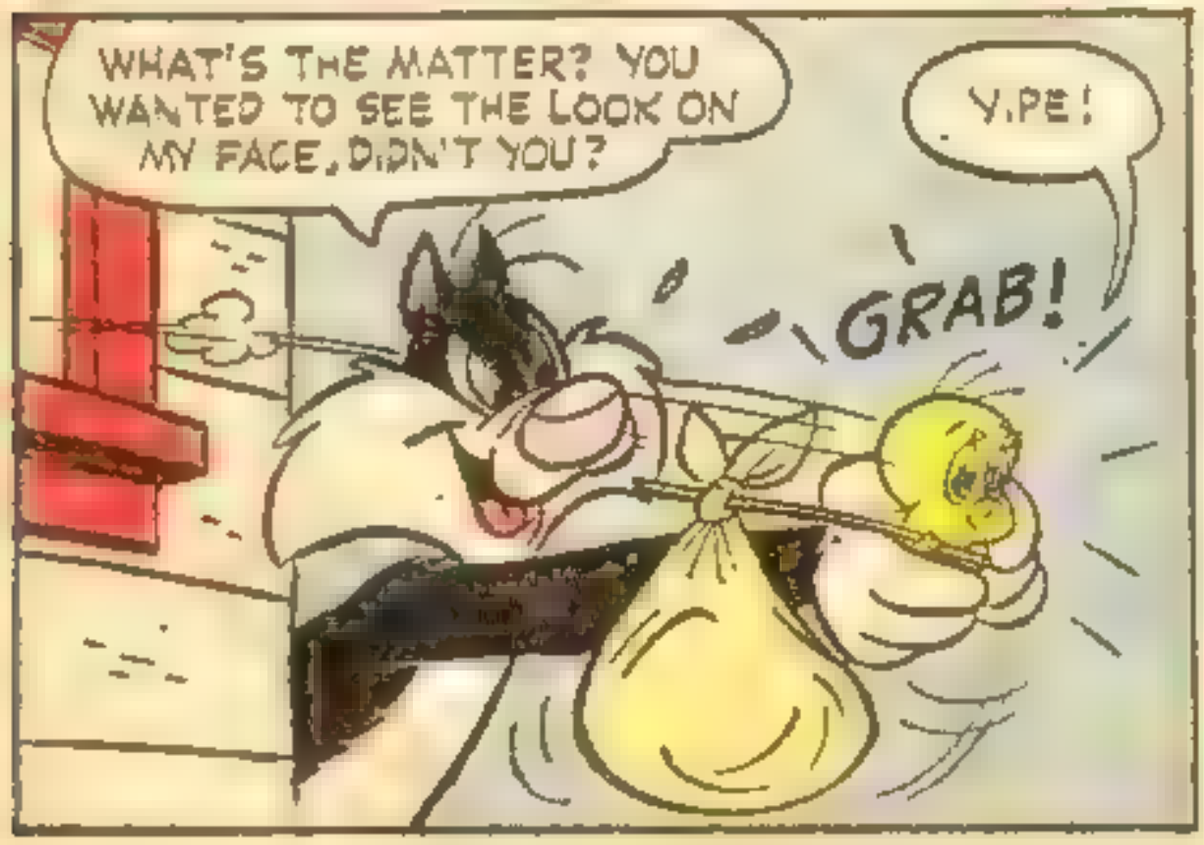

YULP... WHAT IF PUDDY'S RIGHT? GRANNY LOVES TITY BITTY ME BUT LIKE PUDDY SAID SHE NEVER BREAKS A PROMISE.

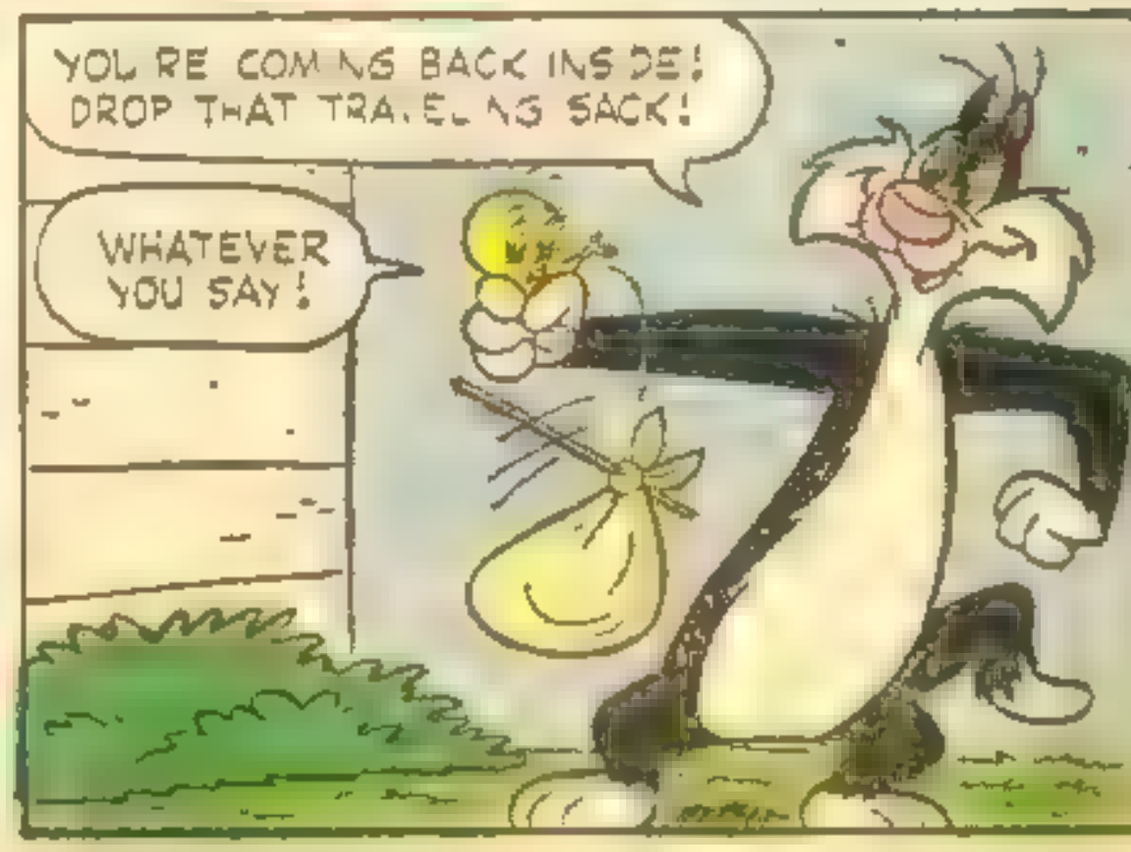

I JUST CAN'T TURN LITTLE TWEETY OVER TO SYLVESTER! (SNIFF.) BUT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SAY "I KEEP MY PROMISES," AGAIN!

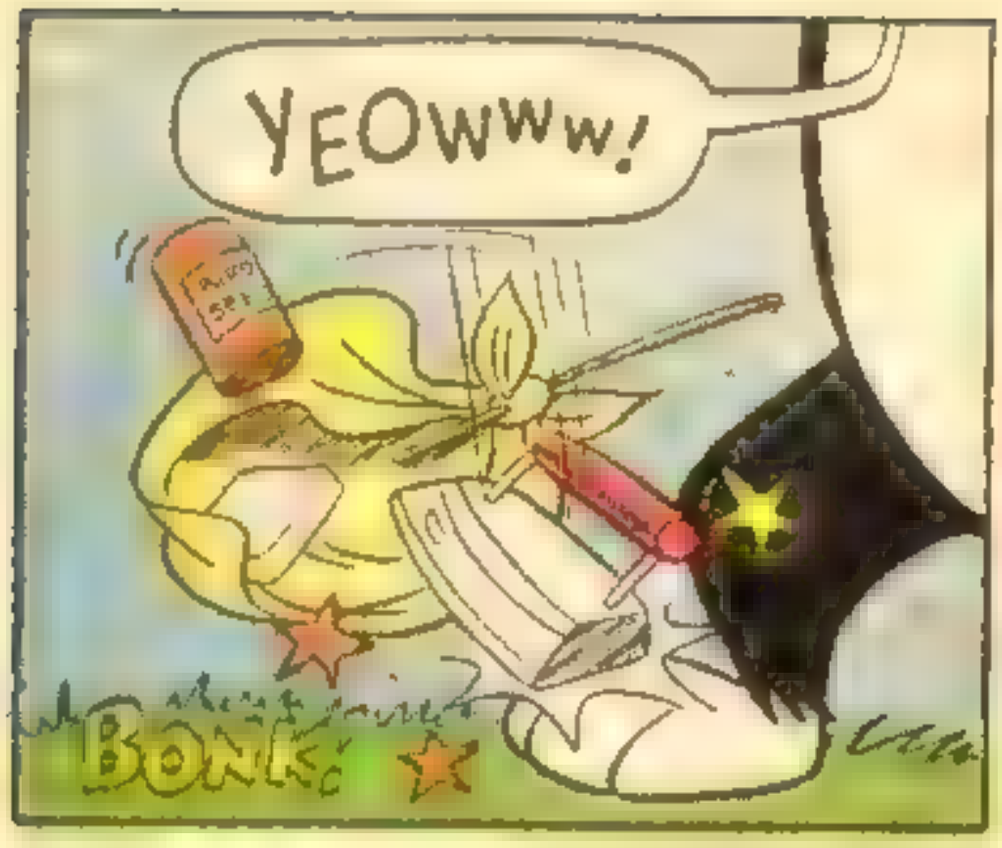

GOOD OLD GRANNY. I KNEW SHE WOULDN'T GIVE UP. BUT BREAKING A PROMISE WILL ALSO BREAK HER HEART. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

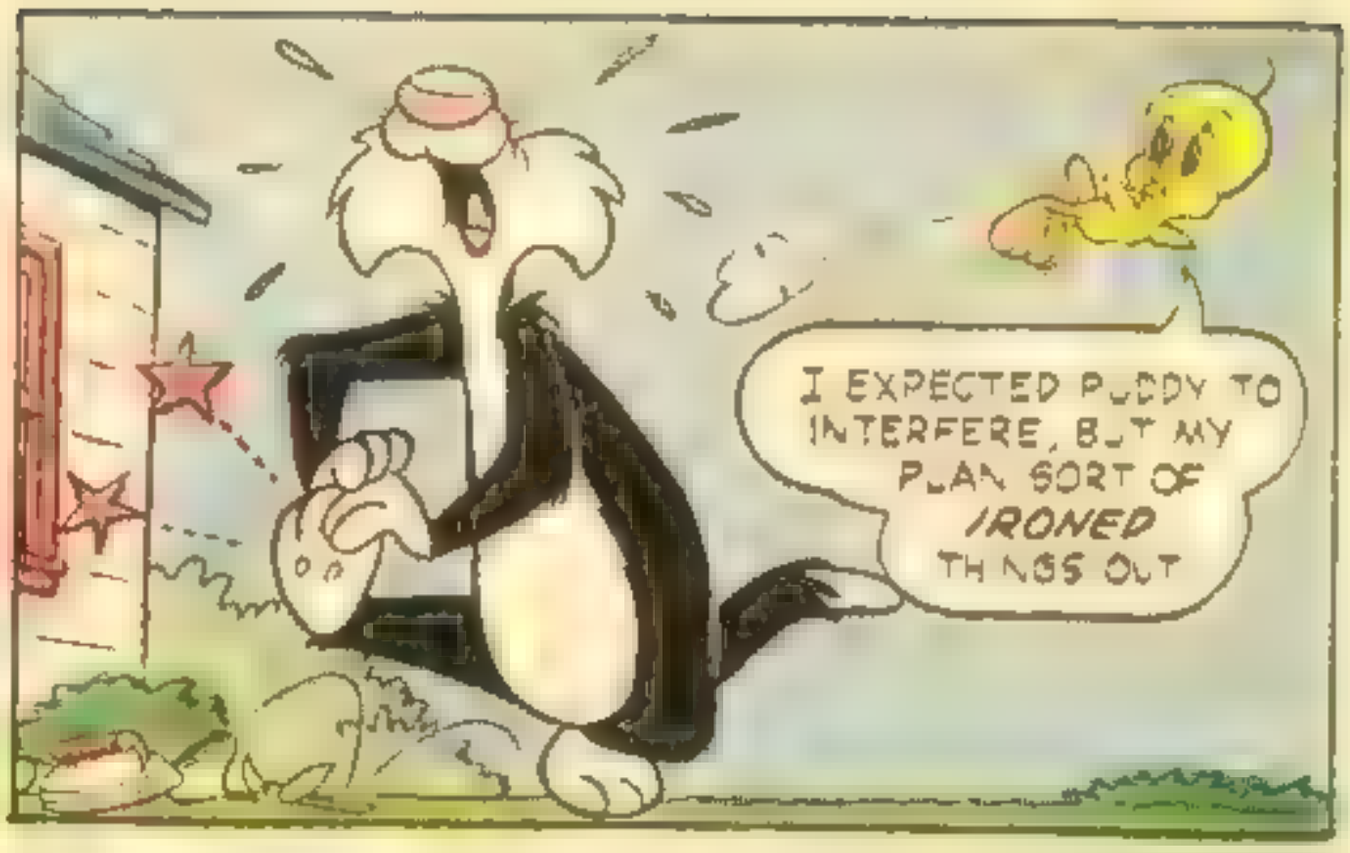

I'M RUNNING AWAY! THAT WAY IT WON'T BE HER FAULT THAT SHE CAN'T GIVE ME TO SYLVESTER TOMORROW!
BIRD SEED


MINUTES LATER...
I JUST WISH I COULD SEE THE LOOK ON PUDDY'S FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT I'M GONE!

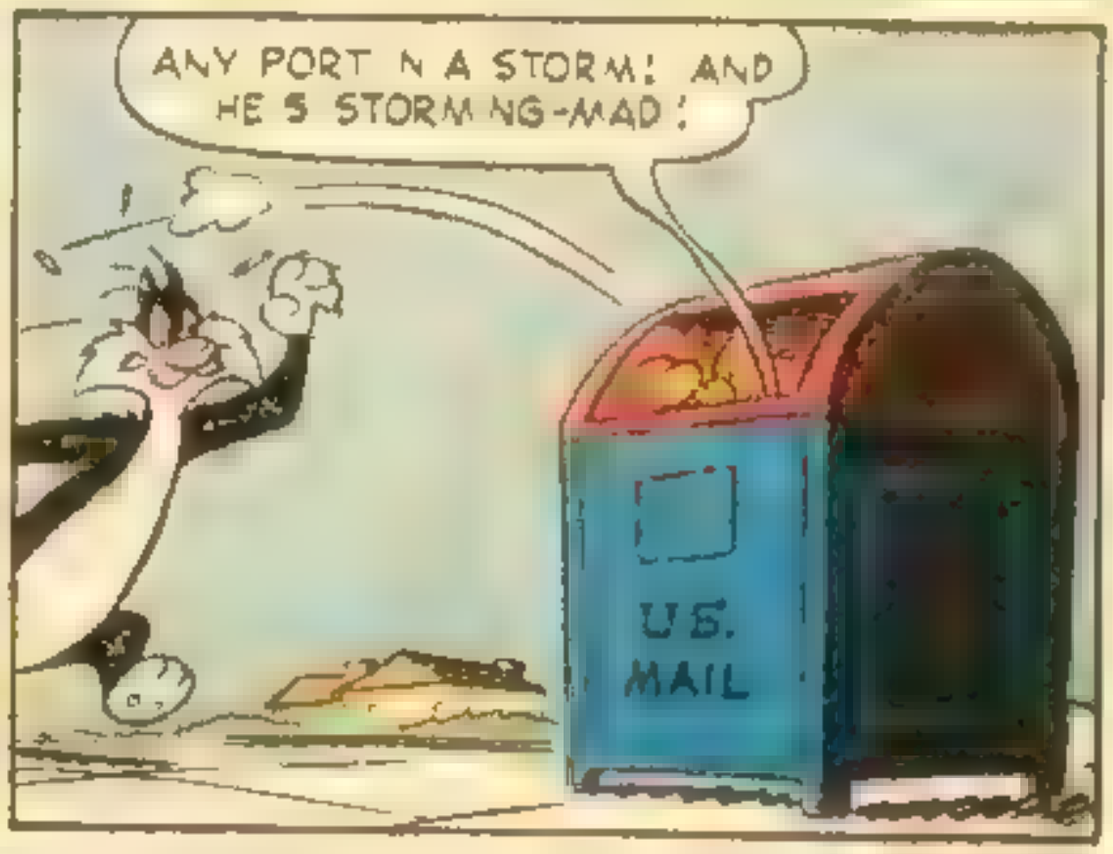

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU WANTED TO SEE THE LOOK ON MY FACE, DIDN'T YOU?
YIPE!
GRAB!

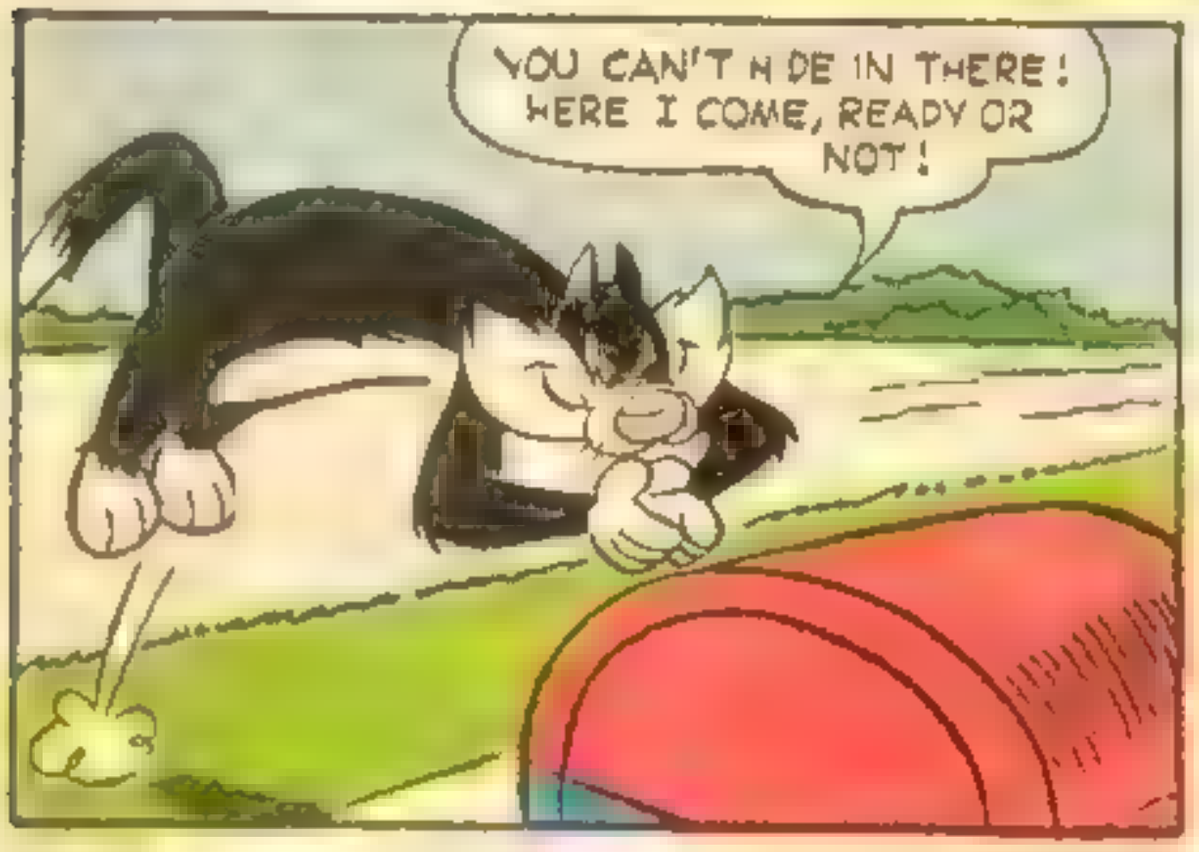

YOU'RE COMING BACK INSIDE! DROP THAT TRAVELING SACK!
WHATEVER YOU SAY!

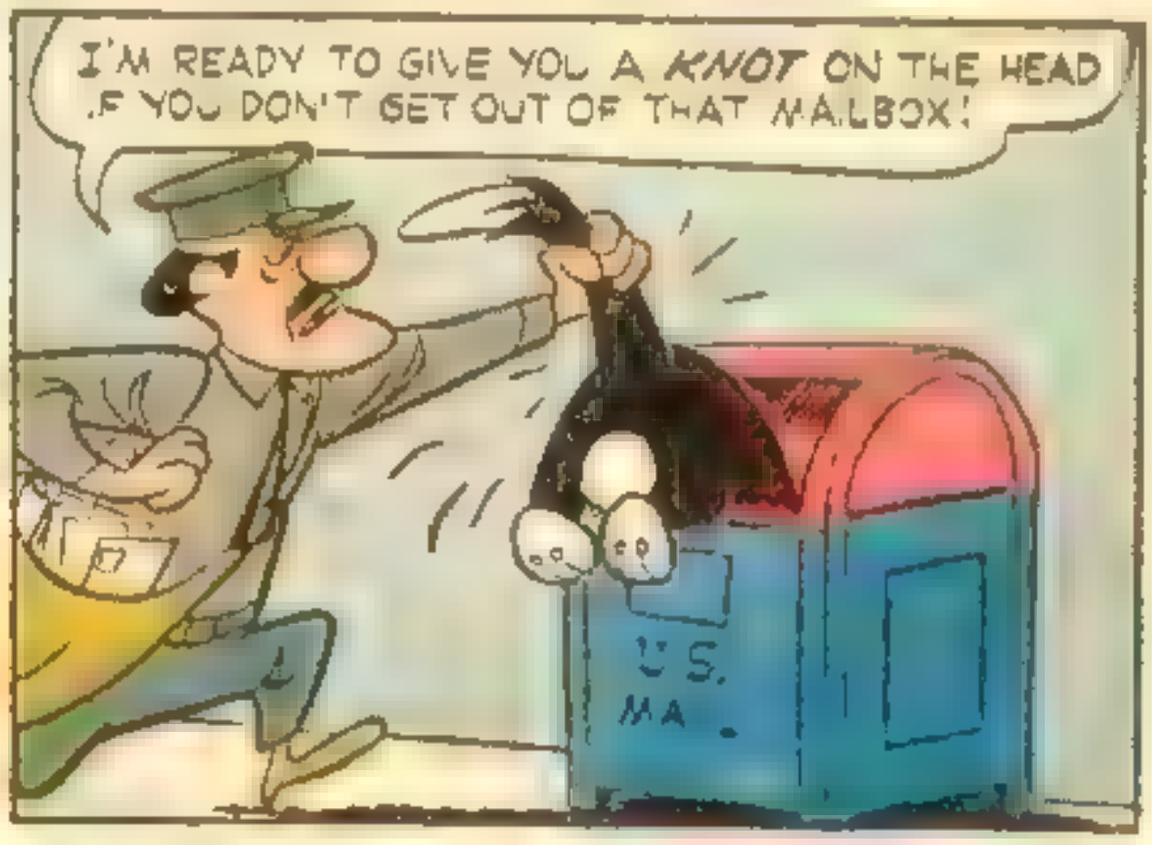

YEOWWW!
BONK!

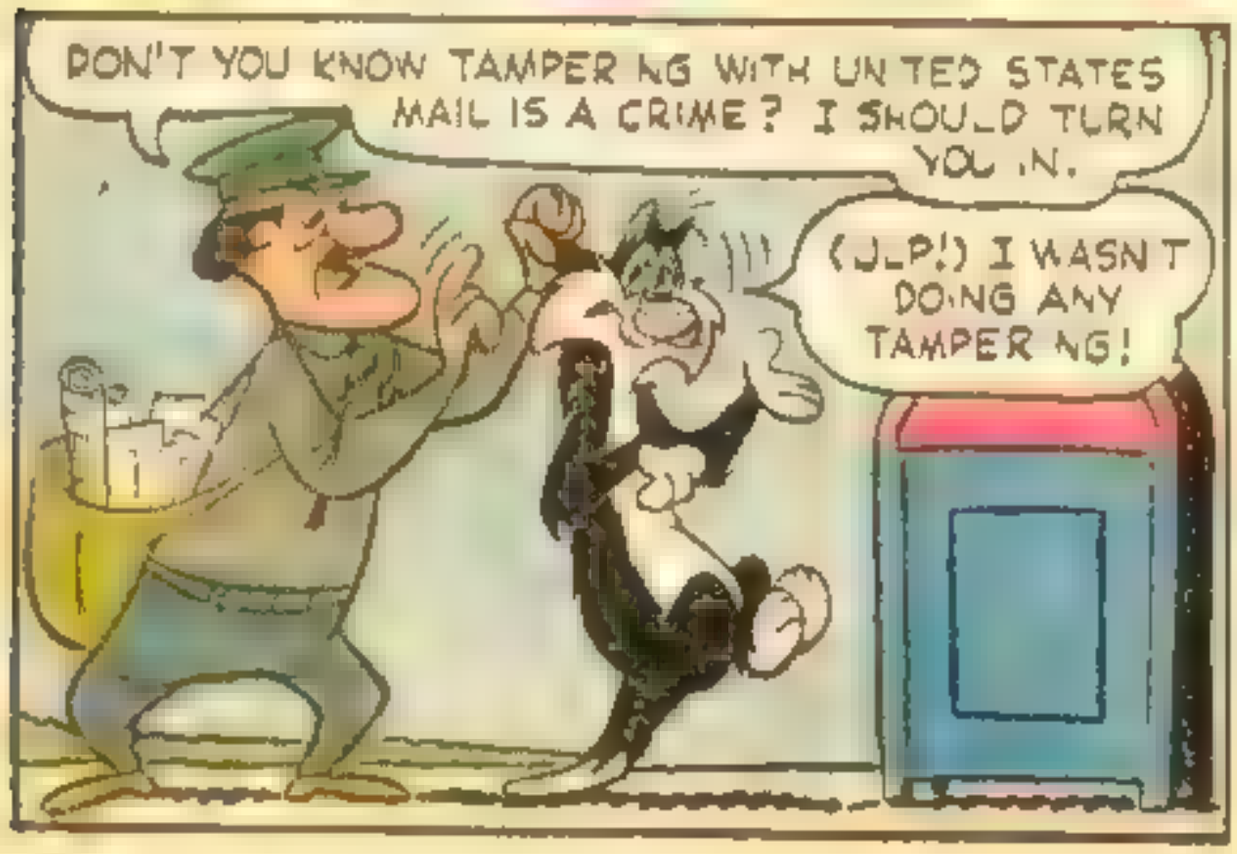

I EXPECTED PUDDY TO INTERFERE, BUT MY PLAN SORT OF IRONED THINGS OUT

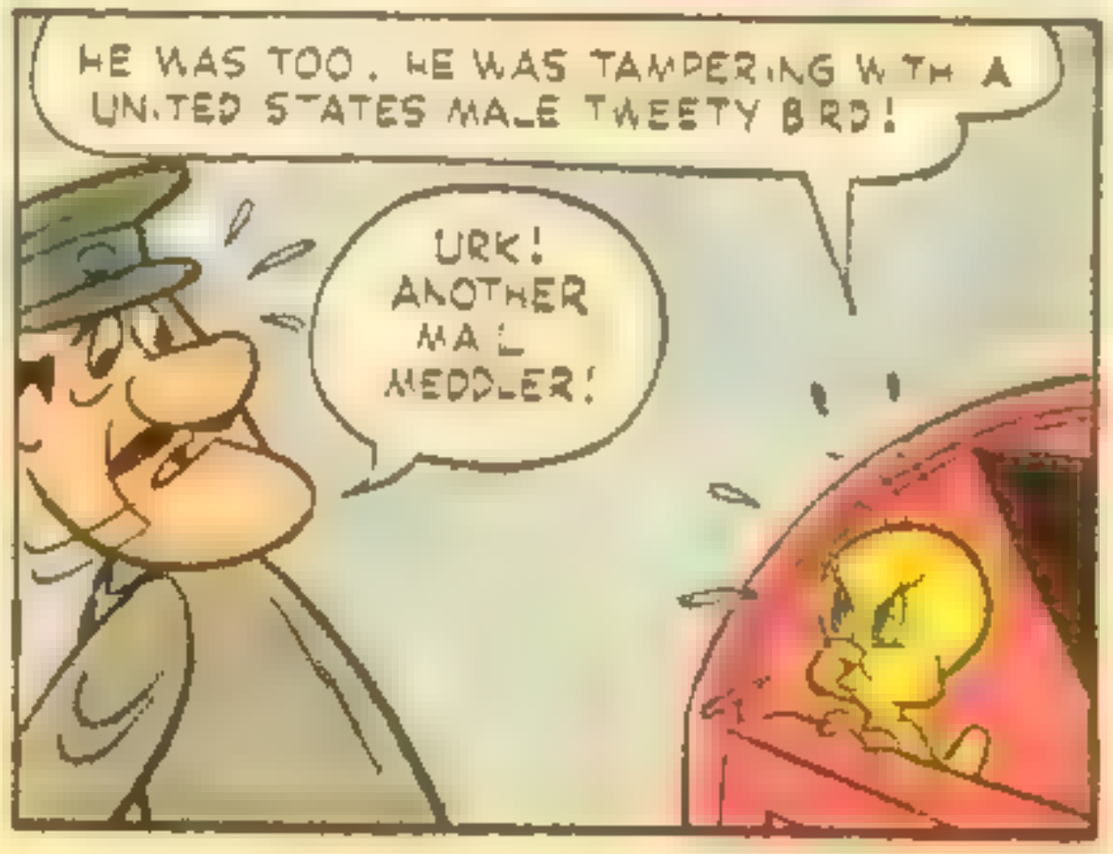
GRRR! I'LL GET YOU! I WON'T BE CHEATED OUT OF MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT!
TSK, TSK! WHAT A PERSISTENT PUDDY!


ANY PORT IN A STORM! AND HE'S STORMING-MAD!
U.S. MAIL


YOU CAN'T HIDE IN THERE! HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!

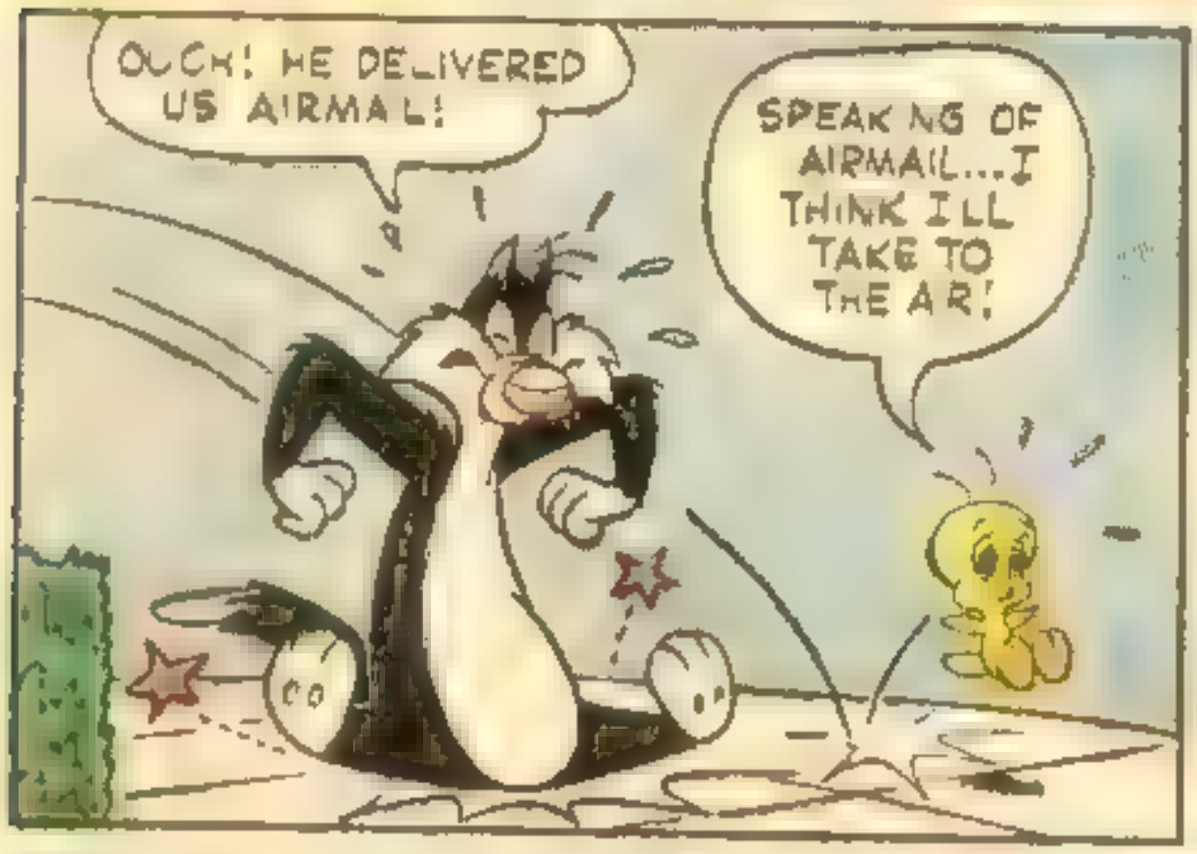

I'M READY TO GIVE YOU A KNOT ON THE HEAD IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF THAT MAILBOX!
U.S. MA

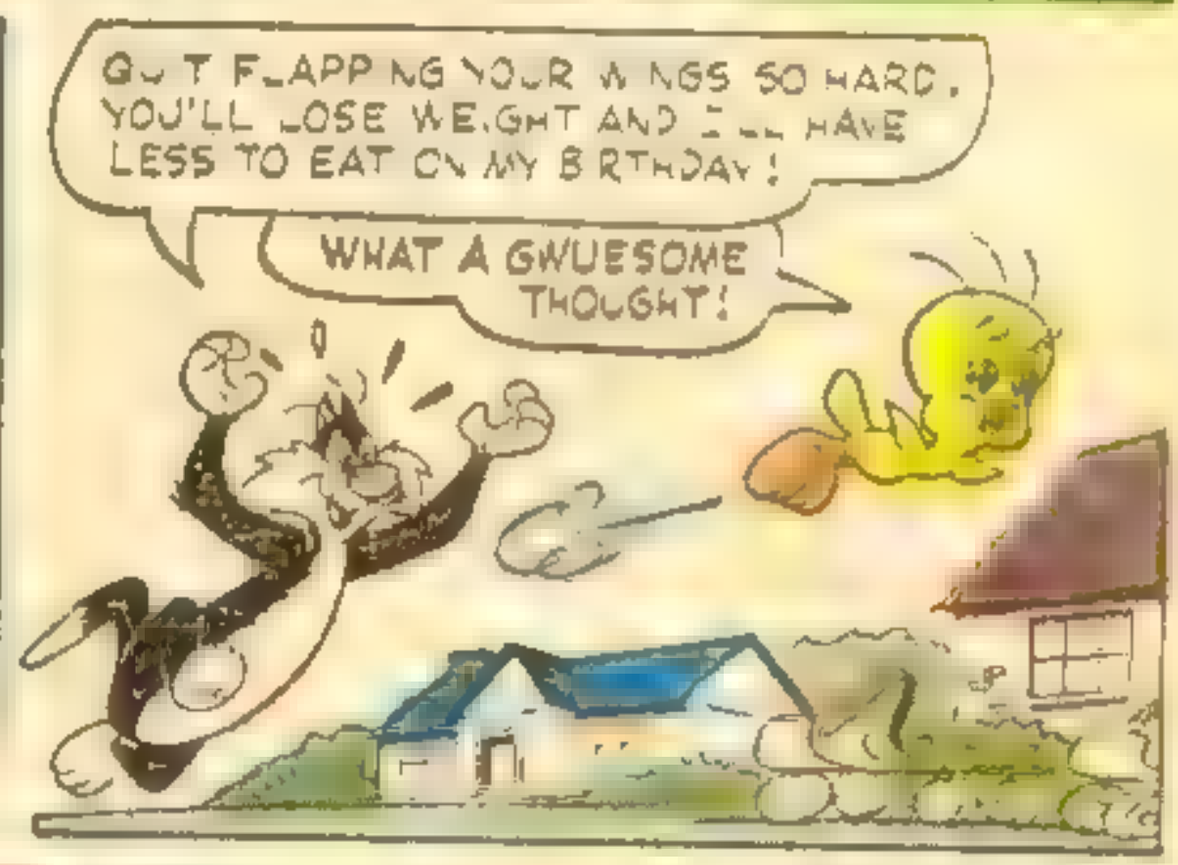

DON'T YOU KNOW TAMPERING WITH UNITED STATES MAIL IS A CRIME? I SHOULD TURN YOU IN.
(GLP!) I WASN'T DOING ANY TAMPERING!

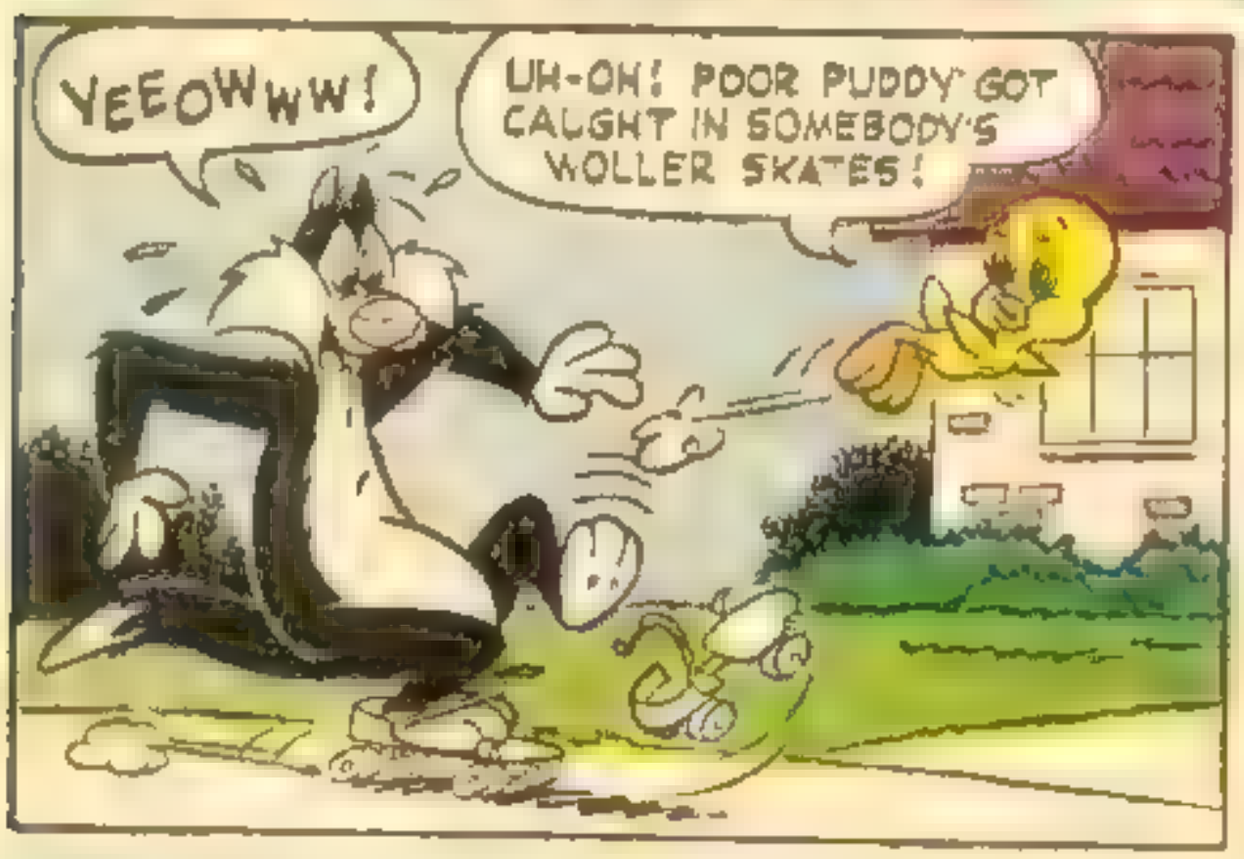

HE WAS TOO. HE WAS TAMPERING WITH A UNITED STATES MALE TWEETY BIRD!
URK! ANOTHER MAIL MEDDLER!

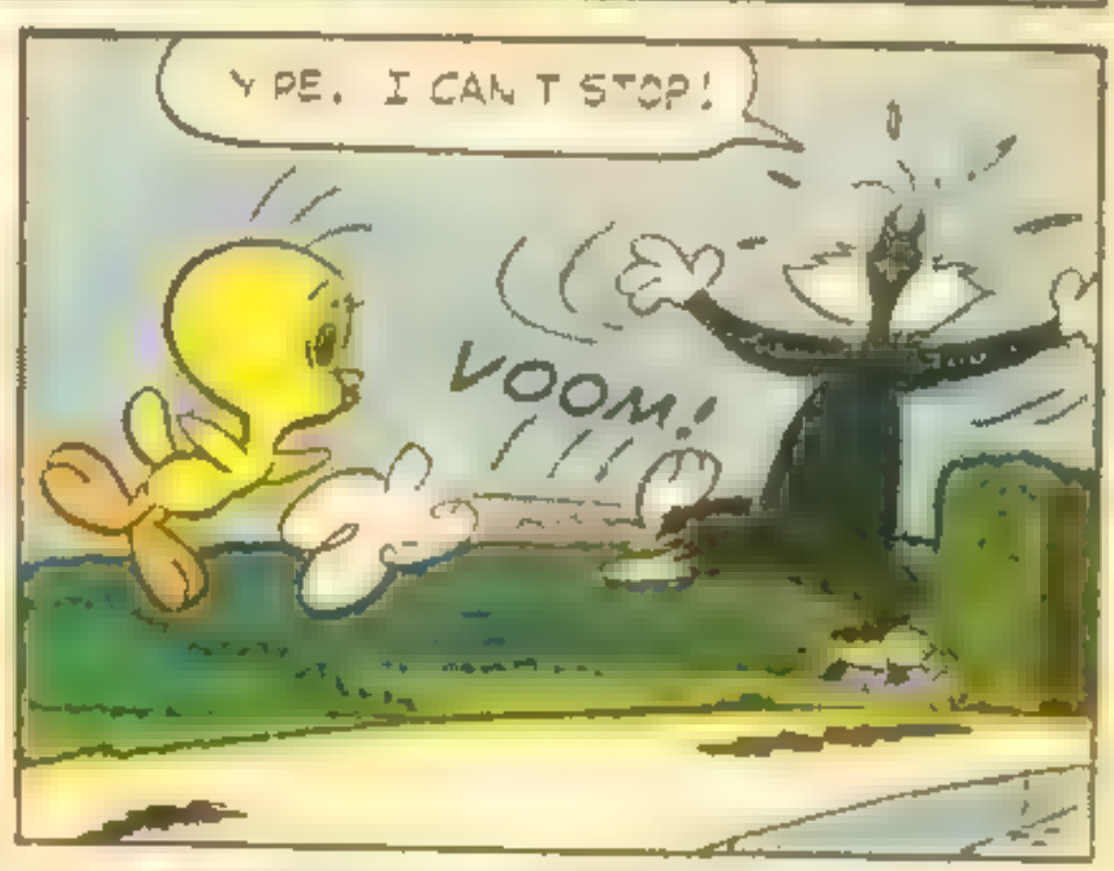
GRRR! BEING A MAILMAN IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU TWO PLAYING GAMES.
U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

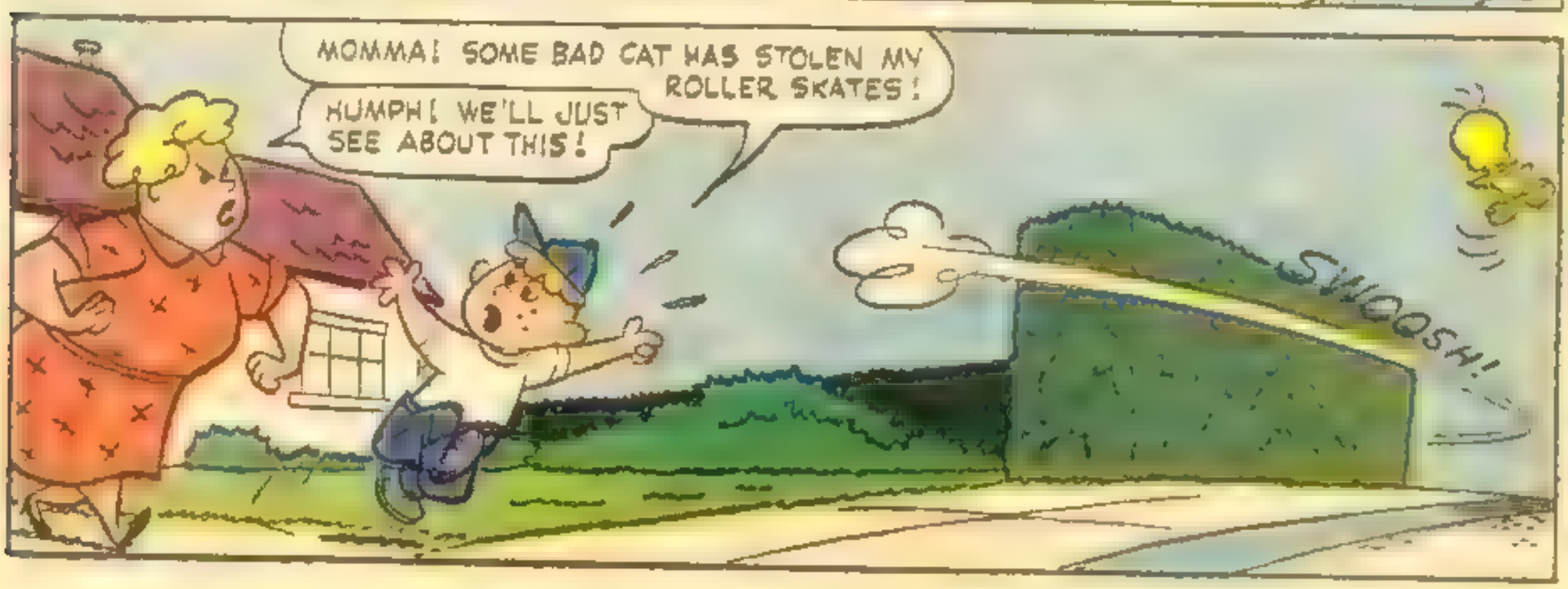
NOW STOP INTERFERING WITH THE MAIL. THE NEXT TIME I'LL TURN YOU IN!
OWW!
THUD!

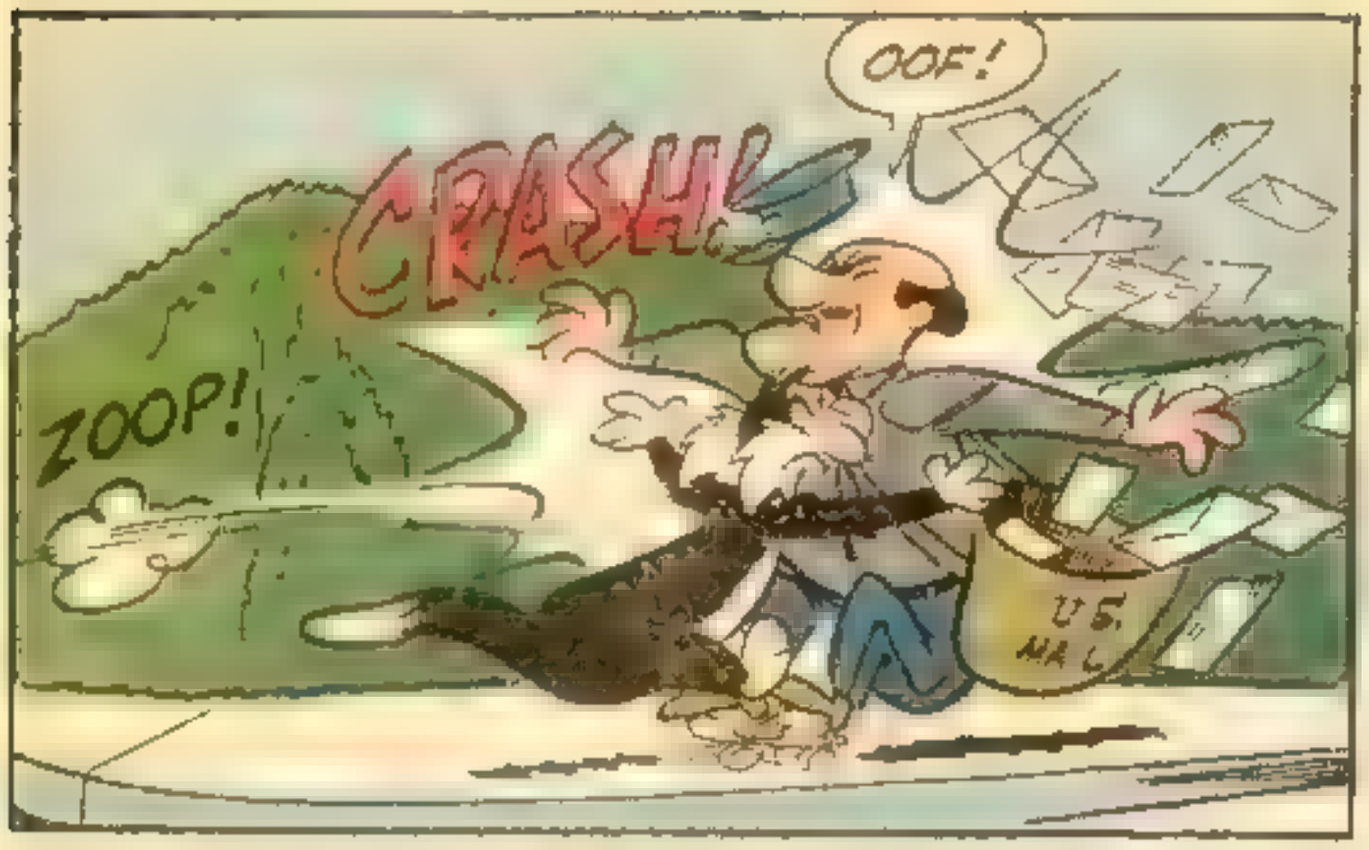

OUCH! HE DELIVERED US AIRMAIL!
SPEAKING OF AIRMAIL...I THINK I'LL TAKE TO THE AIR!

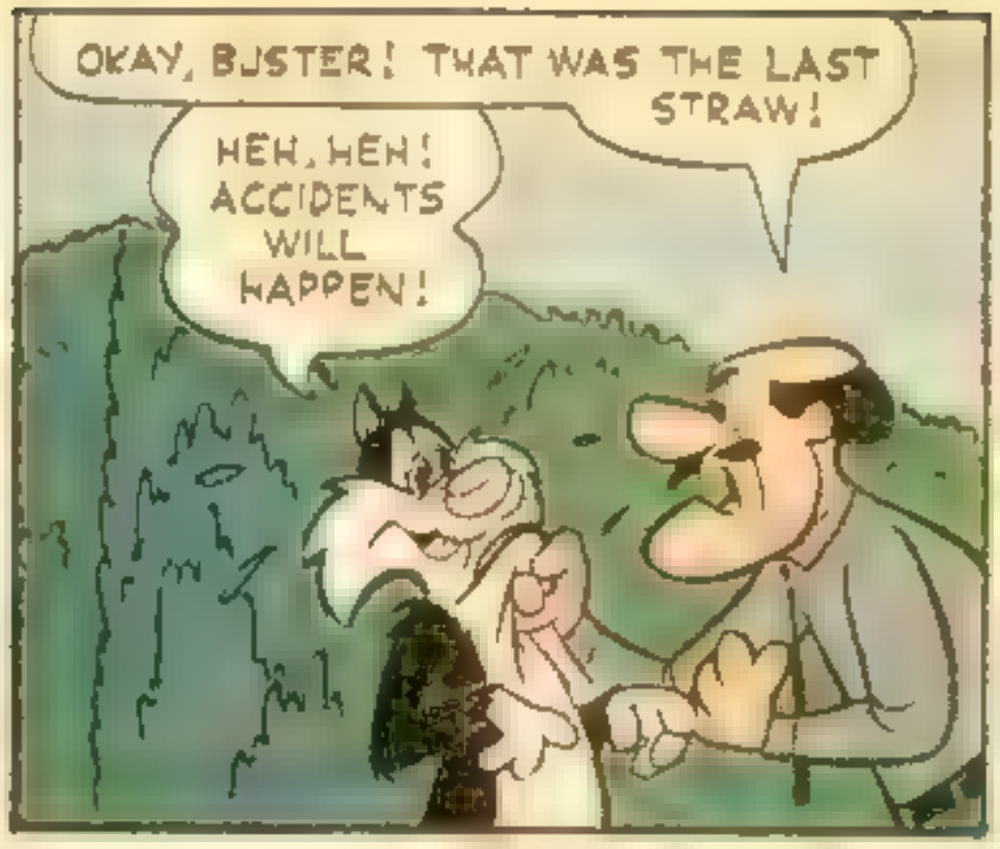

QUIT FLAPPING YOUR WINGS SO HARD. YOU'LL LOSE WEIGHT AND I'LL HAVE LESS TO EAT ON MY BIRTHDAY!
WHAT A GWUESOME THOUGHT!

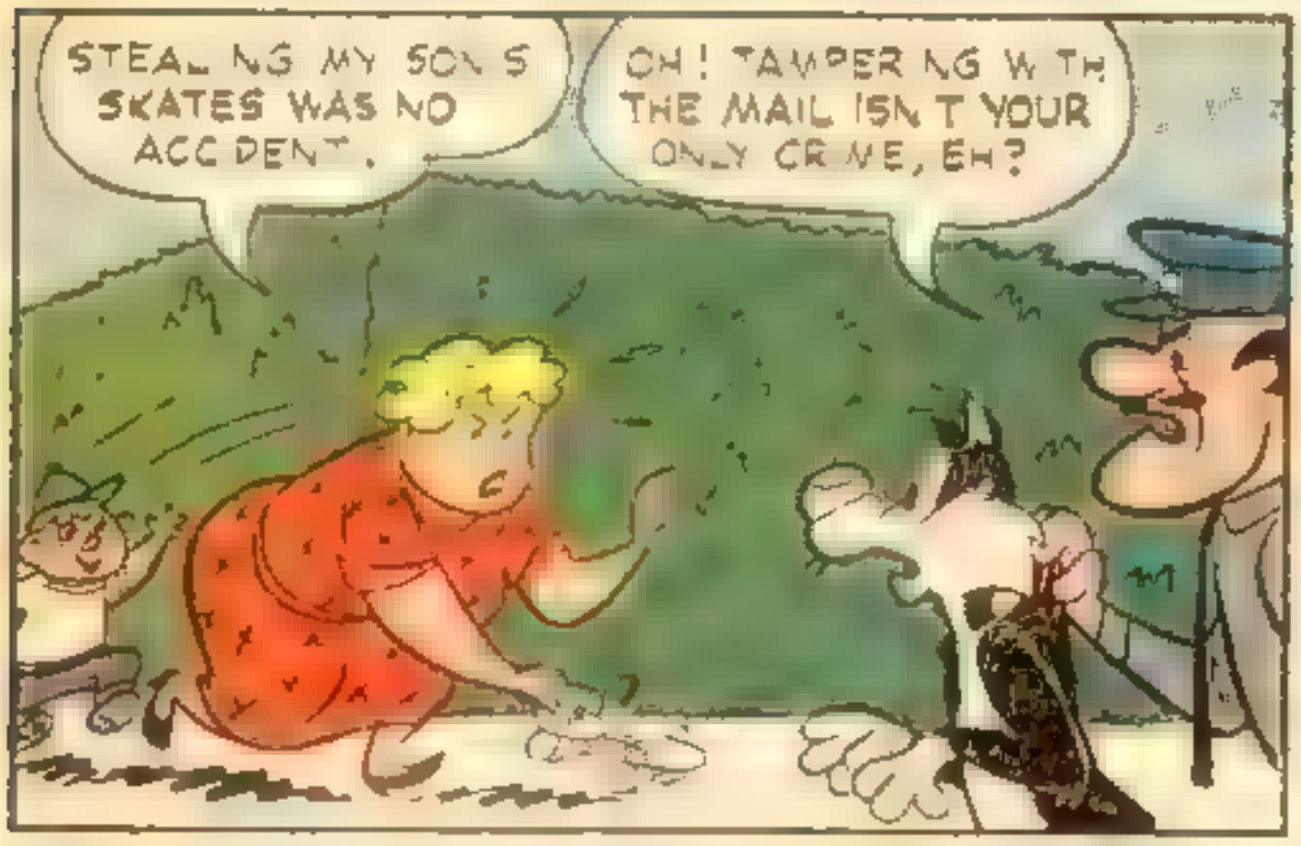

YEEOWWW!
UH-OH! POOR PUDDY GOT CAUGHT IN SOMEBODY'S ROLLER SKATES!

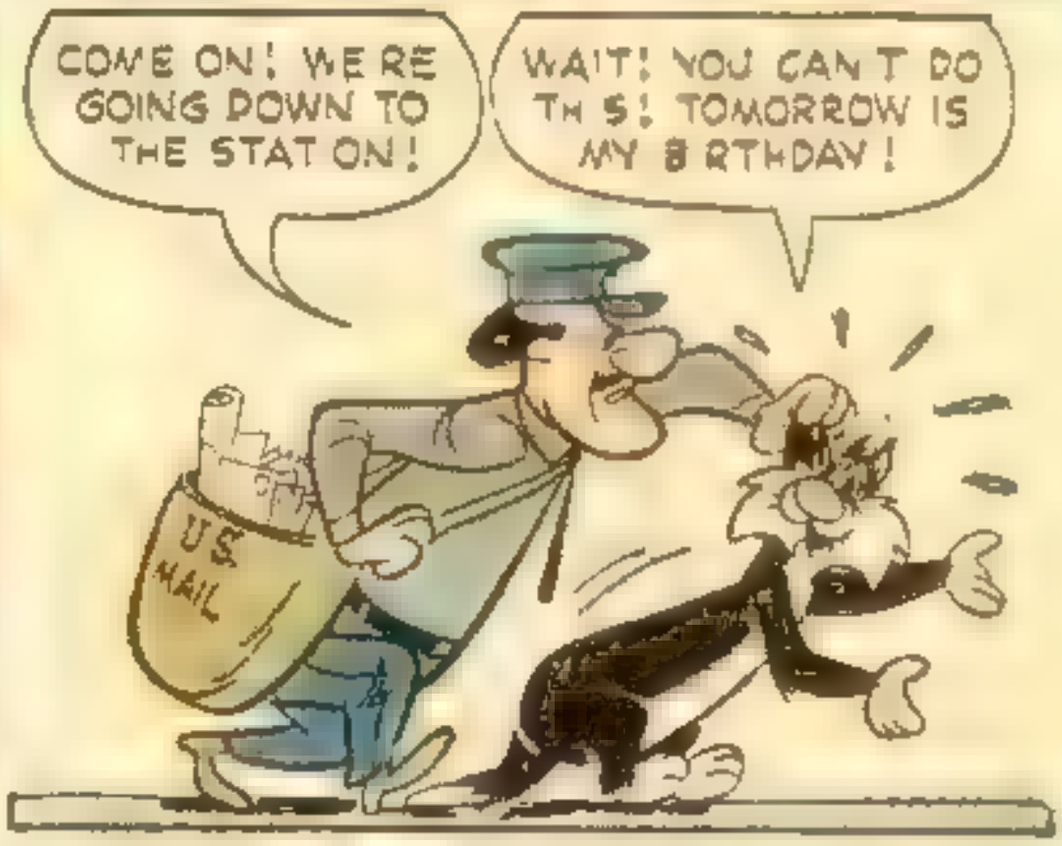

YIPE. I CAN'T STOP!
VOOM!

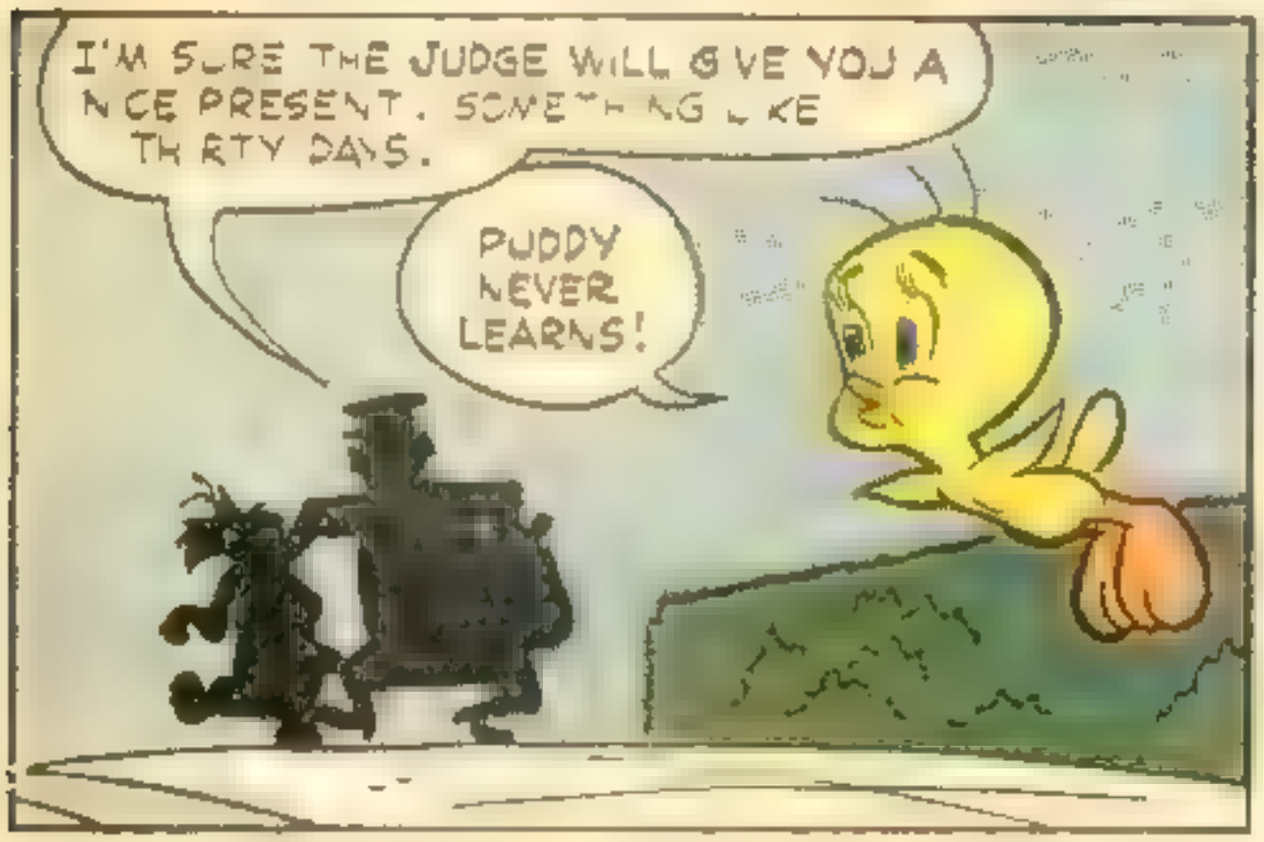

MOMMA! SOME BAD CAT HAS STOLEN MY ROLLER SKATES!
HUMPH! WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THIS!
SWOOSH!


OOF!
CRASH!
ZOOP!
U.S. MAIL

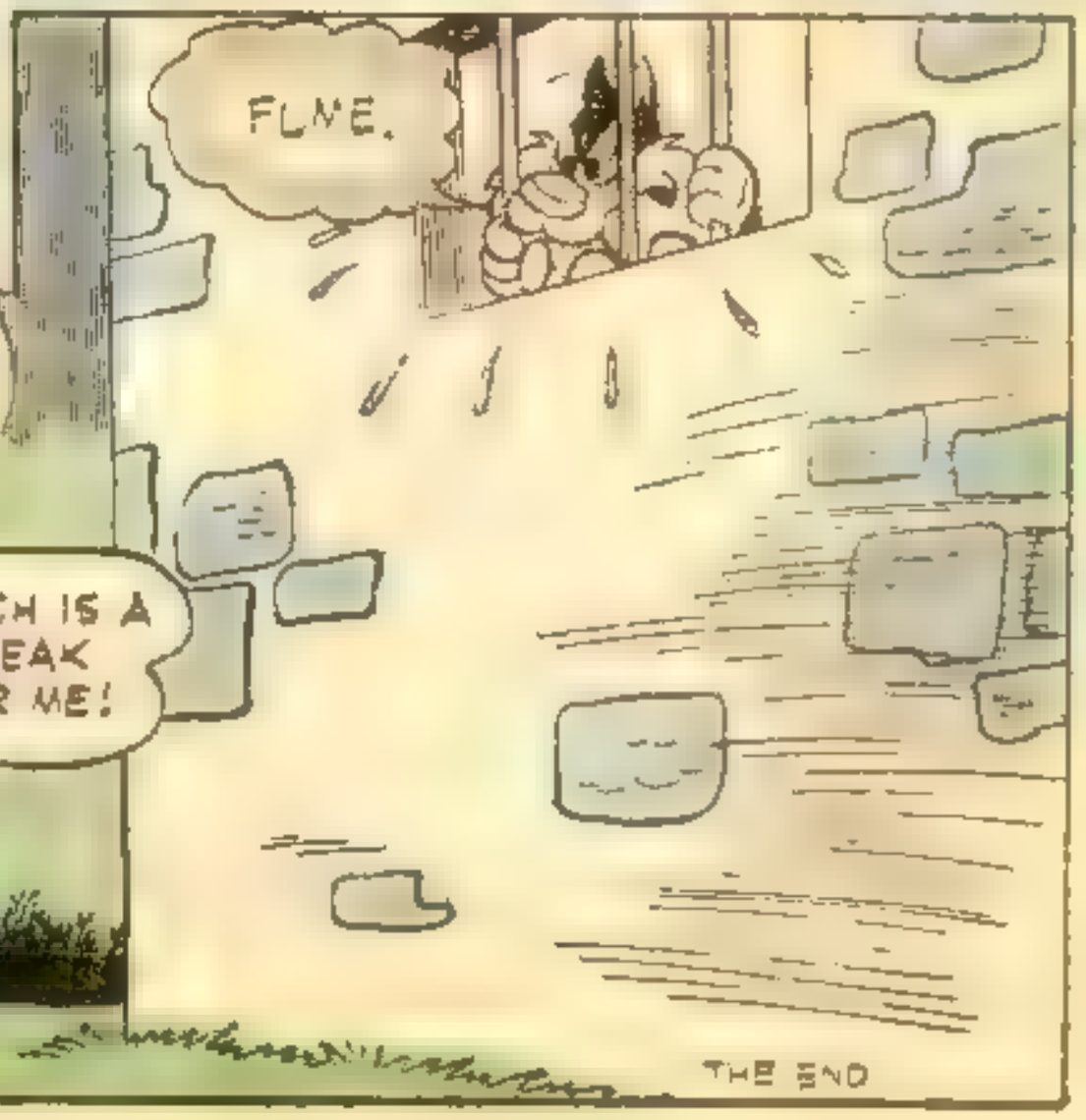

OKAY, BUSTER! THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW!
HEH, HEH! ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

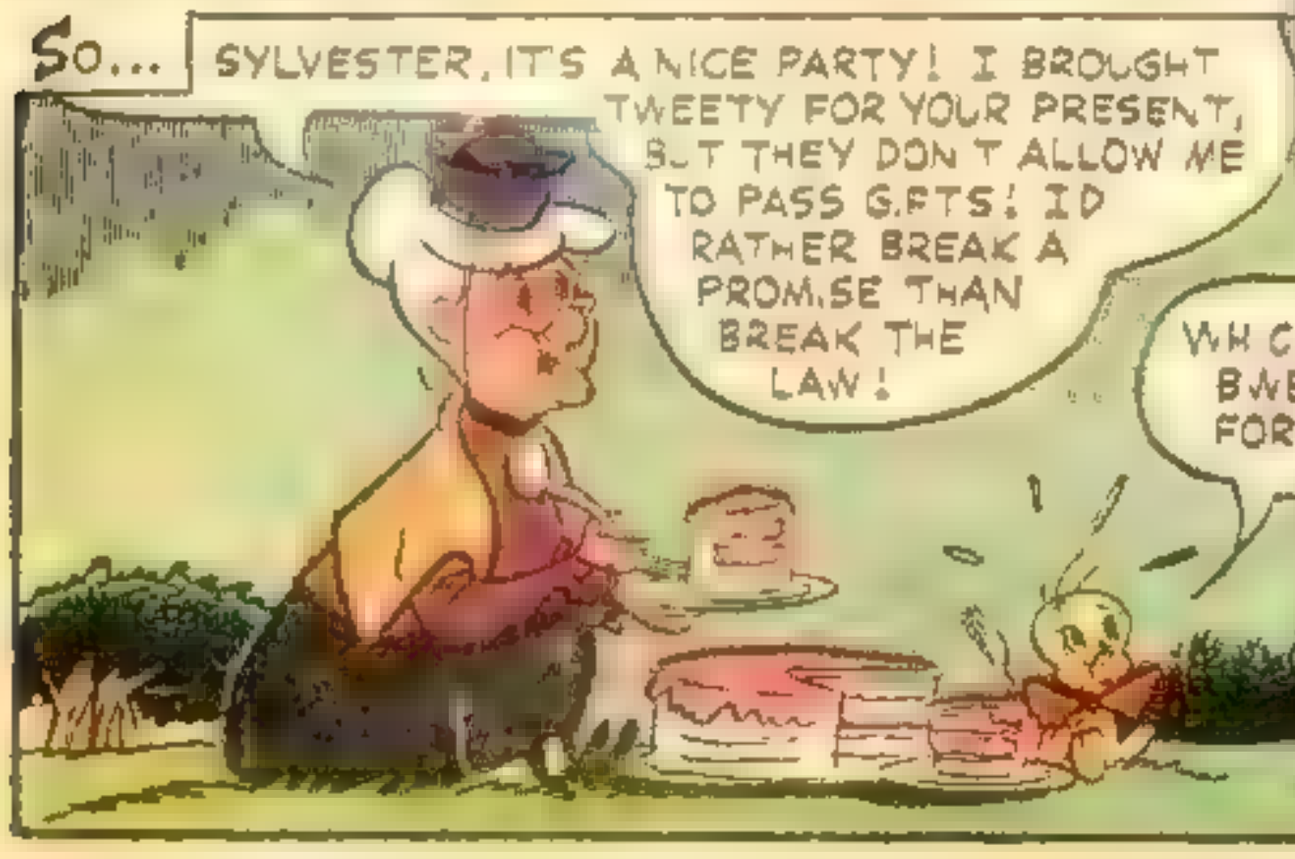

STEALING MY SON'S SKATES WAS NO ACCIDENT.
OH! TAMPERING WITH THE MAIL ISN'T YOUR ONLY CRIME, EH?

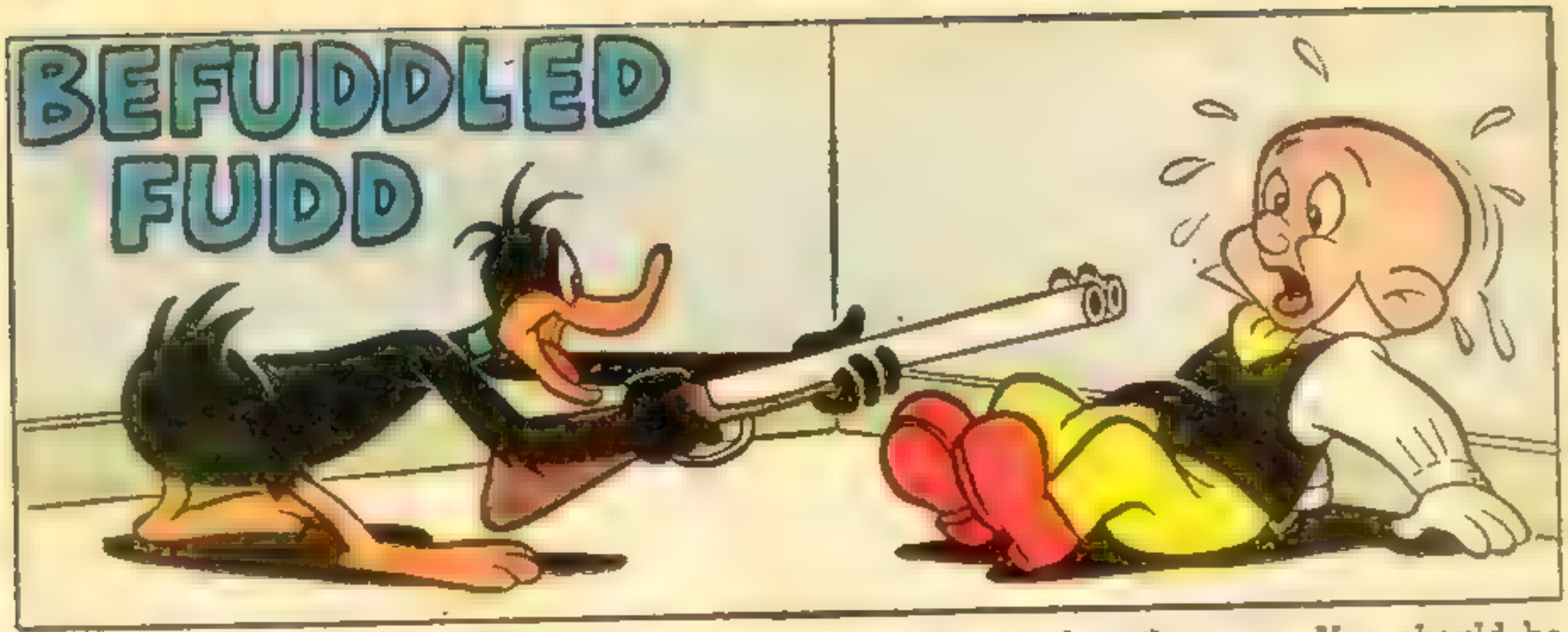

COME ON! WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE STATION!
WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! TOMORROW IS MY BIRTHDAY!
U.S. MAIL


I'M SURE THE JUDGE WILL GIVE YOU A NICE PRESENT. SOMETHING LIKE THIRTY DAYS.
PUDDY NEVER LEARNS!

NOW TO GO HOME AND TELL GRANNY! SYLVESTER WILL HAVE A PARTY, AFTER ALL, AND IT'S ONE I DON'T WANT TO MISS!


FINE.
THE END


SO...
SYLVESTER, IT'S A NICE PARTY! I BROUGHT TWEETY FOR YOUR PRESENT, BUT THEY DON'T ALLOW ME TO PASS GIFTS! I'D RATHER BREAK A PROMISE THAN BREAK THE LAW!
WHICH IS A BREAK FOR ME!



Elmer Fudd walked wearily into his house after a hard day's work. As he stepped through the door, a black streak rocketed toward him. SMASH! Daffy Duck ran head on into Elmer, and both were knocked to the floor.

"Woo-woo," yelled Daffy. "That's only the beginning for you, Roscoe."

"I-I'm not Woscoe," Elmer stated while trying to clear his head. "My name is Elmer Fudd."

"I know your name is Elmer, Roscoe," Daffy retorted, "but when I'm through with you, your name will be MUD."

With that, Daffy picked up a lamp and threw it at the surprised Elmer.

Elmer quickly ran to another room, slammed the door, and pushed against it with all his might, so Daffy couldn't open the door.

"What's this all about?" Elmer asked, when his head finally cleared.

"Woo-woo," cried Daffy, "my quarry is puzzled. I'll bag him very soon."

"What are you talking about, you daffy duck?" Elmer demanded angrily.

"That's me, Daffy Duck. You humans have a duck-hunting season, so we ducks decided to have a *human*-hunting season, You're my game."

"D-do you have a gun?" Elmer asked fearfully.

"No," exclaimed Daffy, "which just goes to show how sporting I am."

"Well, I'm pushing on this door, so you'll never get me," exclaimed Elmer.

"Pushing on the door, eh?" chuckled Daffy craftily. "You're still a bit dizzy, Roscoe. The door opens the other way. You should be *pulling*, instead."

With this, Daffy opened the door, and Elmer fell to the floor with a CRASH.

"I've got you cornered," Daffy gloated, "so you might as well give up."

"Dwat you, you cwazy bird," Elmer answered. "I'll never surrender to a duck."

Elmer leaped to his feet and dashed into the kitchen. Daffy was hot on his trail, with a lamp poised, ready to throw.

"Woo-woo!" cried Daffy. "The chase is more fun than the catch, anyway."

Elmer ran through the house and grabbed up his shotgun. He spun around to face Daffy, but Daffy made a beautiful flying tackle which sent Elmer sprawling.

Daffy quickly recovered the gun.

"You don't want to blast me," Elmer said fearfully. "Let's make a deal."

"Woo-woo!" yelled Daffy. "Those are the words I've been waiting to hear. I'll be sporting about this. I'll give you a choice—your life or your food."

Elmer wasted no time in emptying his refrigerator and cupboards. He put all the food in a basket and gave it to Daffy.

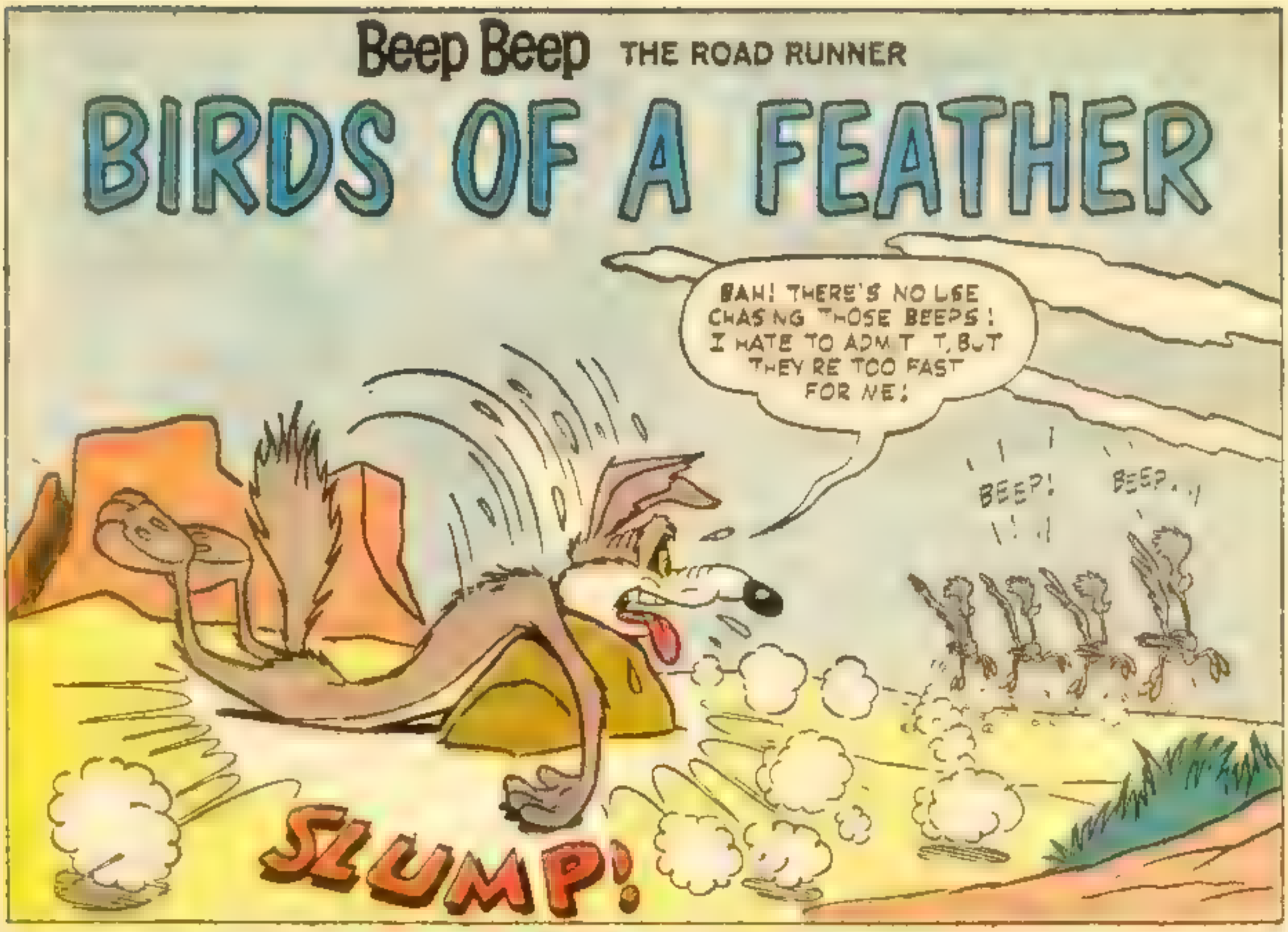
"I want you to know that I wouldn't have shot you," said Daffy, as he walked out the door. "Just to be safe, I unloaded the gun before you got home."

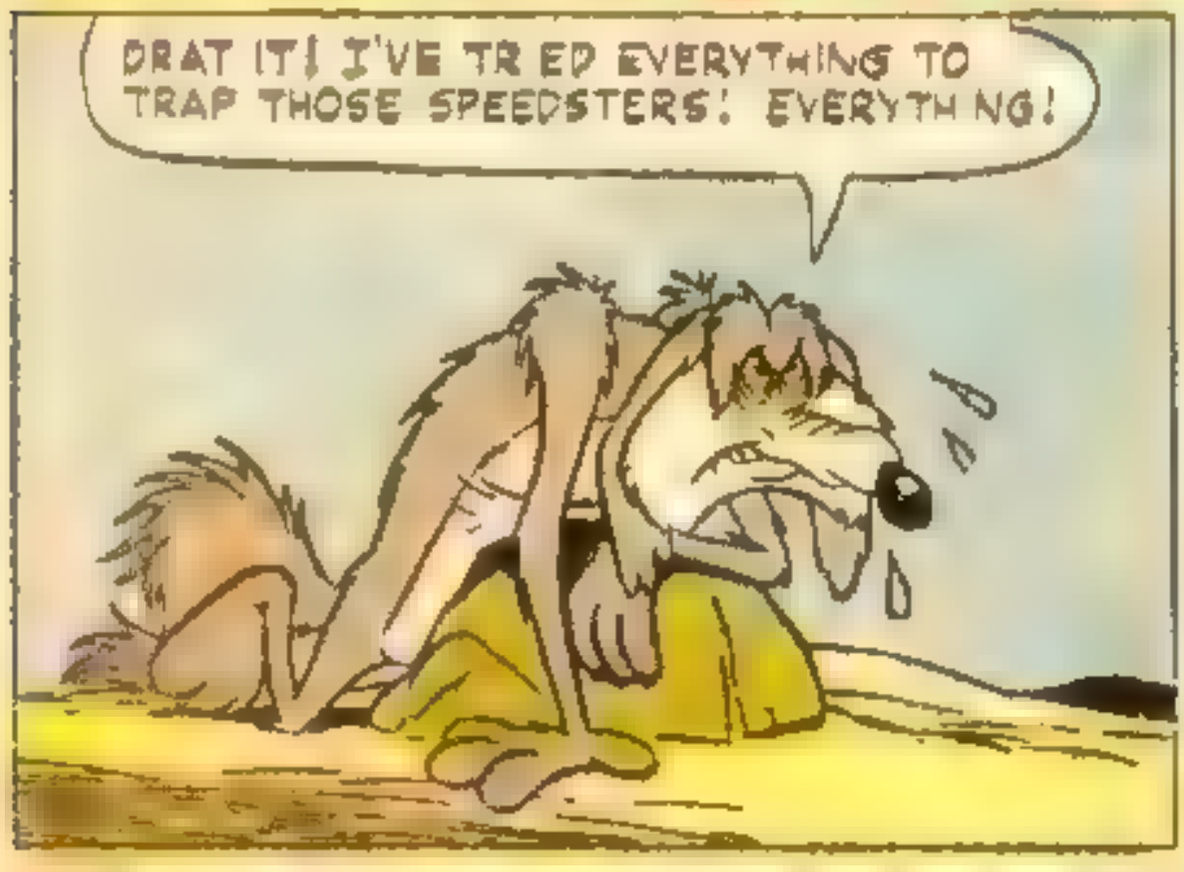
"But, what about the human-hunting season?" asked Elmer.

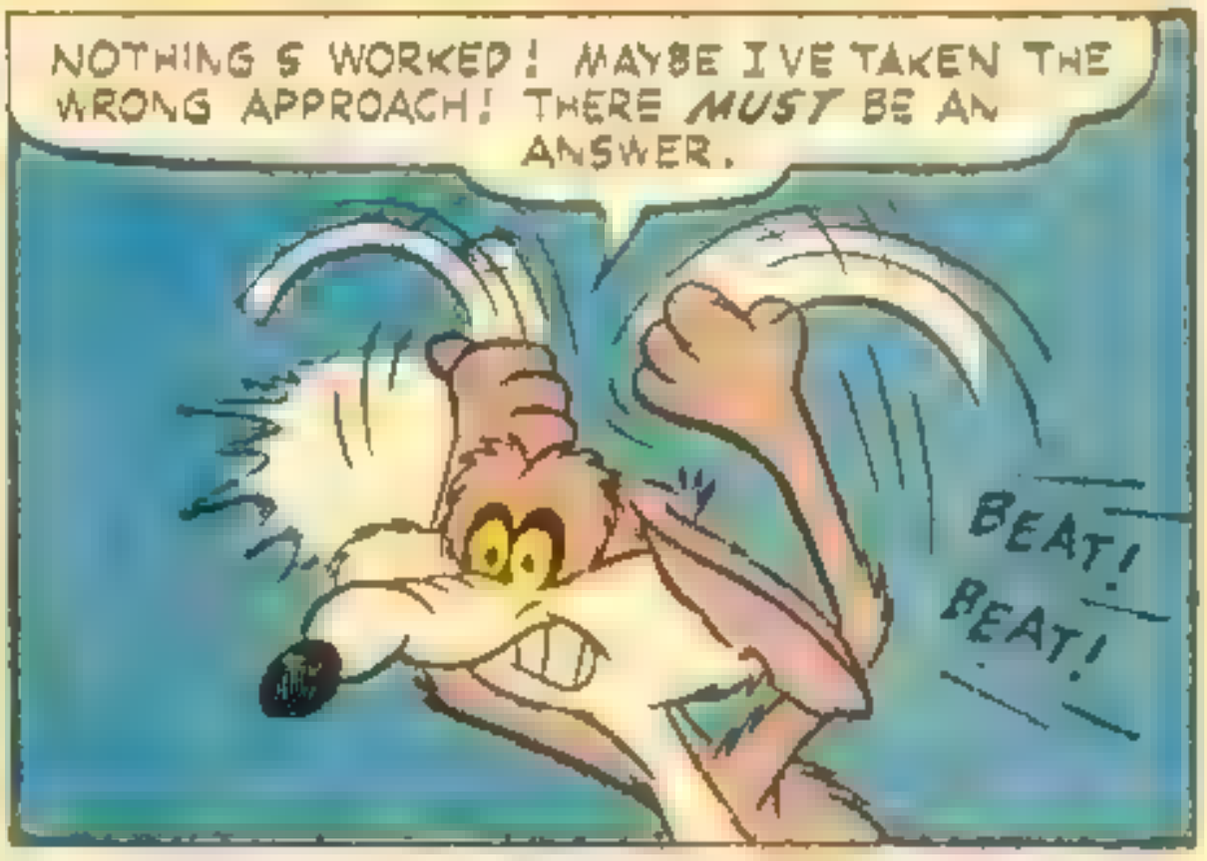
"The what?"... Oh, *that!*" exclaimed Daffy. "I made all of that up. It's getting so I really have to dream up some wild tales just to get a free meal out of you. Ducks hunting humans... Why, that's ridiculous."

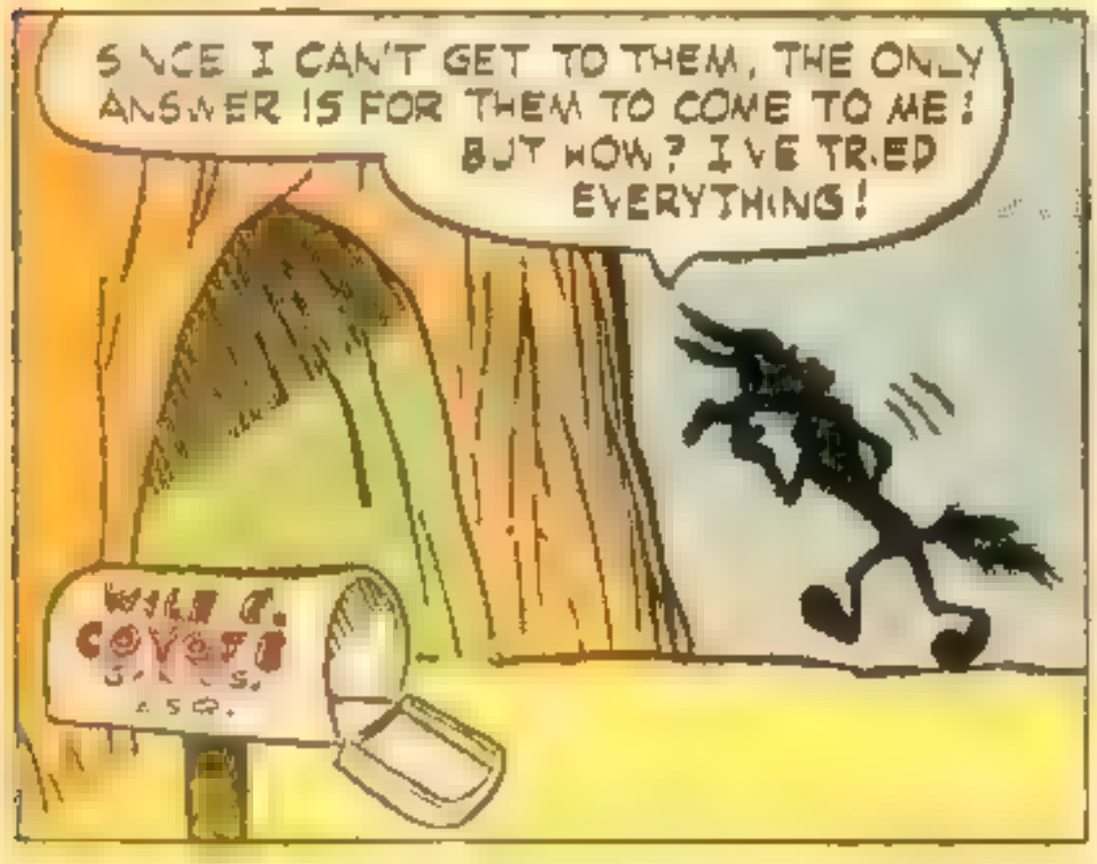
Beep Beep THE ROAD RUNNER

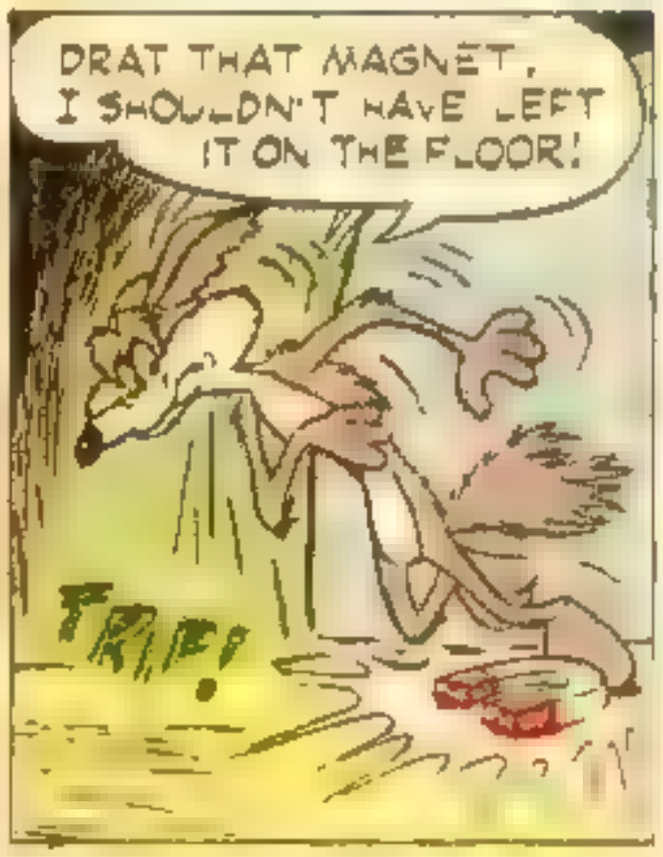
BIRDS OF A FEATHER

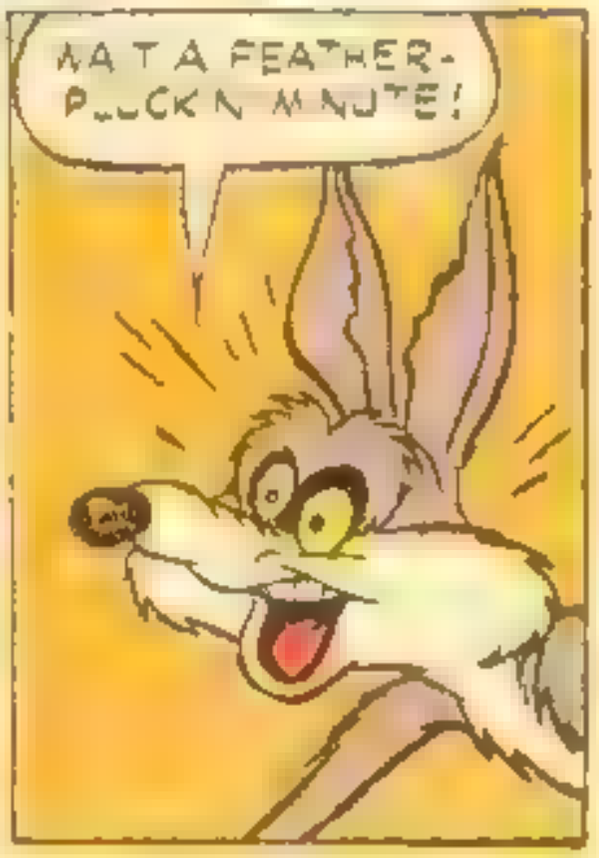


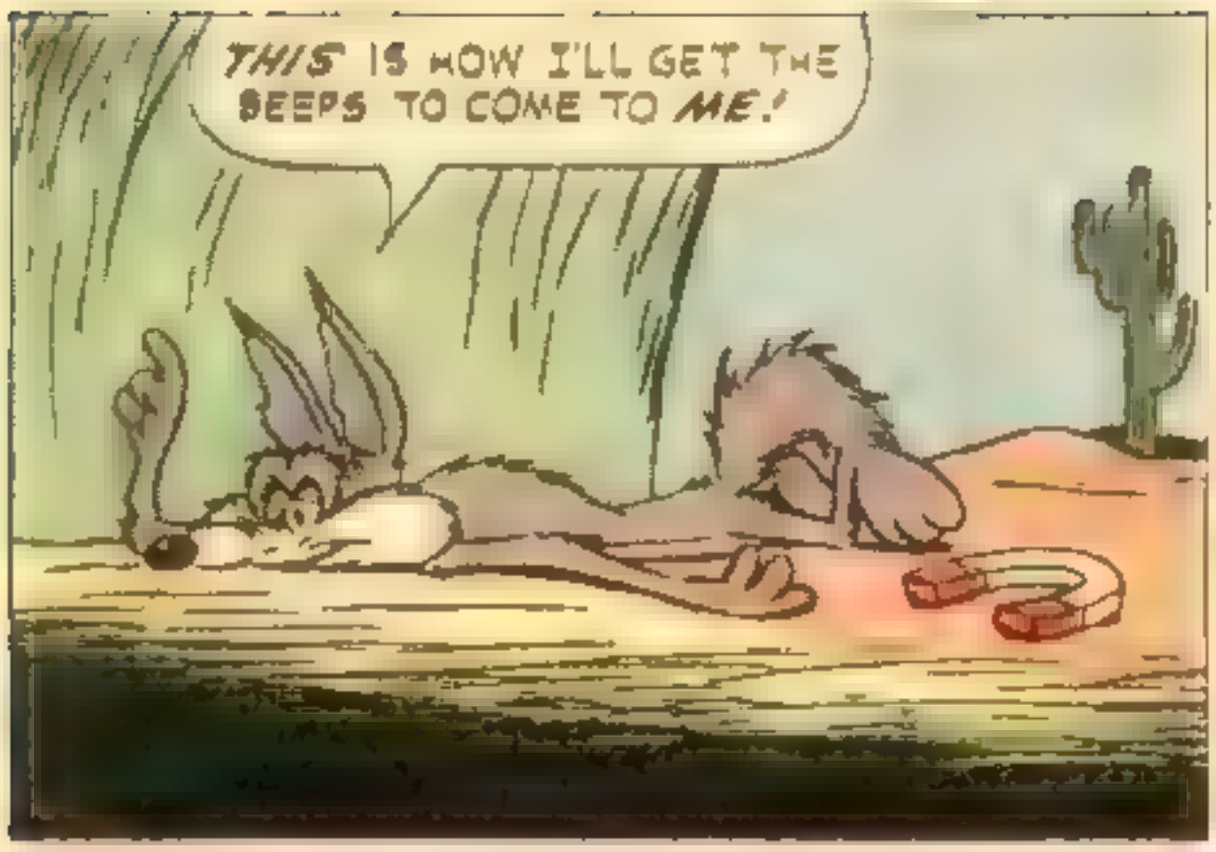


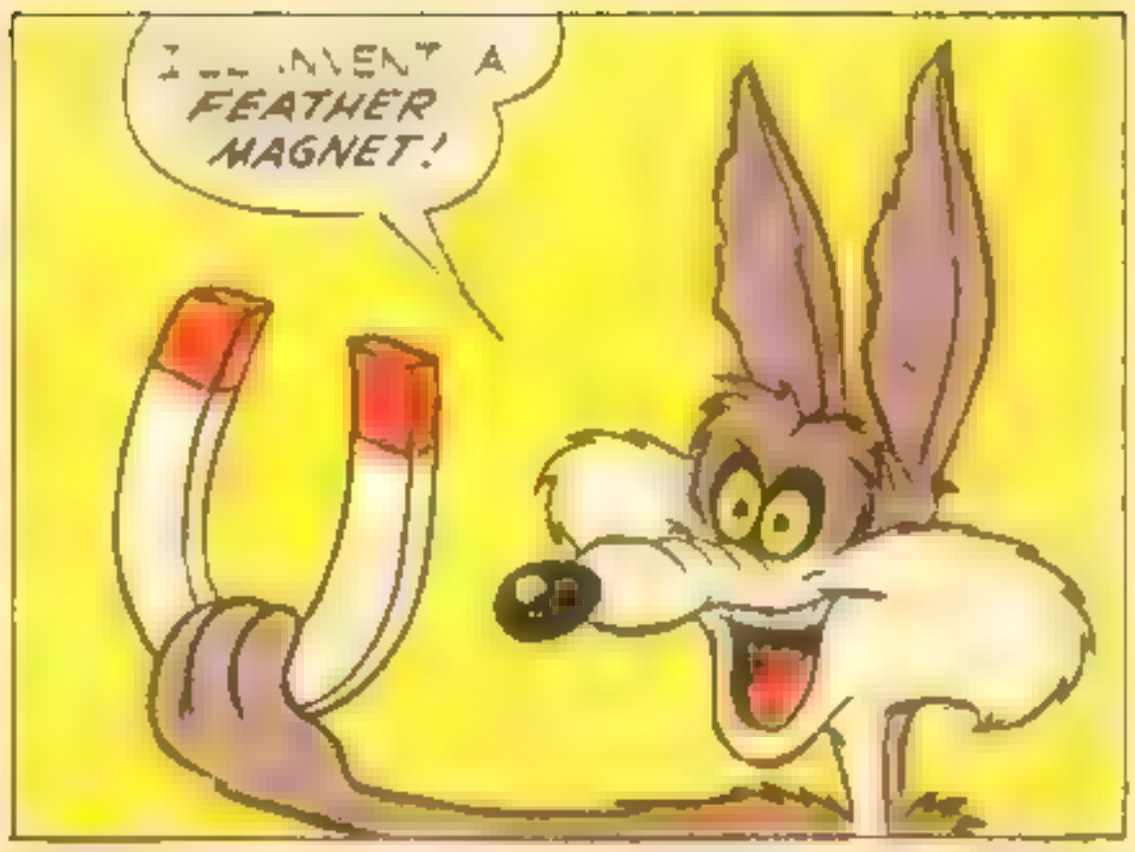


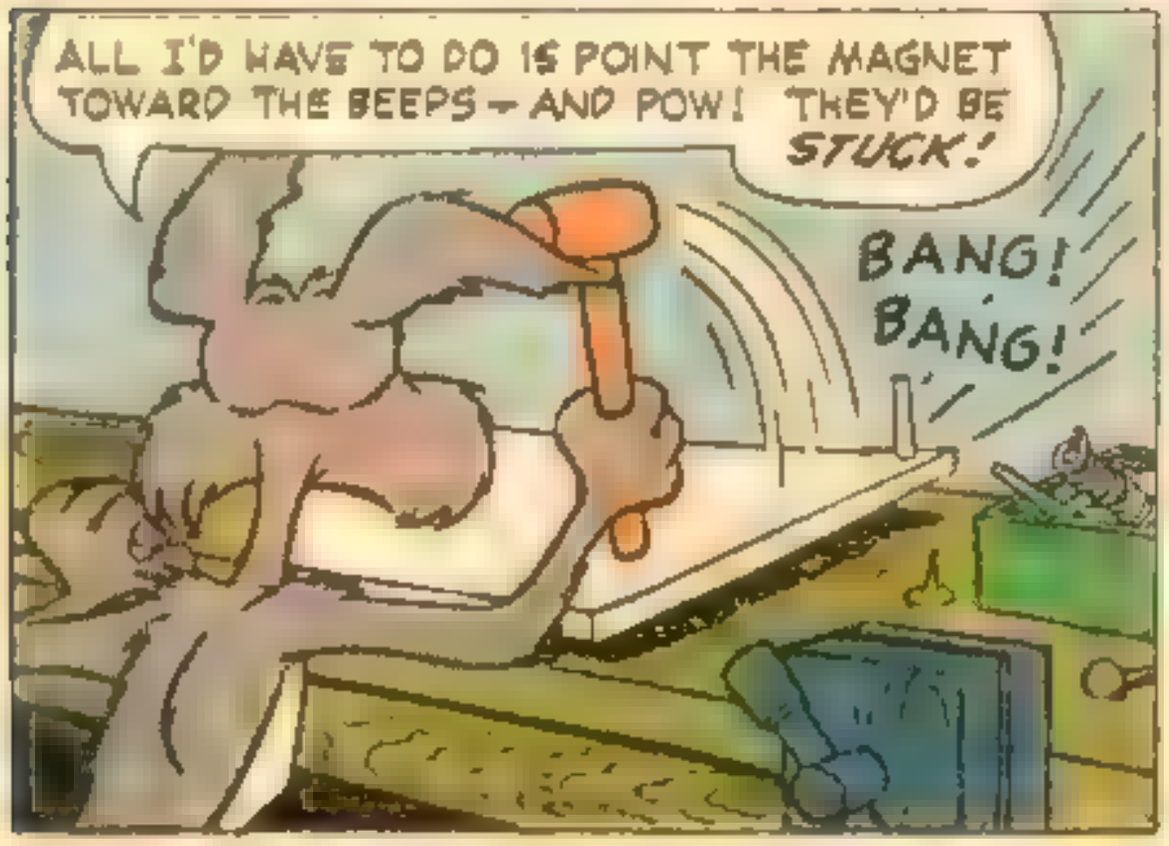


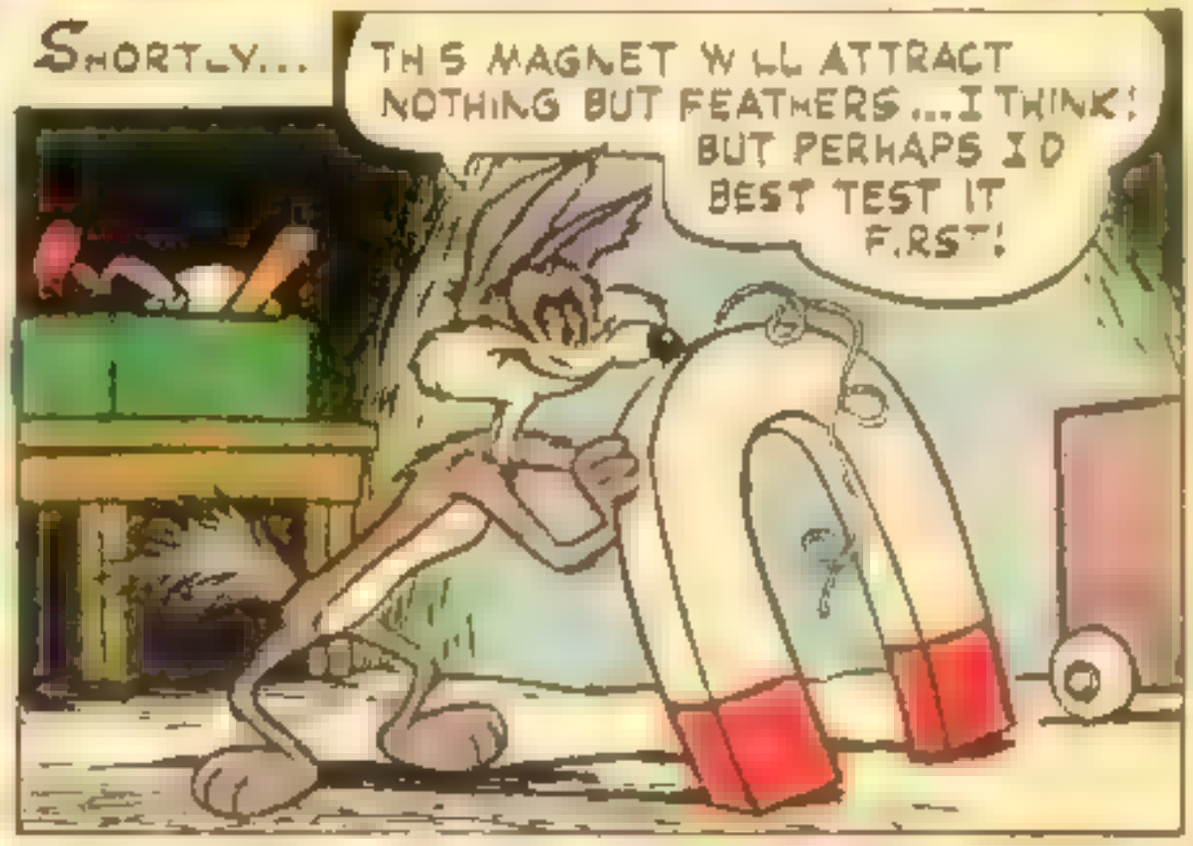


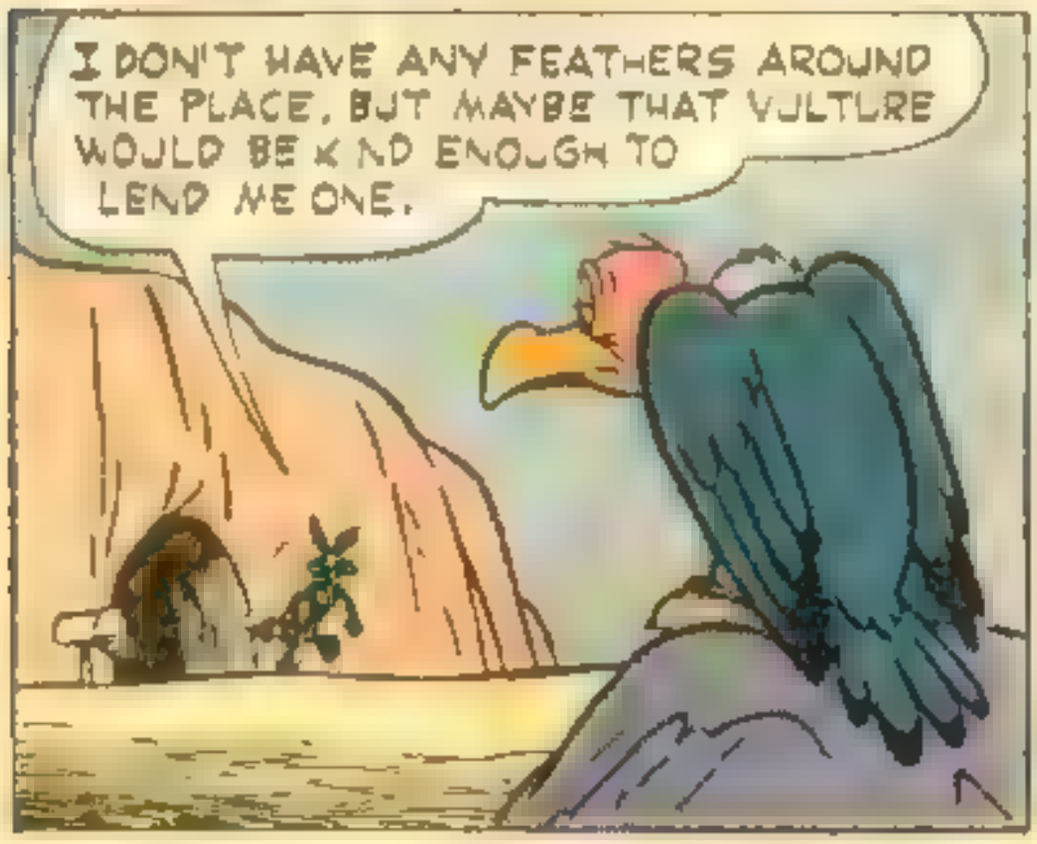


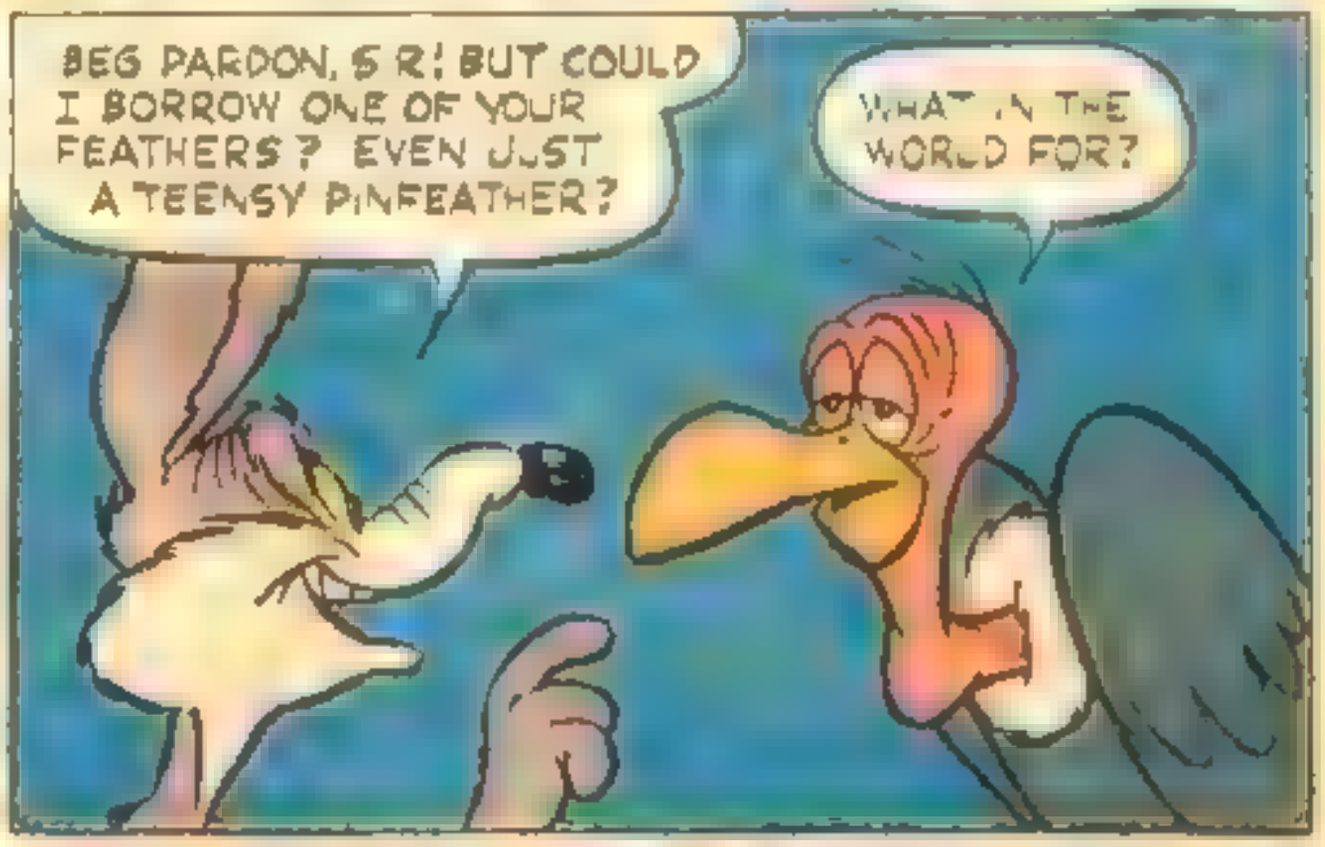

THIS IS HOW I'LL GET THE BEEPS TO COME TO ME!

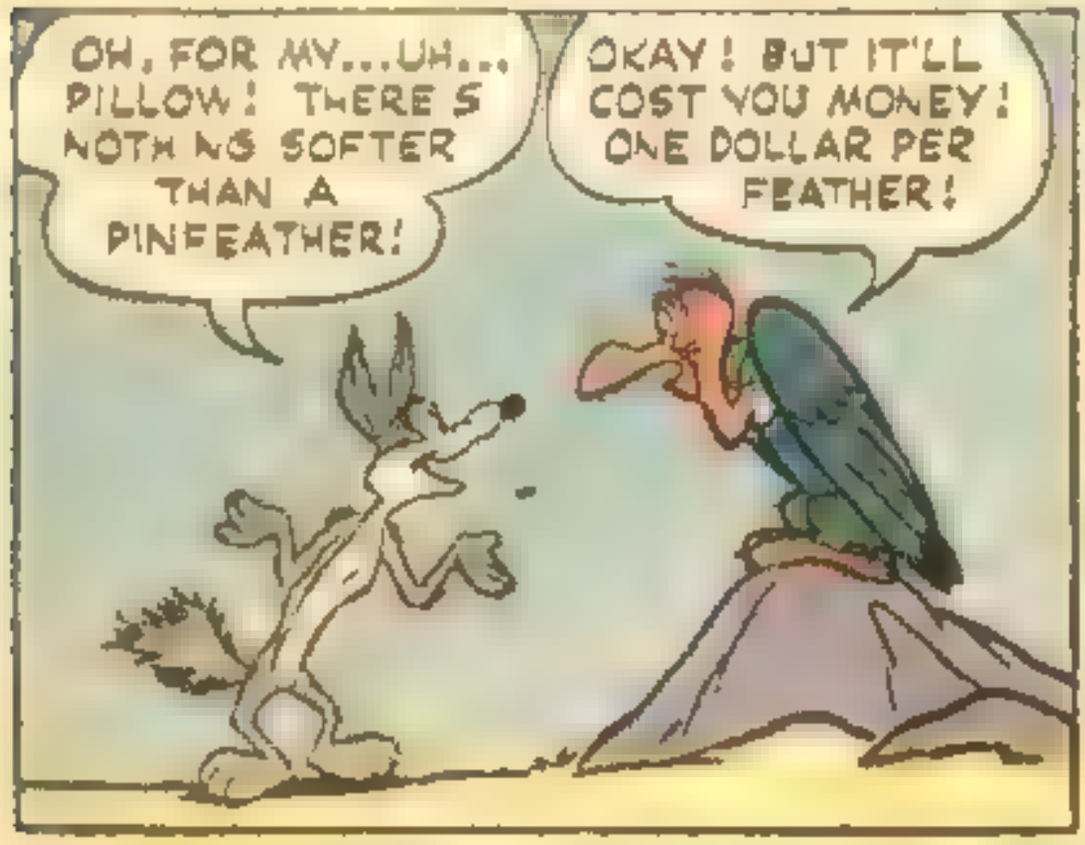

I'LL INVENT A FEATHER MAGNET!

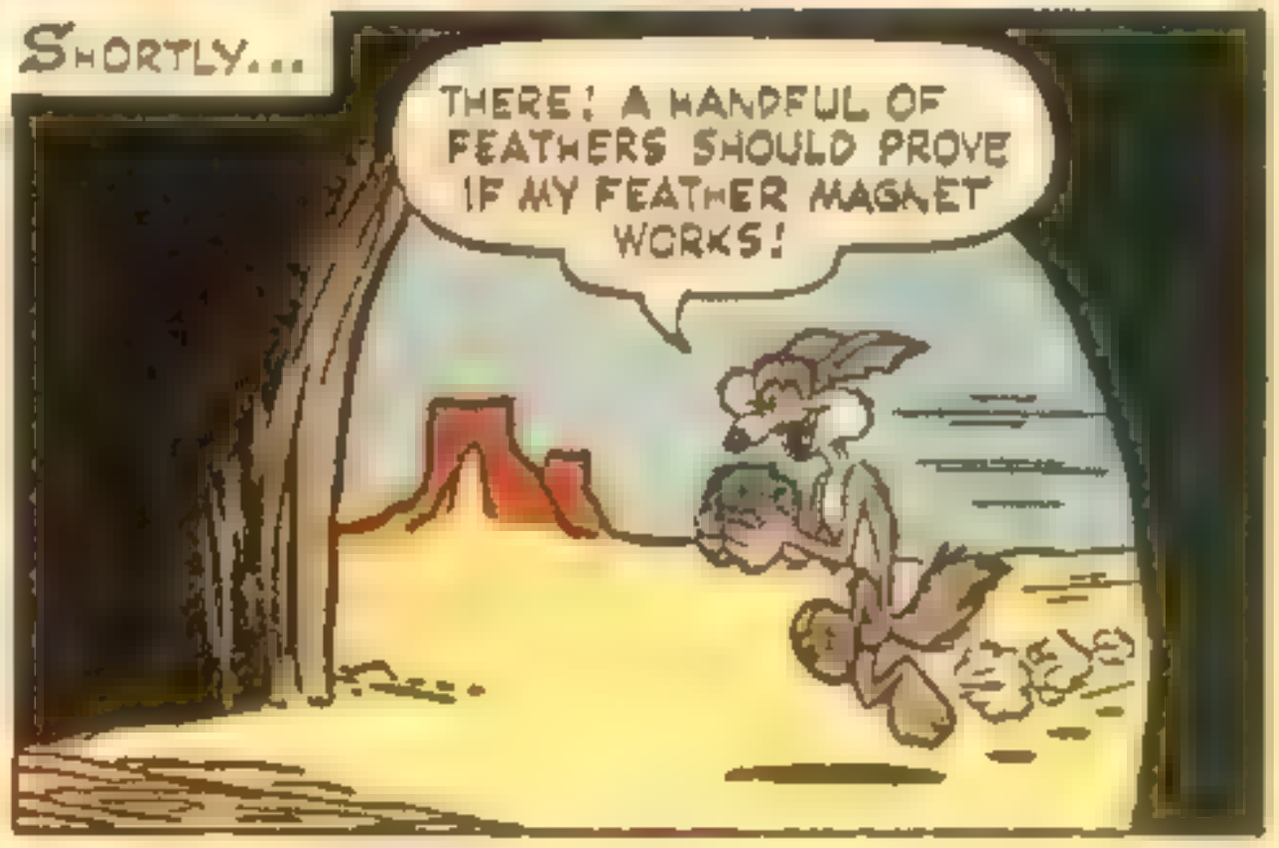

ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS POINT THE MAGNET TOWARD THE BEEPS – AND POW! THEY'D BE STUCK!
BANG! BANG!

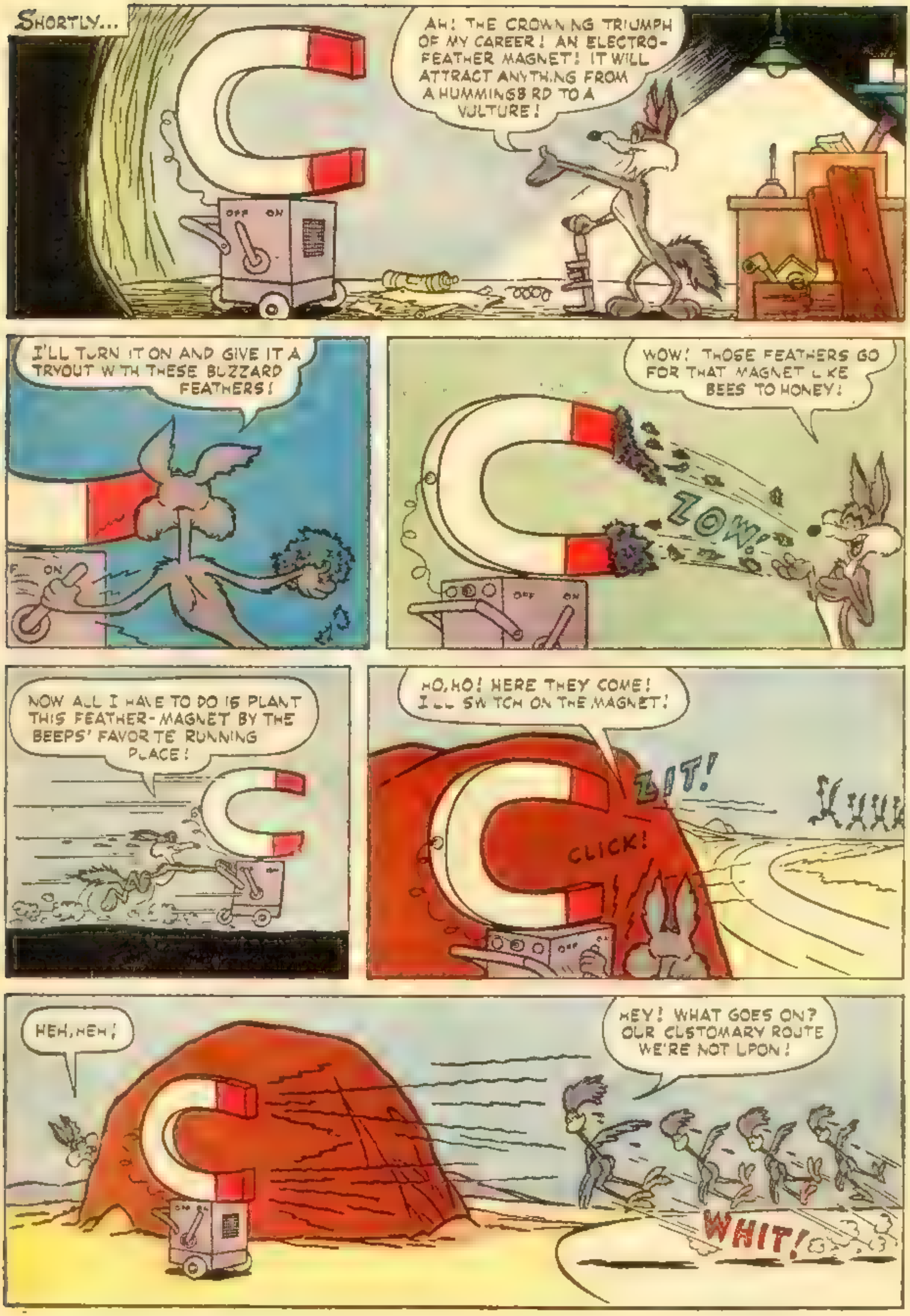

SHORTLY...
THIS MAGNET WILL ATTRACT NOTHING BUT FEATHERS...I THINK! BUT PERHAPS I'D BEST TEST IT FIRST!


I DON'T HAVE ANY FEATHERS AROUND THE PLACE, BUT MAYBE THAT VULTURE WOULD BE KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME ONE.


BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT COULD I BORROW ONE OF YOUR FEATHERS? EVEN JUST A TEENSY PINFEATHER?
WHAT IN THE WORLD FOR?


OH, FOR MY...UH... PILLOW! THERE'S NOTHING SOFTER THAN A PINFEATHER!
OKAY! BUT IT'LL COST YOU MONEY! ONE DOLLAR PER FEATHER!


SHORTLY...
THERE! A HANDFUL OF FEATHERS SHOULD PROVE IF MY FEATHER MAGNET WORKS!


SHORTLY...
AH! THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF MY CAREER! AN ELECTRO-FEATHER MAGNET! IT WILL ATTRACT ANYTHING FROM A HUMMINGBIRD TO A VULTURE!
OFF ON
I'LL TURN IT ON AND GIVE IT A TRYOUT WITH THESE BUZZARD FEATHERS!
ON
WOW! THOSE FEATHERS GO FOR THAT MAGNET LIKE BEES TO HONEY!
ZOW!
OFF ON
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PLANT THIS FEATHER-MAGNET BY THE BEEPS' FAVORITE RUNNING PLACE!
HO, HO! HERE THEY COME! I'LL SWITCH ON THE MAGNET!
ZIT!
CLICK!
HEH, HEH!
HEY! WHAT GOES ON? OUR CUSTOMARY ROUTE WE'RE NOT UPON!
WHIT!

KAZOING!

OFF ON

HAH! I D D IT! NO USE STRUGGLING! YOU'LL NEVER BREAK LOSE FROM MY FEATHER MAGNET!

KAZOING!

WHAT THE D NG DONG?

GOOD GR EF! I'VE CAUGHT A VULTURE!

LOOK, YOU FLEA BRAIN! YOU BETTER TURN ME LOOSE OR ELSE!

WHAT A GHASTLY PREDICAMENT! IF I TURN THE TH.NG OFF, I LOSE THE BEEPS AND THAT VULTURE W LL BEAT THE DAYL GHTS OUT OF ME! WHAT TO DO?

I TH'NK I BETTER QU T WH LE I M AHEAD AND HEAD FOR HOME.

I TH'NK I CAN REACH THE CONTROL, AND THEN WE CAN ROLL.

OFF — ON

CLICK!

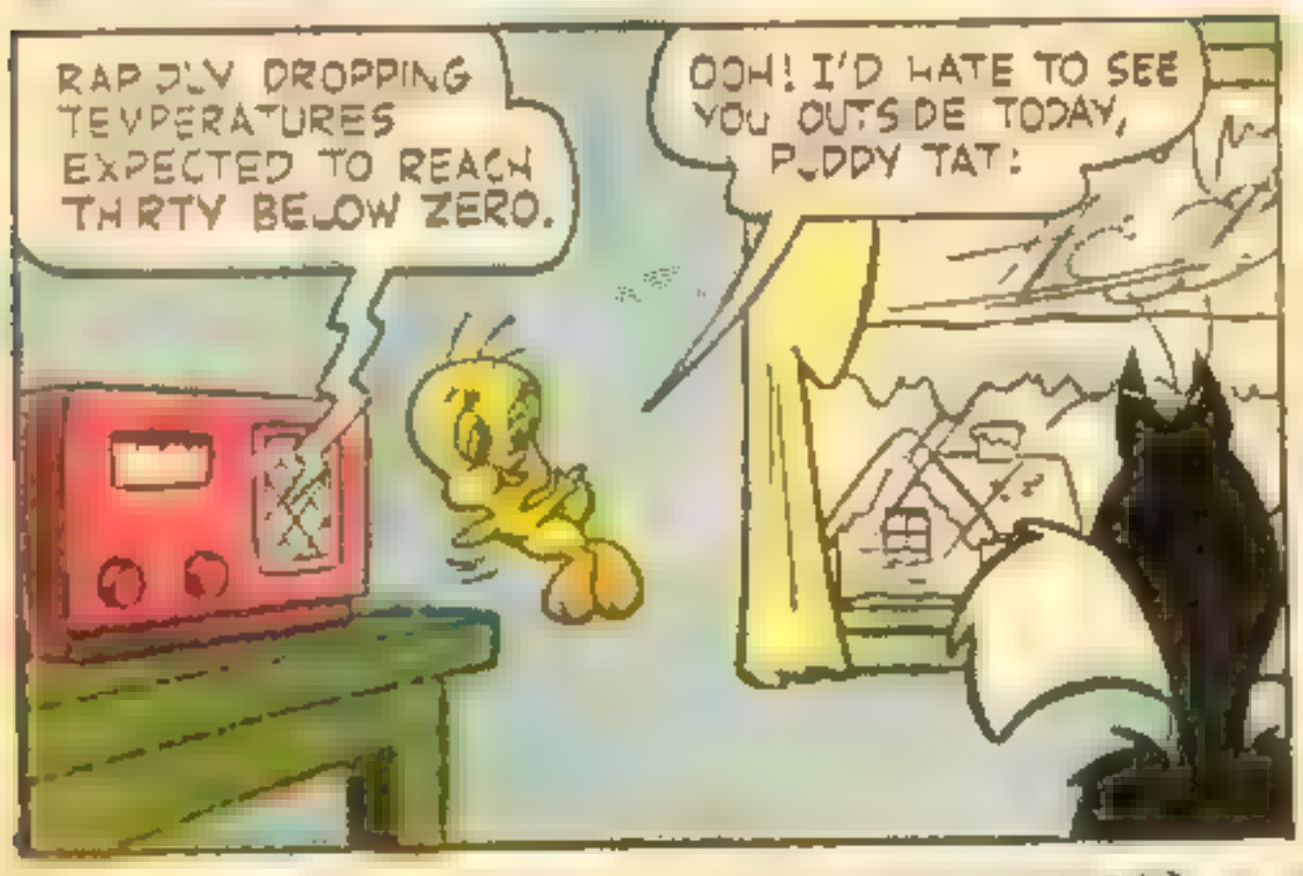
IF WILE E. WOULD ACQUIRE AN APPETITE FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN *US*, HE'D SURELY AVOID AN AWFUL LOT OF *FUSS!*

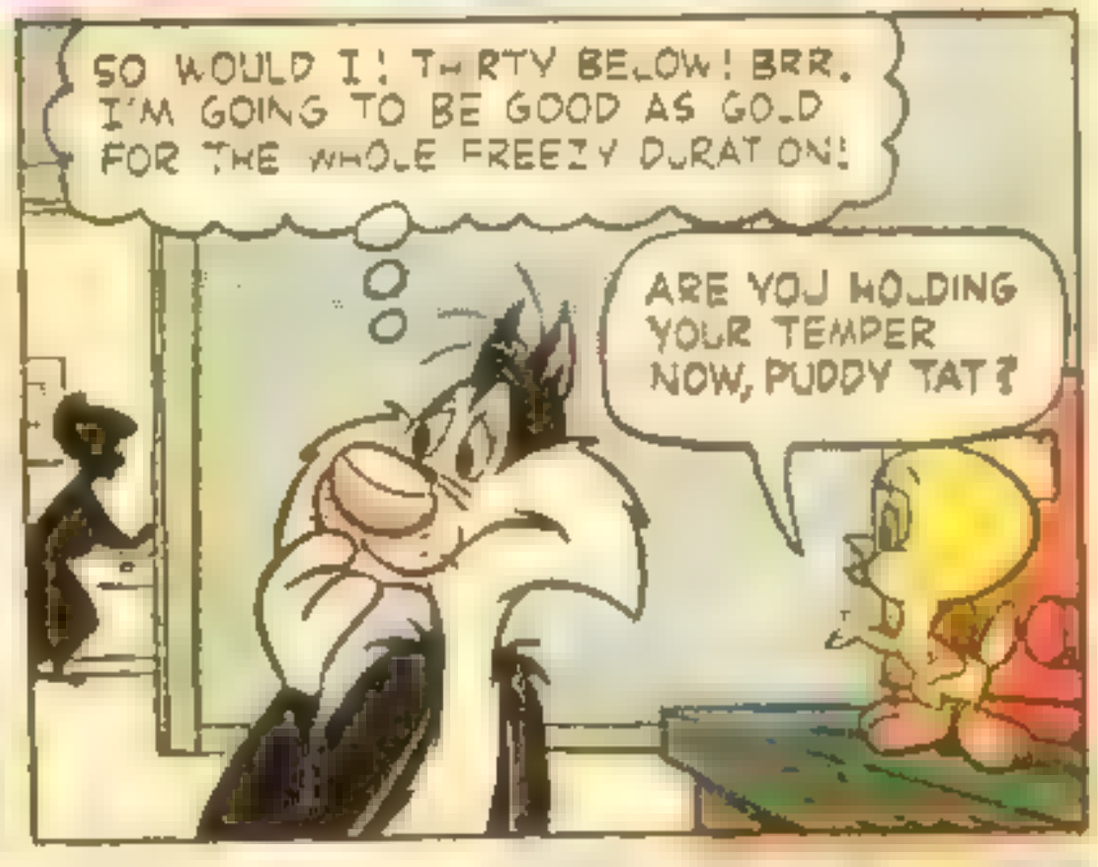
WHAP! WHAP!

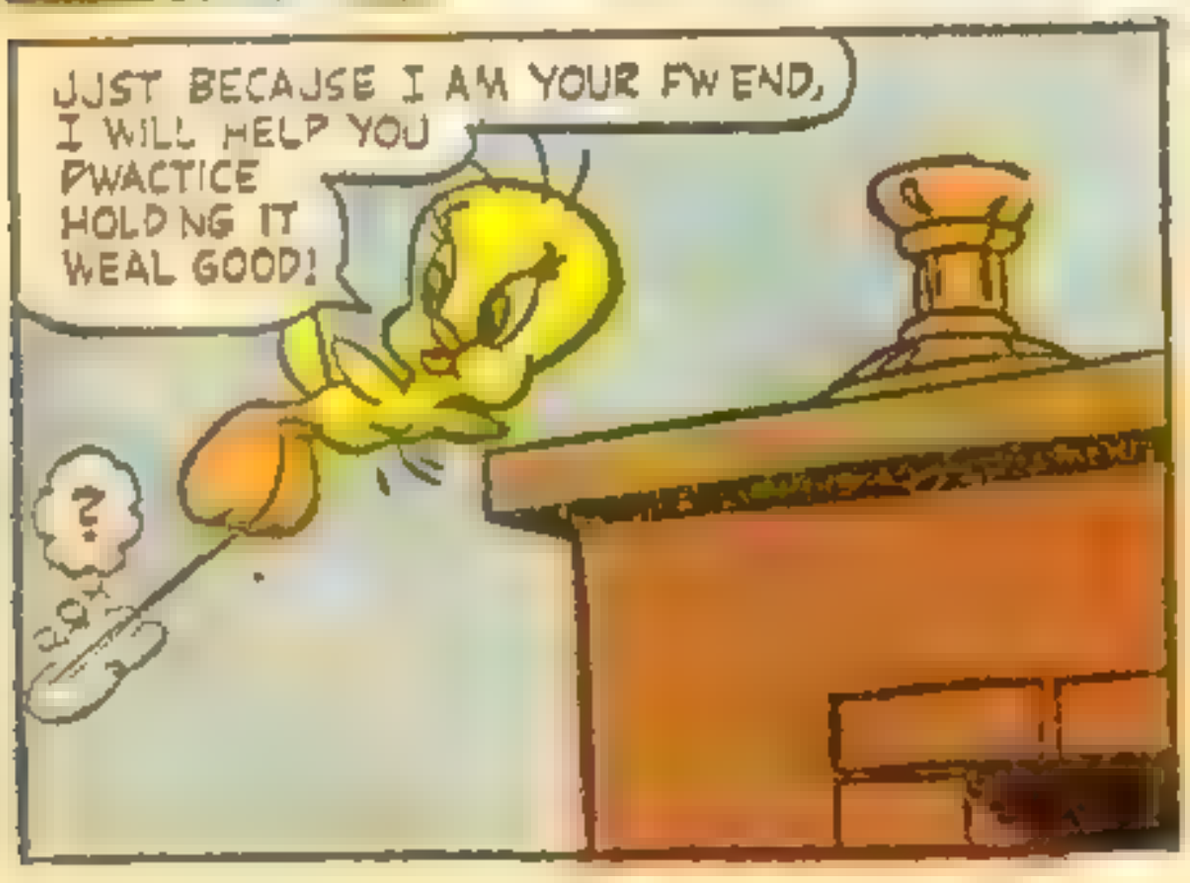
The End

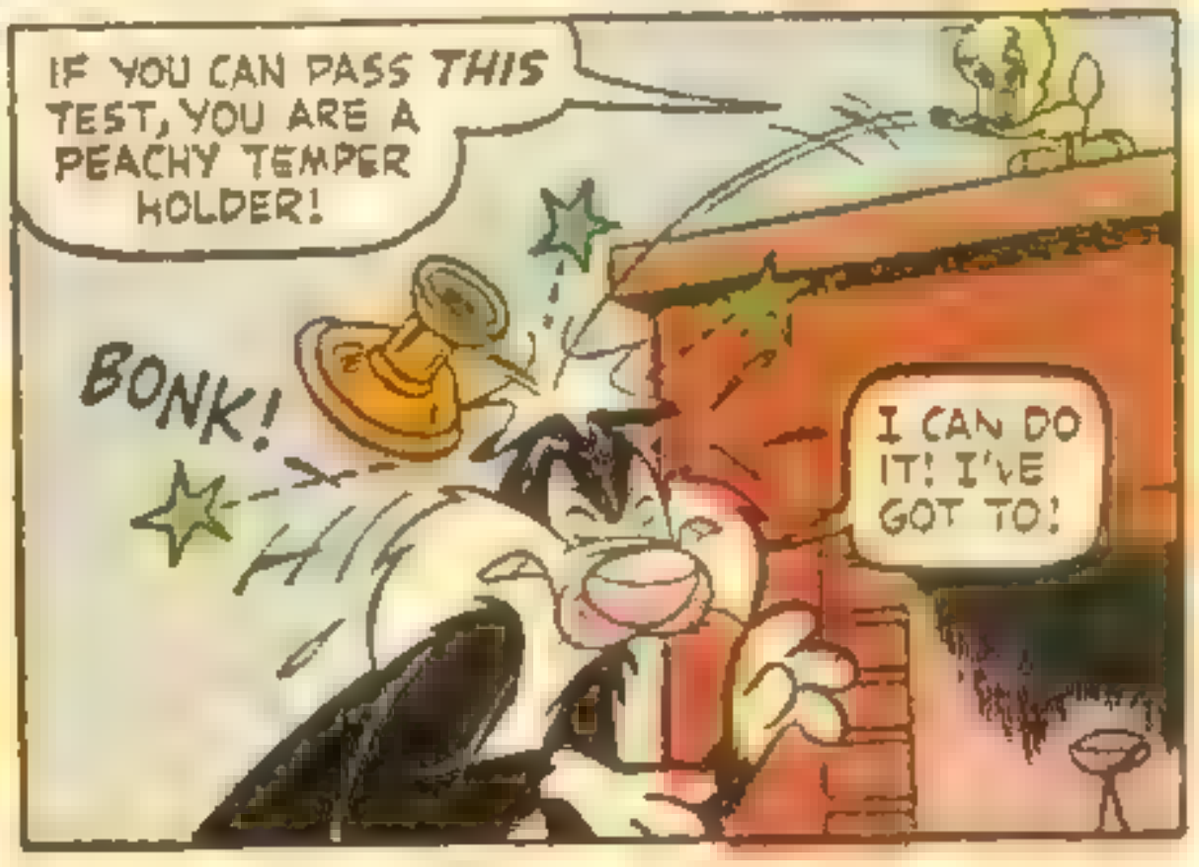
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

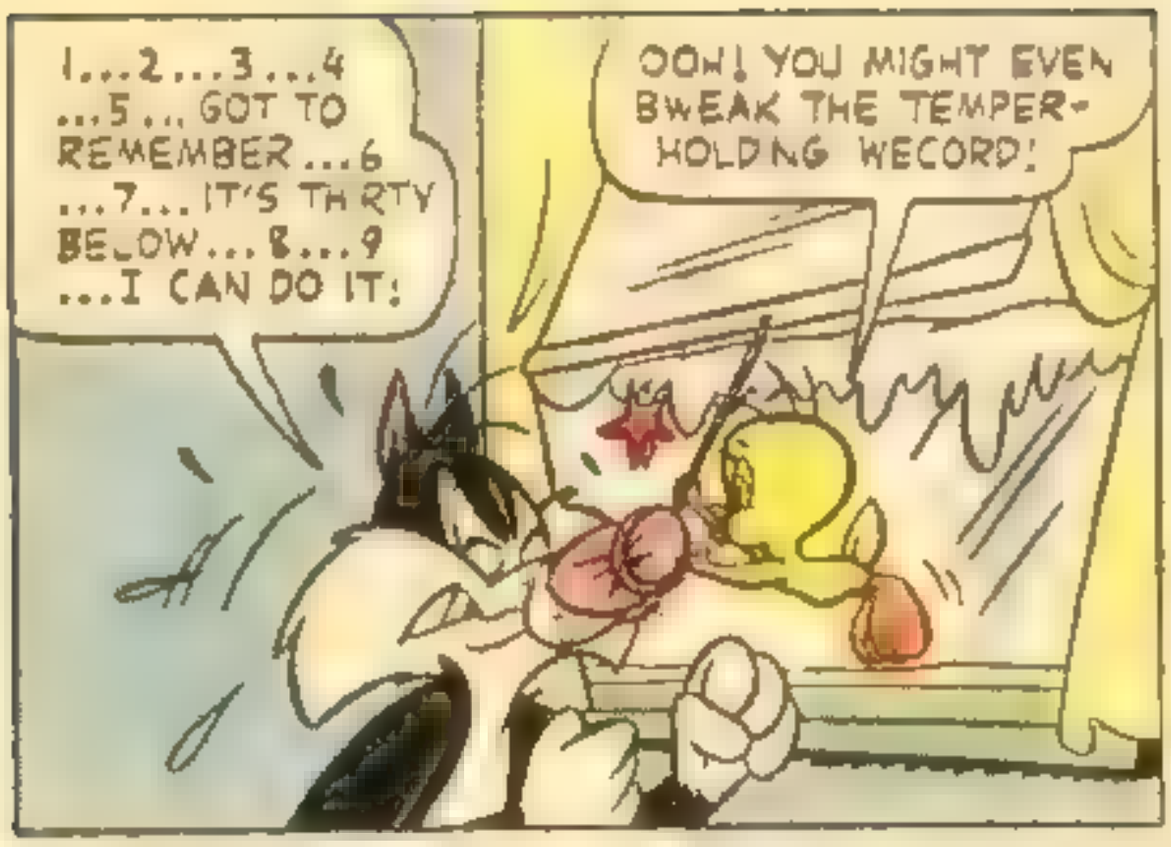
FUR-WEATHER FRIENDS

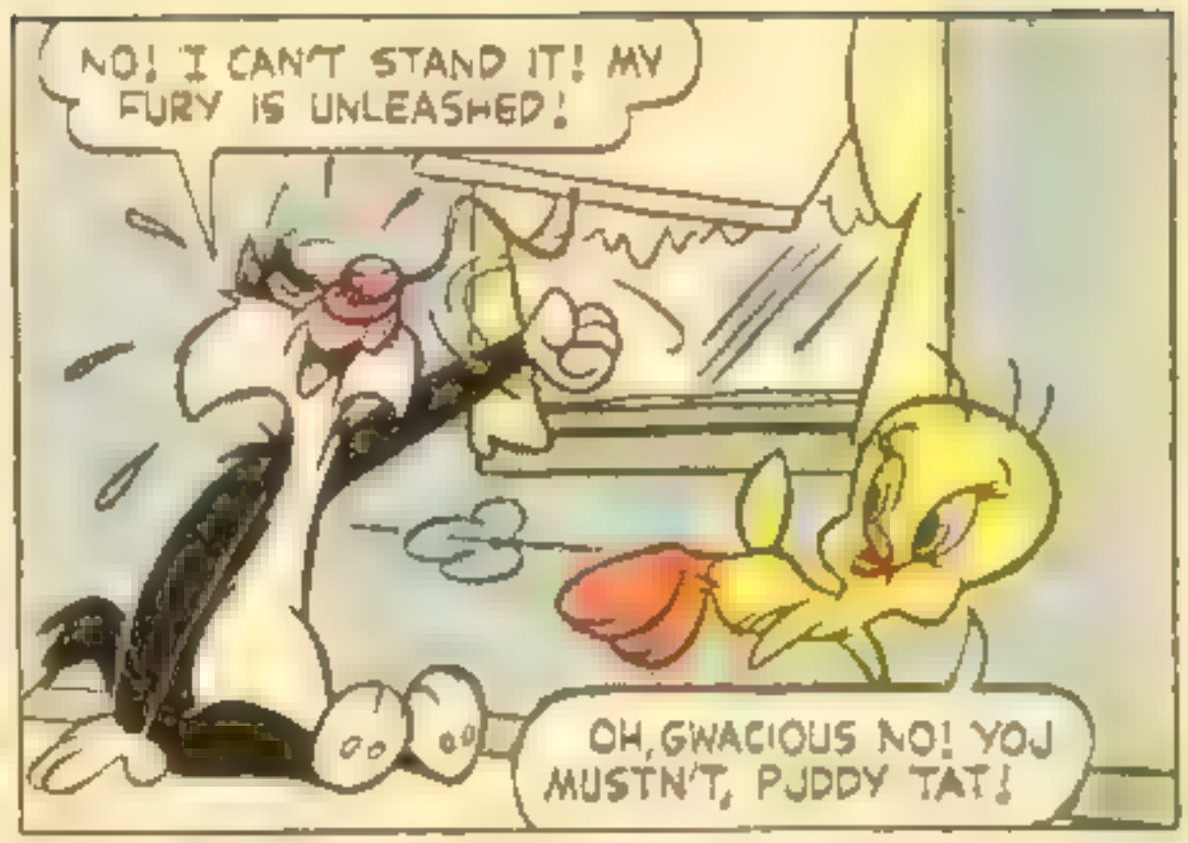


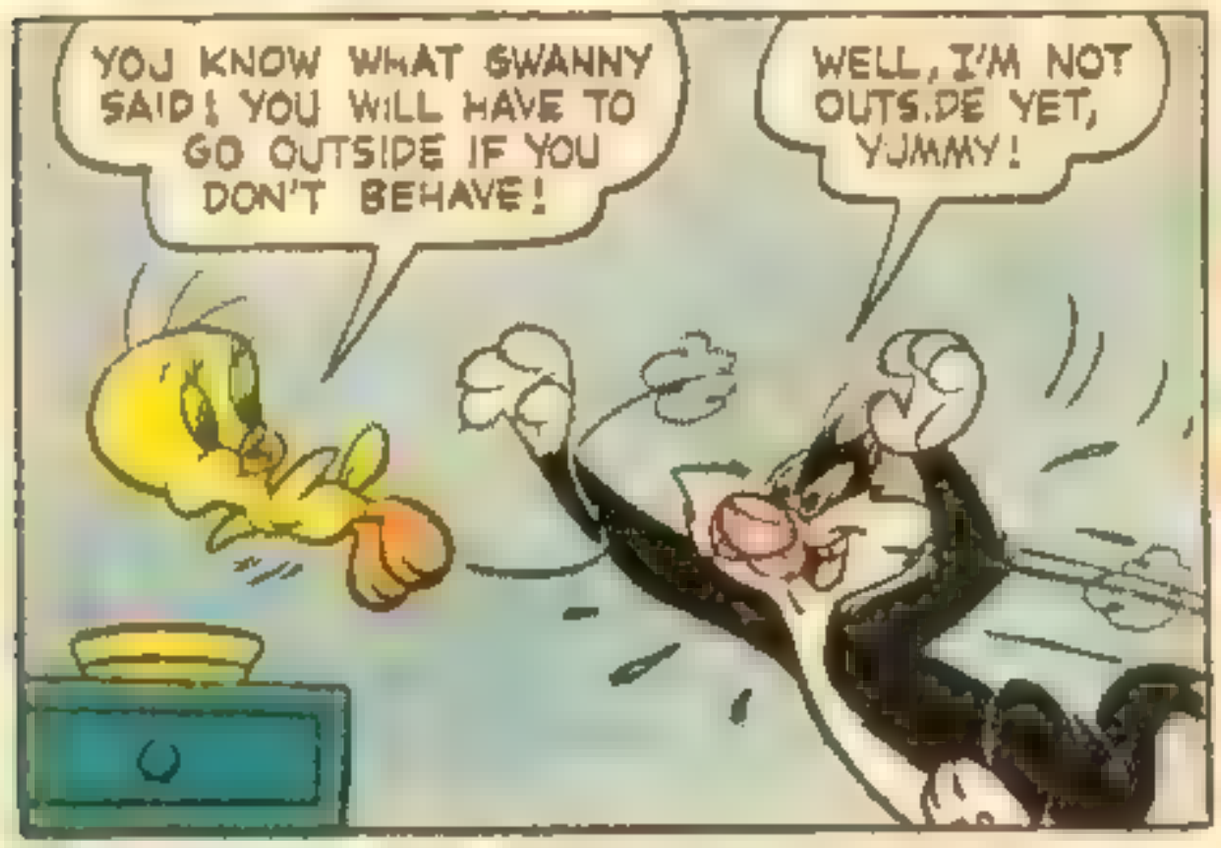


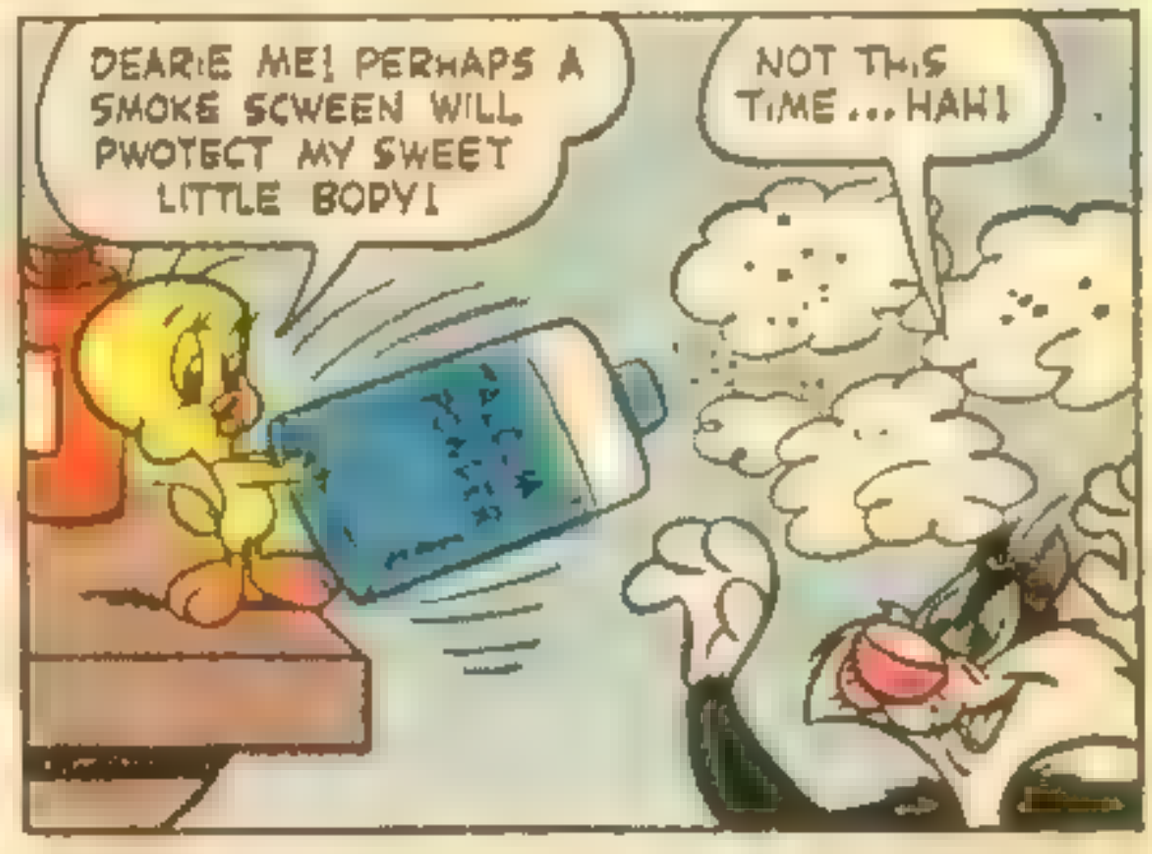


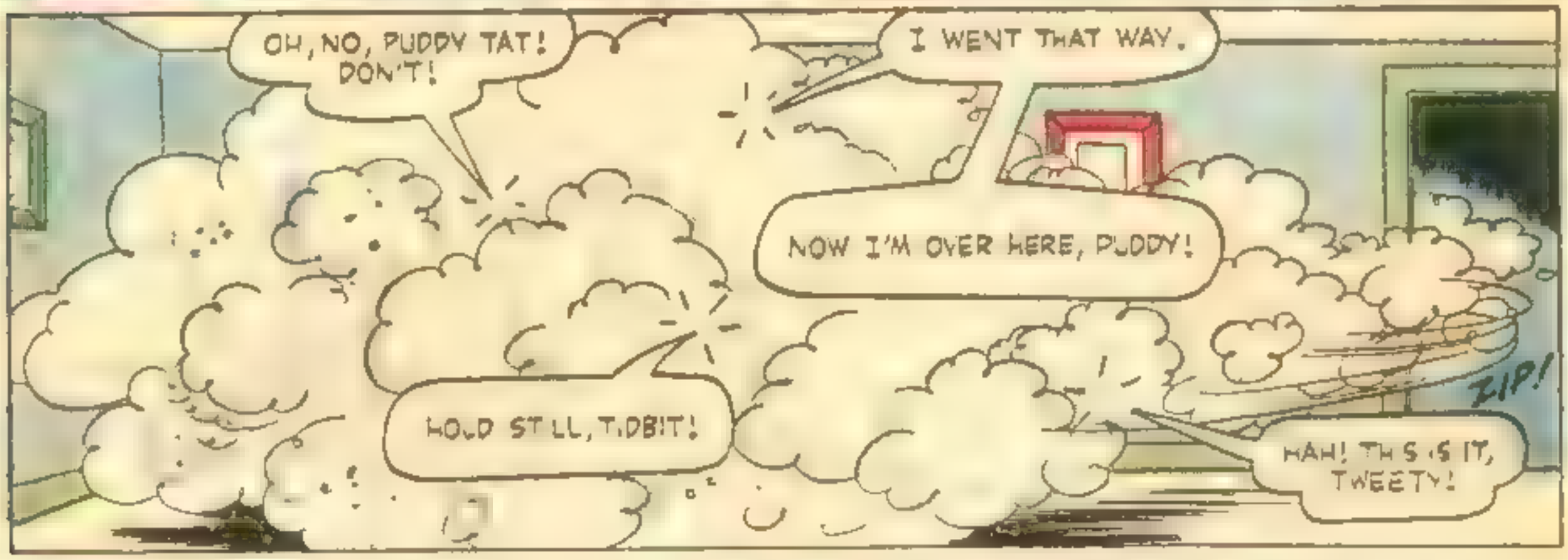


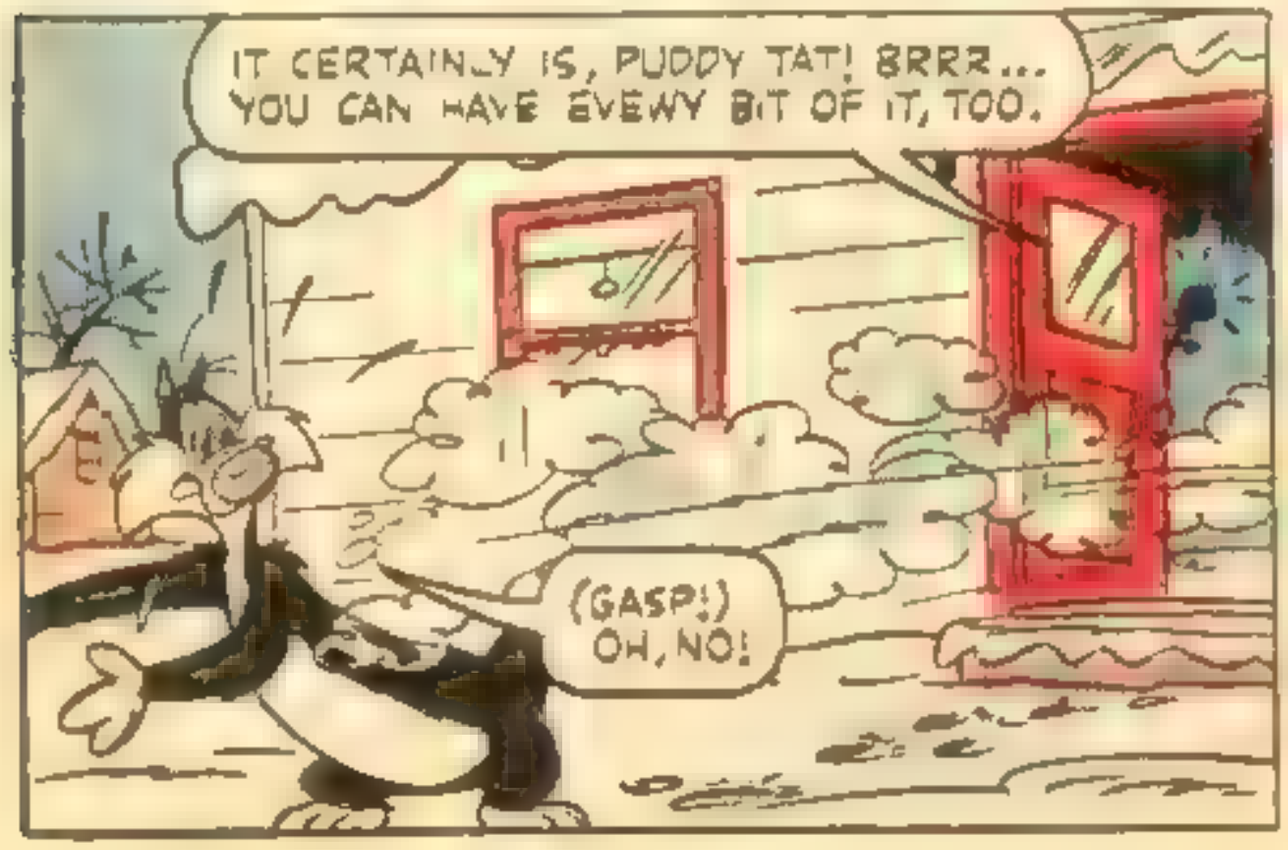

1...2...3...4 ...5... GOT TO REMEMBER...6 ...7... IT'S THRTY BELOW...8...9 ...I CAN DO IT!
OOW! YOU MIGHT EVEN BWEAK THE TEMPER-HOLDING WECORD!

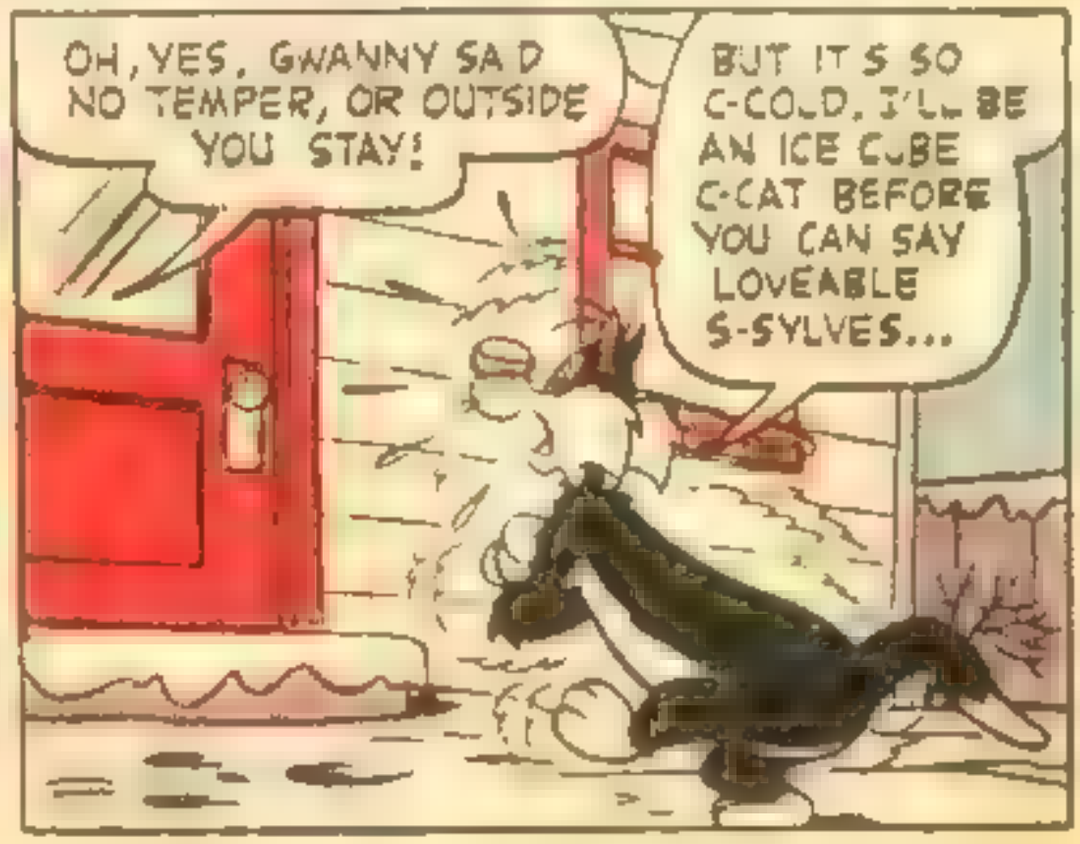

NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! MY FURY IS UNLEASHED!
OH, GWACIOUS NO! YOJ MUSTN'T, PUDDY TAT!


YOJ KNOW WHAT GWANNY SAID! YOU WILL HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE!
WELL, I'M NOT OUTSIDE YET, YUMMY!

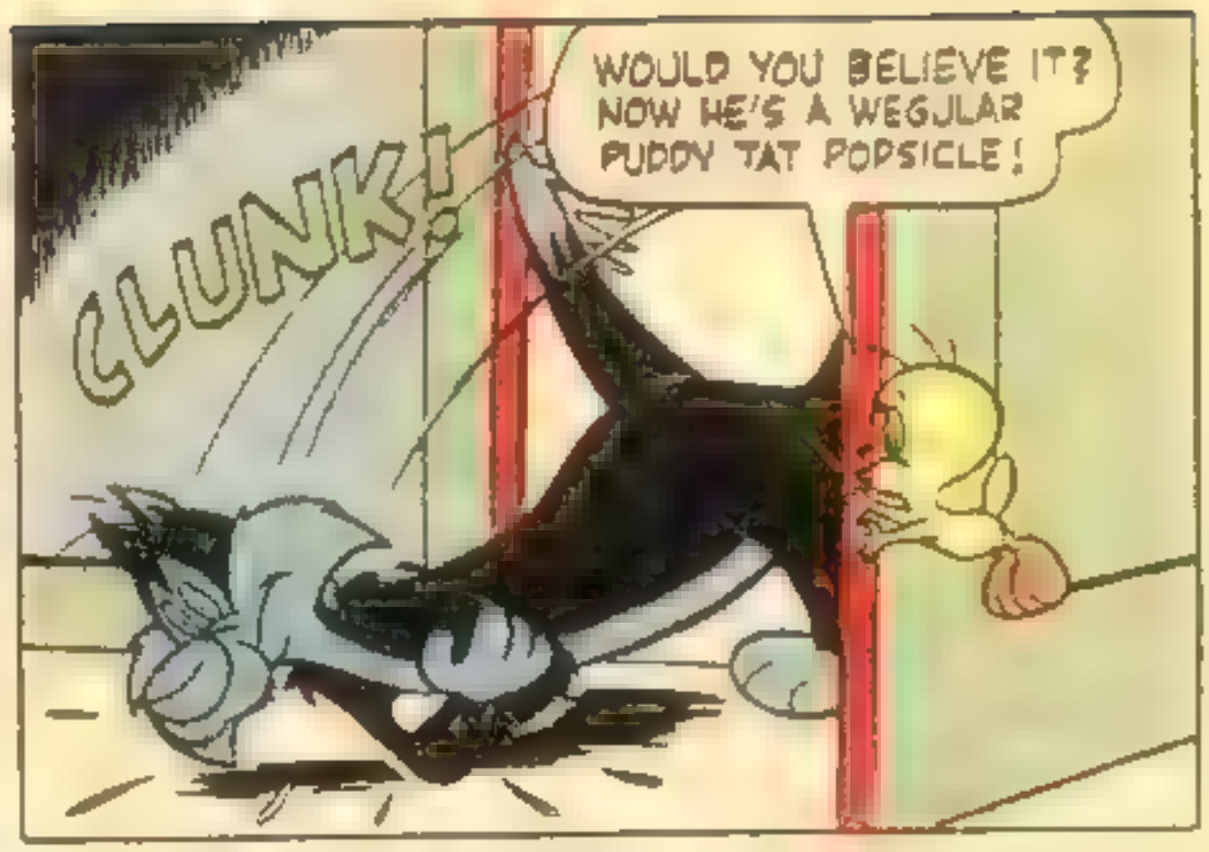

DEARIE ME! PERHAPS A SMOKE SCWEEN WILL PWOTECT MY SWEET LITTLE BODY!
NOT THIS TIME... HAH!

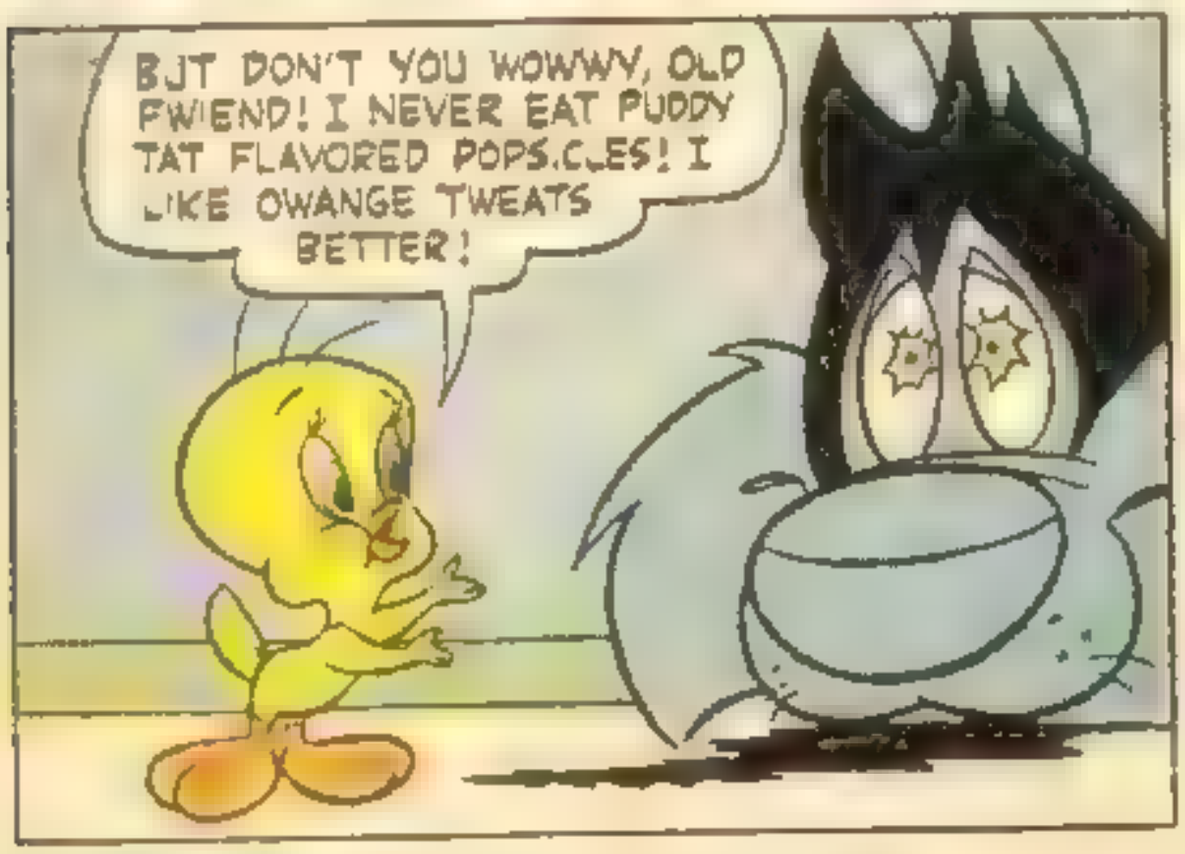

OH, NO, PUDDY TAT! DON'T!
I WENT THAT WAY.
NOW I'M OVER HERE, PUDDY!
HOLD STILL, TIDBIT!
ZIP!
HAH! THIS IS IT, TWEETY!

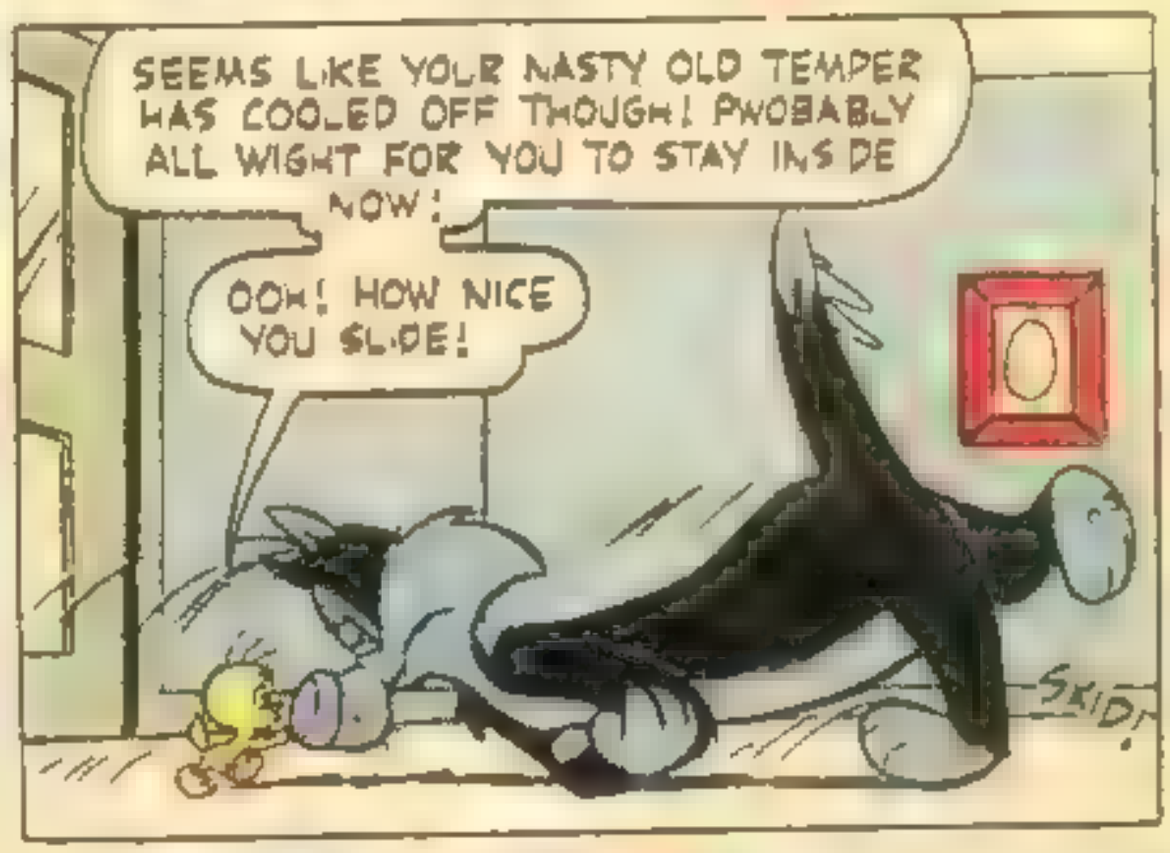

IT CERTAINLY IS, PUDDY TAT! BRRR... YOU CAN HAVE EVEWY BIT OF IT, TOO.
(GASP!) OH, NO!

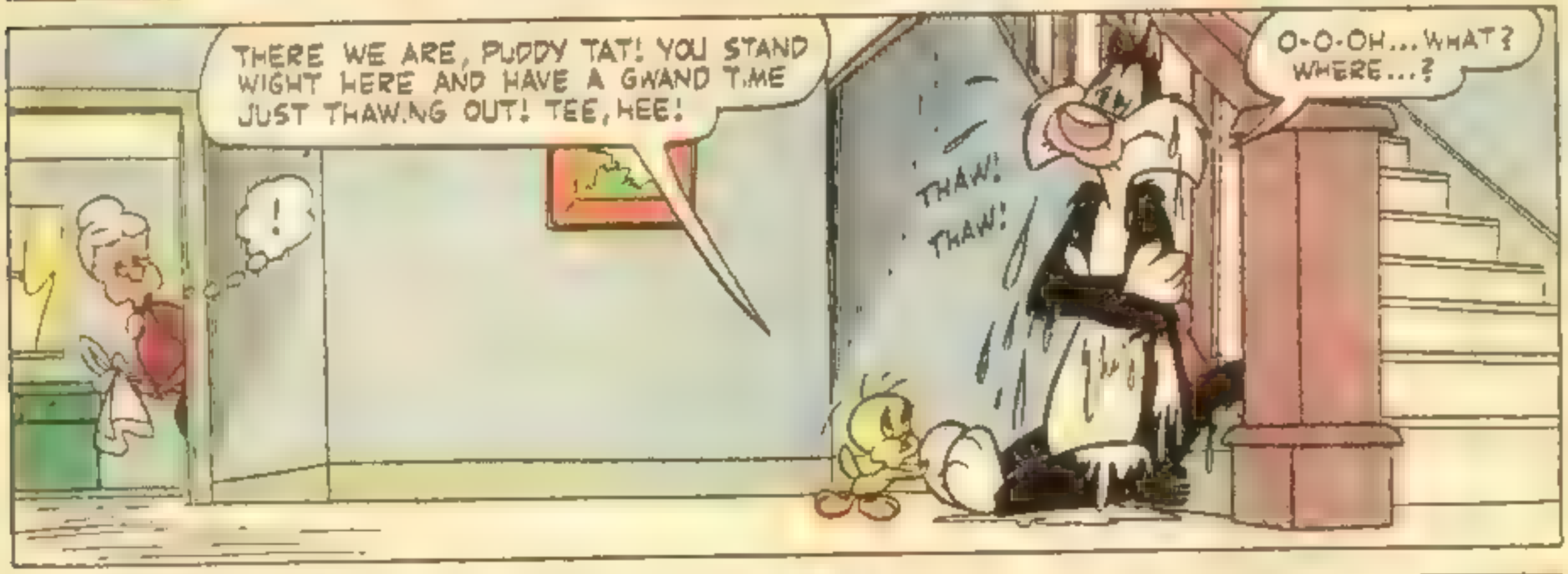

OH, YES, GWANNY SAID NO TEMPER, OR OUTSIDE YOU STAY!
BUT IT'S SO C-COLD. I'LL BE AN ICE CUBE C-CAT BEFORE YOU CAN SAY LOVEABLE S-SYLVES...

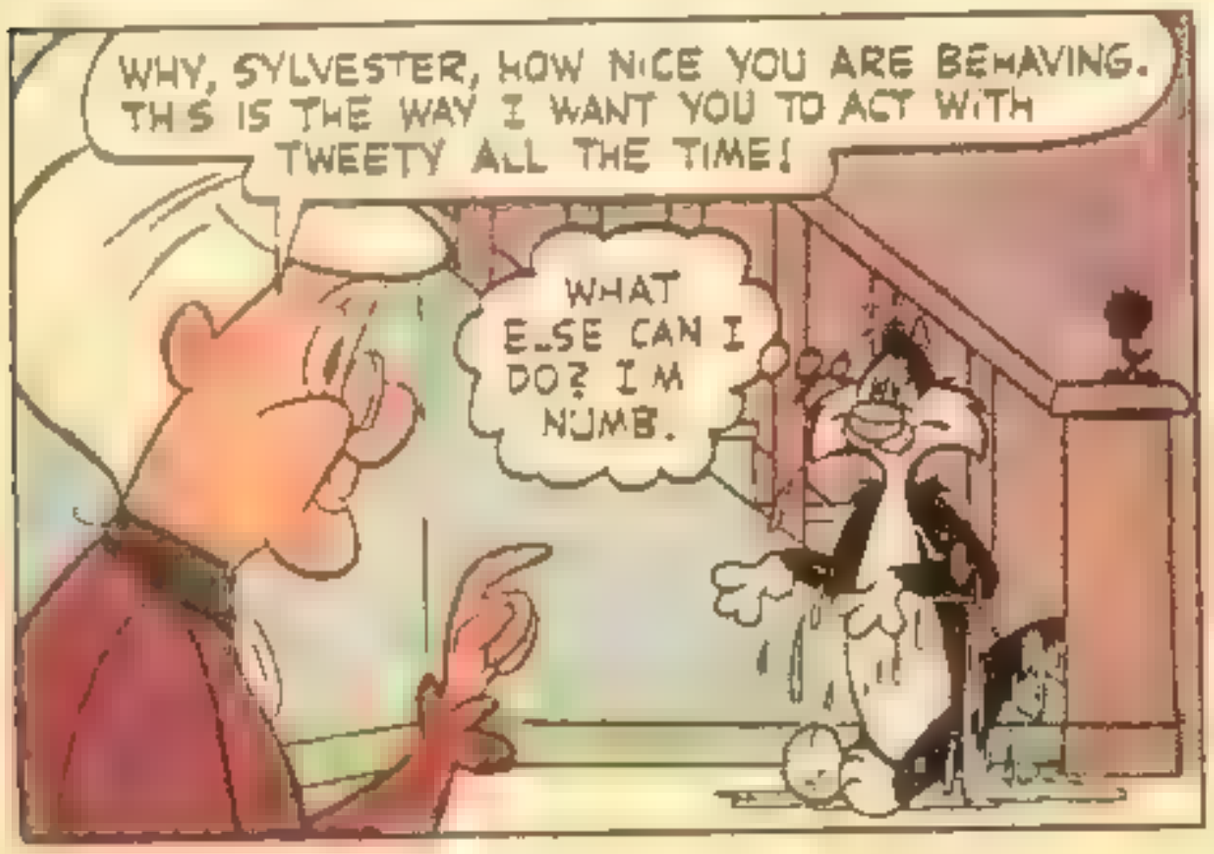
MY WORD! A QUICK FWEEZE S WGHT.
...TER!

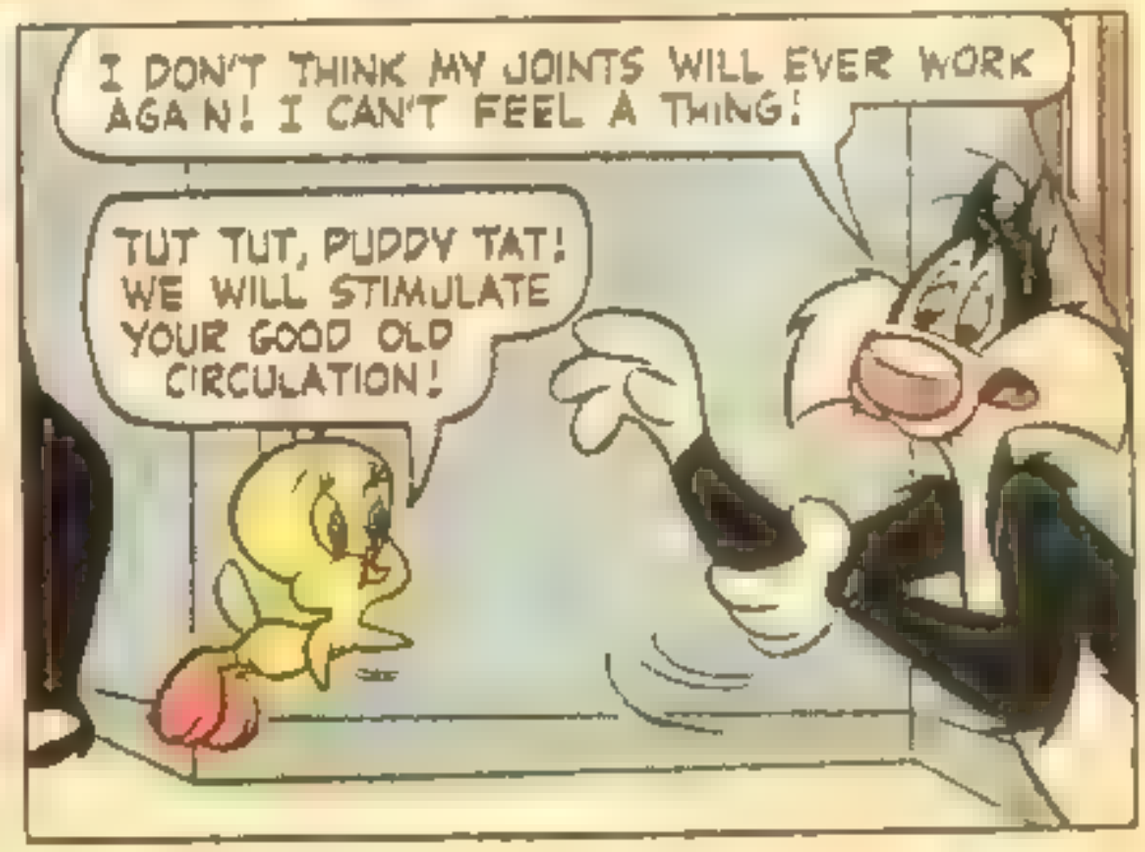

CLUNK!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? NOW HE'S A WEGJLAR PUDDY TAT POPSICLE!

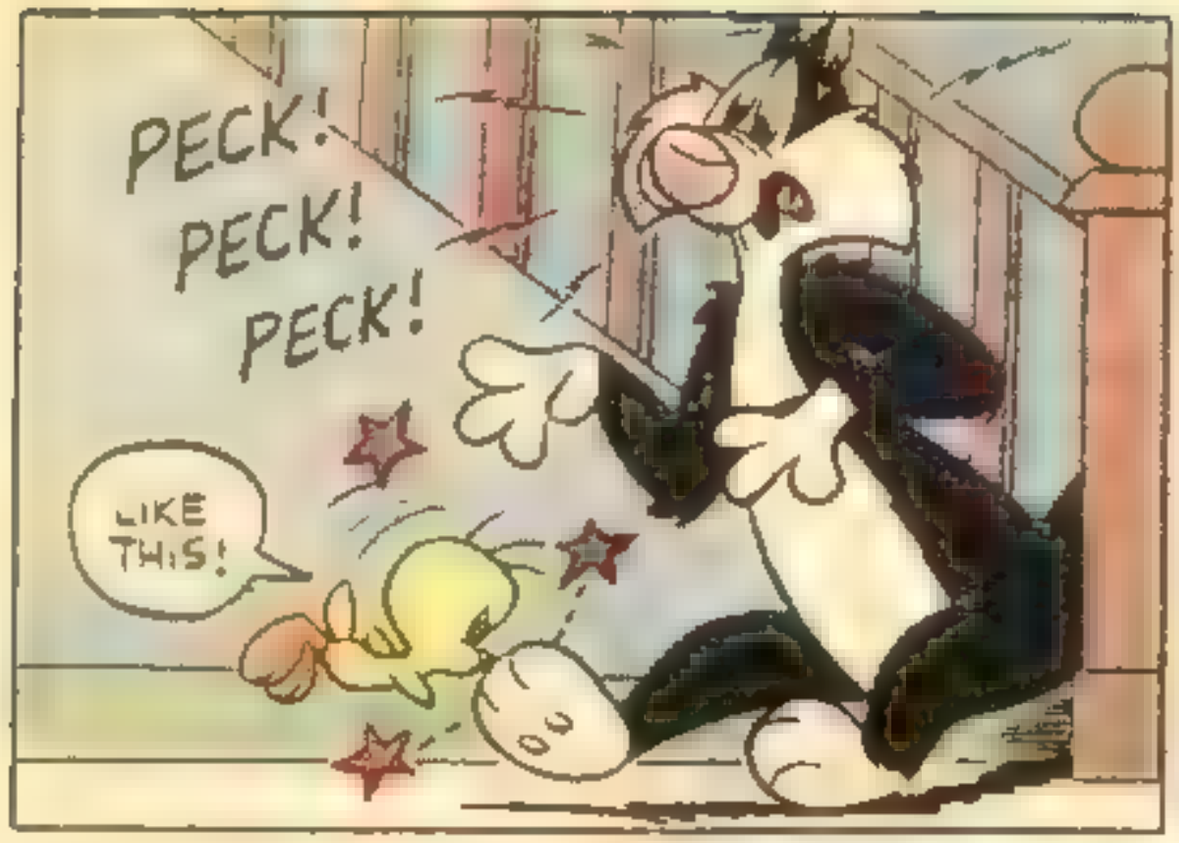

BJT DON'T YOU WOWWY, OLD FWIEND! I NEVER EAT PUDDY TAT FLAVORED POPS.CLES! I LIKE OWANGE TWEATS BETTER!

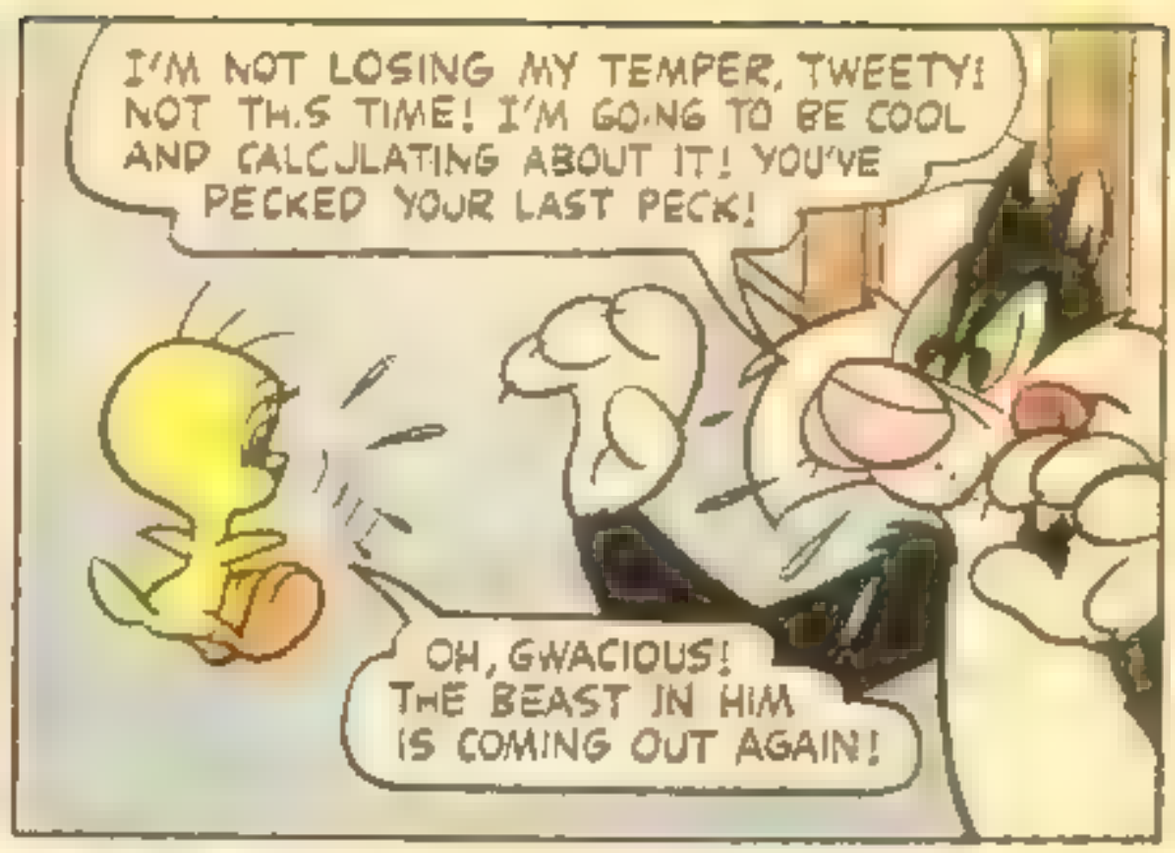

SEEMS LIKE YOUR NASTY OLD TEMPER HAS COOLED OFF THOUGH! PWOBABLY ALL WIGHT FOR YOU TO STAY INSDE NOW!
OOH! HOW NICE YOU SLIDE!
SKID!

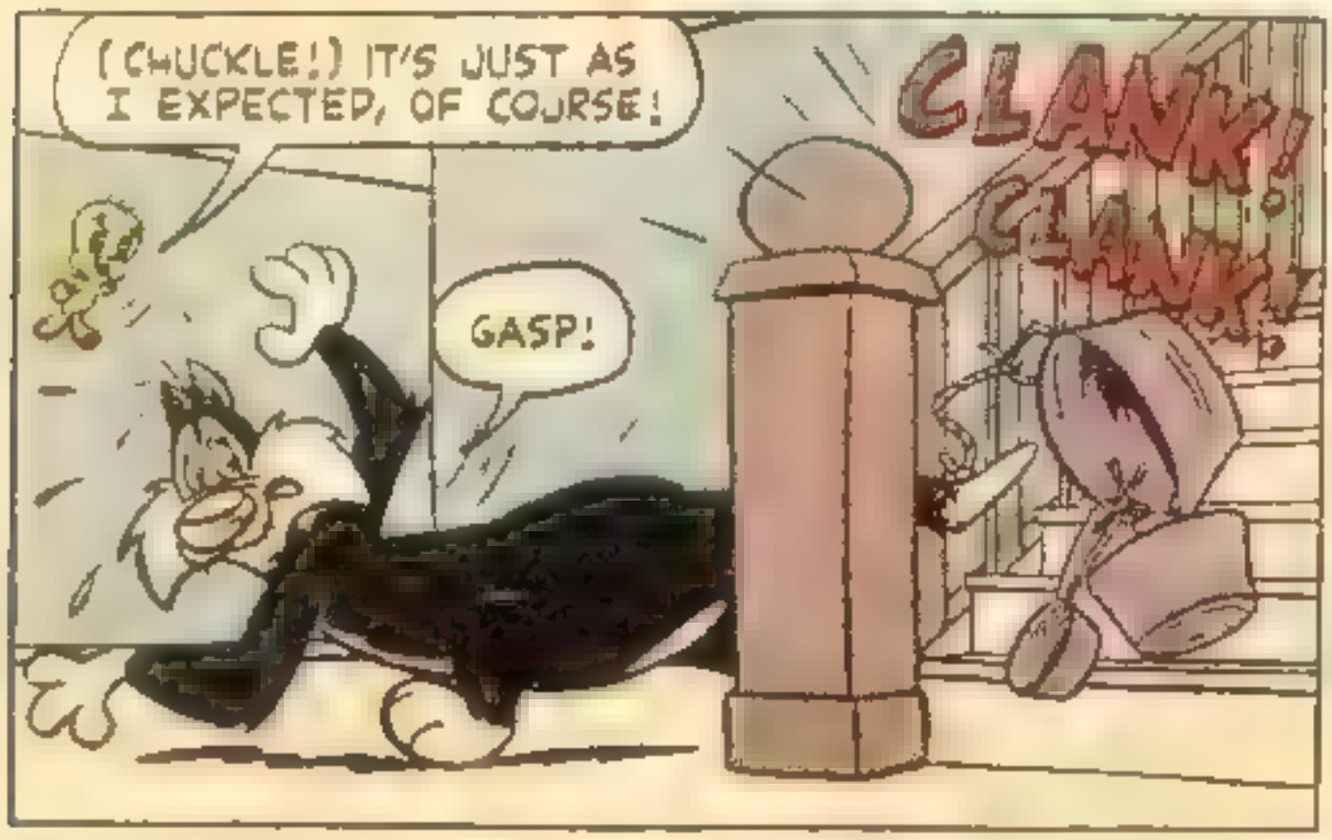

THERE WE ARE, PUDDY TAT! YOU STAND WIGHT HERE AND HAVE A GWAND TIME JUST THAWING OUT! TEE, HEE!
!
THAW! THAW!
O-O-OH... WHAT? WHERE...?

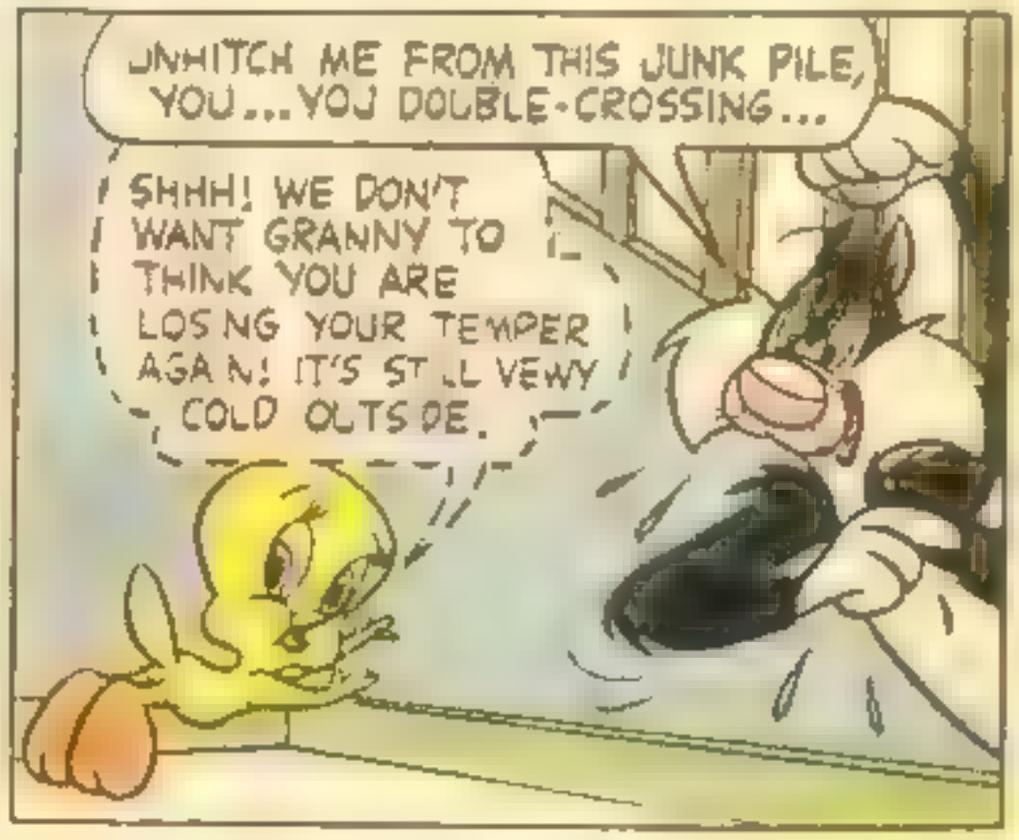

WHY, SYLVESTER, HOW NICE YOU ARE BEHAVING. THIS IS THE WAY I WANT YOU TO ACT WITH TWEETY ALL THE TIME!
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? I M NUMB.

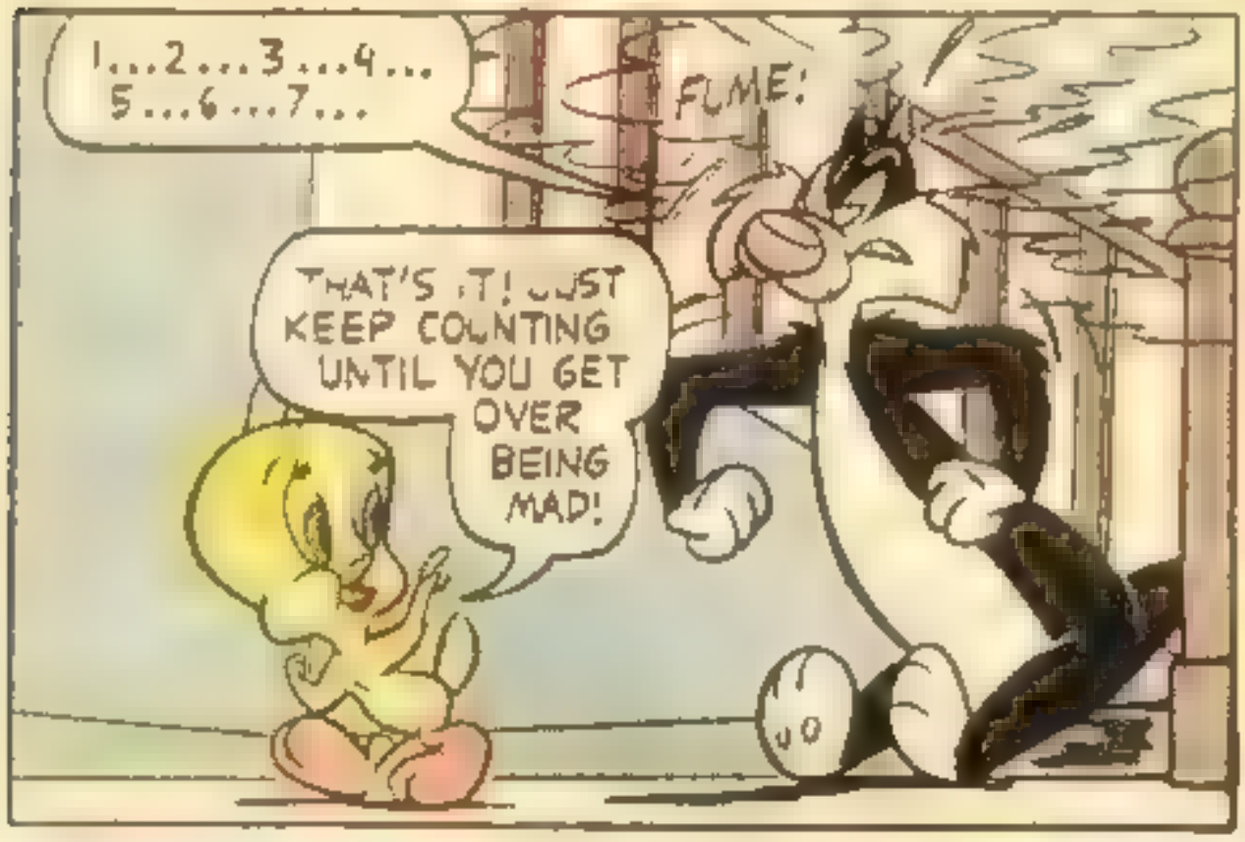

I DON'T THINK MY JOINTS WILL EVER WORK AGAIN! I CAN'T FEEL A THING!
TUT TUT, PUDDY TAT! WE WILL STIMULATE YOUR GOOD OLD CIRCULATION!

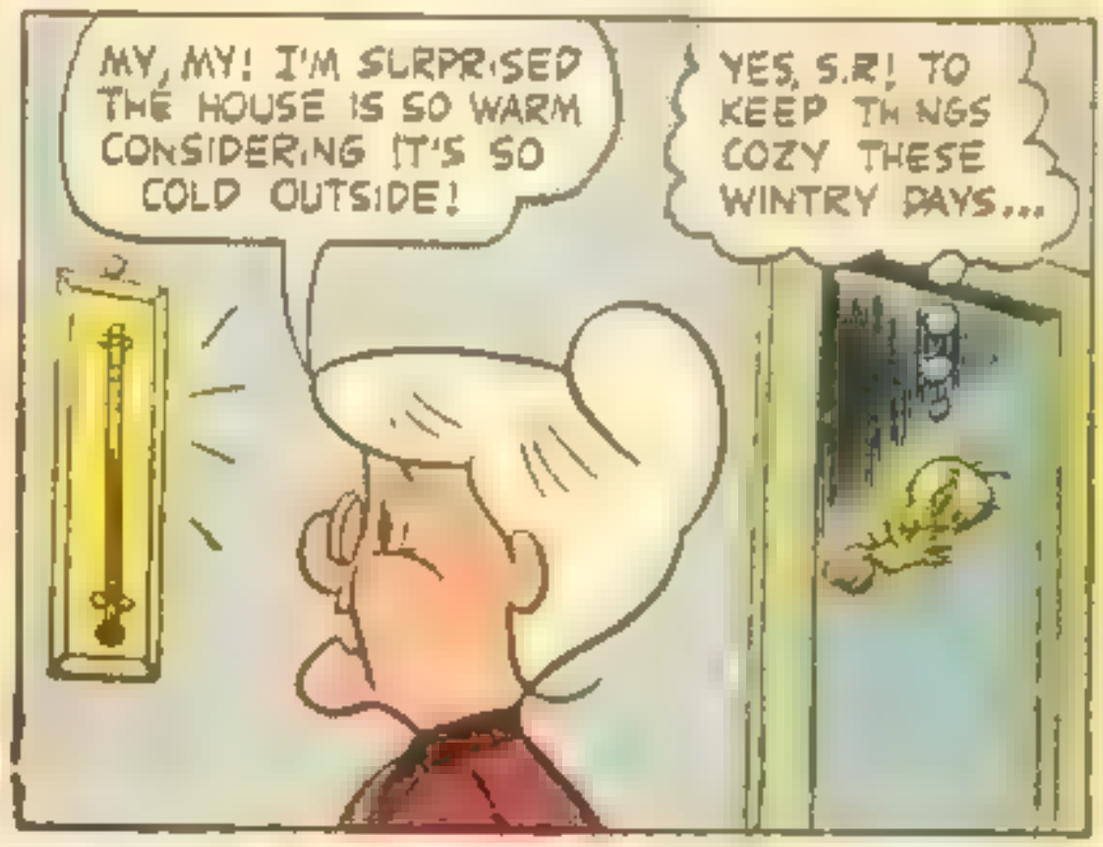

PECK! PECK! PECK!
LIKE THIS!

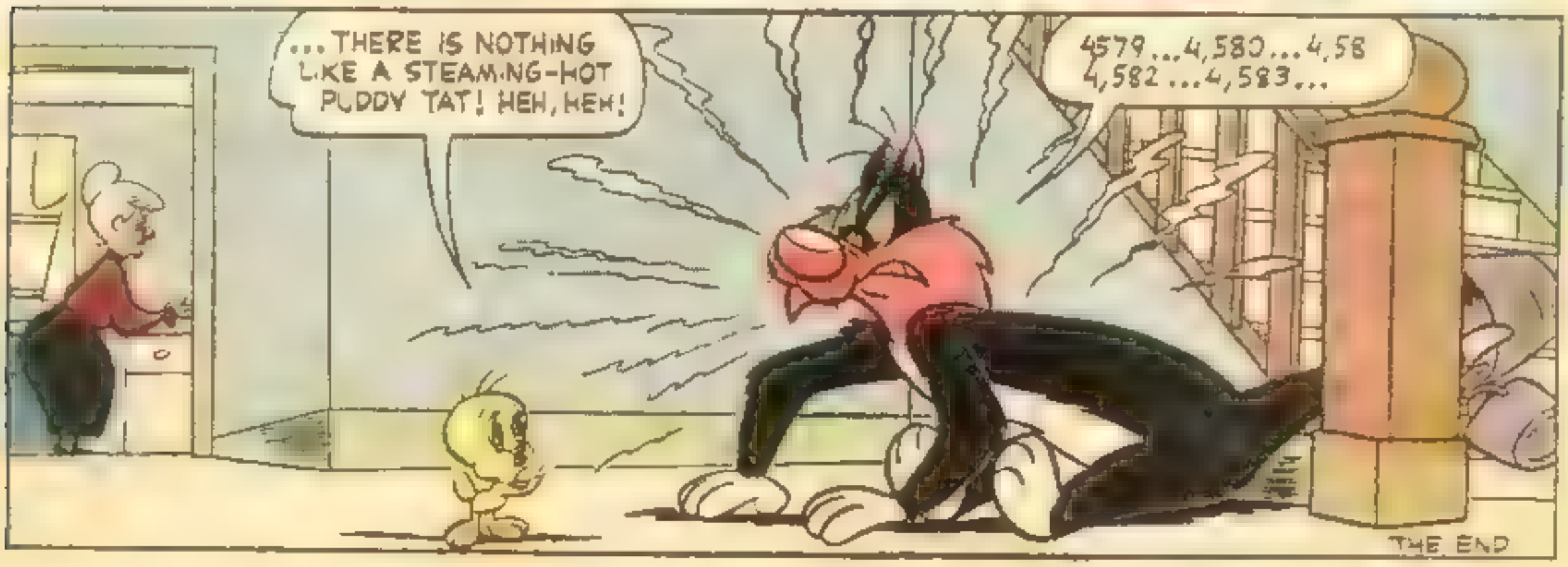

I'M NOT LOSING MY TEMPER, TWEETY! NOT THIS TIME! I'M GOING TO BE COOL AND CALCULATING ABOUT IT! YOU'VE PECKED YOUR LAST PECK!
OH, GWACIOUS! THE BEAST IN HIM IS COMING OUT AGAIN!


(CHUCKLE!) IT'S JUST AS I EXPECTED, OF COURSE!
GASP!
CLANK! CLANK!


UNHITCH ME FROM THIS JUNK PILE, YOU...YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING...
SHHH! WE DON'T WANT GRANNY TO THINK YOU ARE LOSING YOUR TEMPER AGAIN! IT'S STILL VERY COLD OUTSIDE.

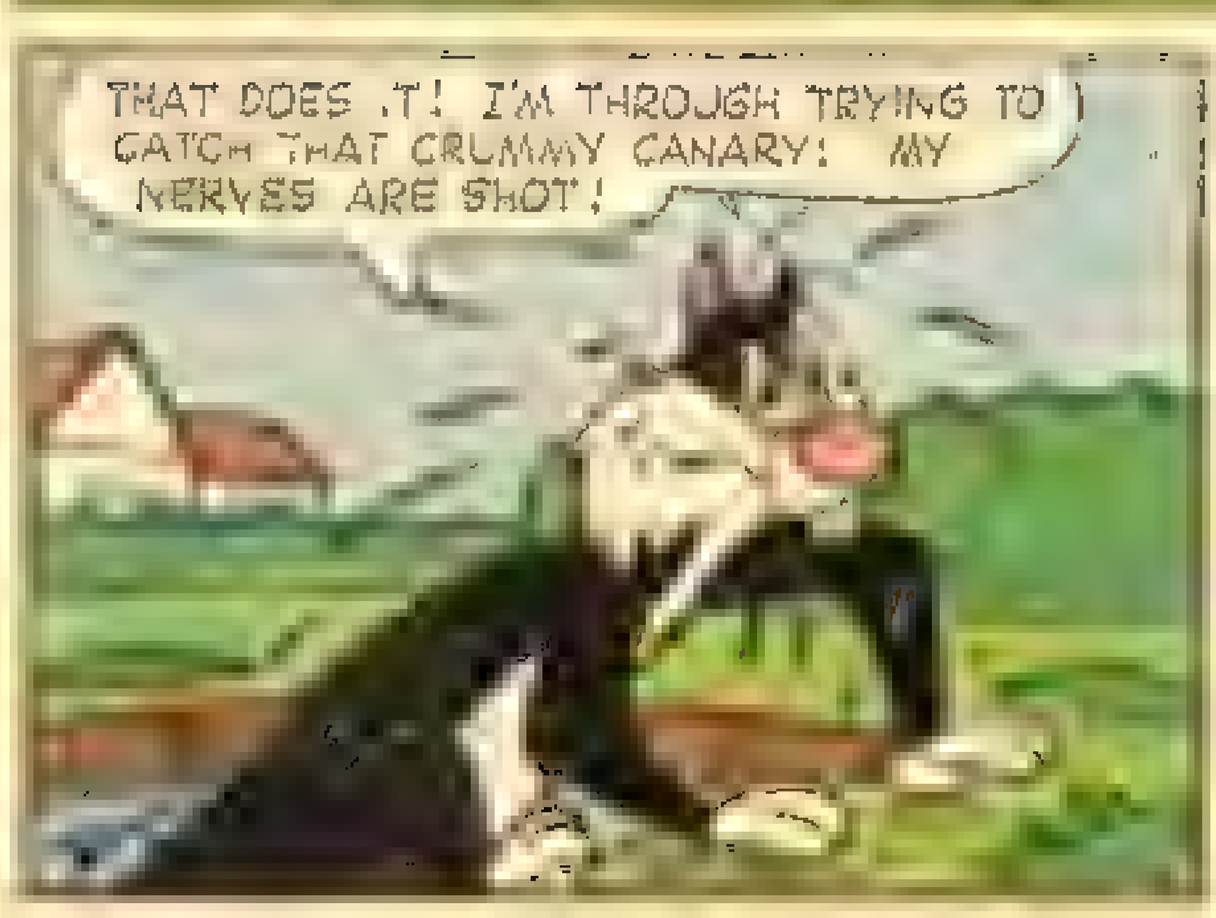

1...2...3...4... 5...6...7...
FUME!
THAT'S IT! JUST KEEP COUNTING UNTIL YOU GET OVER BEING MAD!


MY, MY! I'M SURPRISED THE HOUSE IS SO WARM CONSIDERING IT'S SO COLD OUTSIDE!
YES, SIR! TO KEEP THINGS COZY THESE WINTRY DAYS...


...THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A STEAMING-HOT PUDDY TAT! HEH, HEH!
4579...4,580...4,581 4,582...4,583...
THE END

TWEETY — SYLVESTER

THE HOBBY HABIT



SHORTLY...

YES! YOU HAVE A BAD CASE OF NERVES! G VING UP CHASING THAT B RD IS ONLY THE F RST STEP! YOU MUST TAKE UP A HOBBY!

A HOBBY?

EXACTLY! SOMETHING RELAXING...LIKE GOLF! IT'LL GIVE YOU NEW INTERESTS AND KEEP YOUR MIND OFF B RD-CHAS NG!

SWELL!

(U.L.P.) THIS IS DWEADFUL! I WON'T HAVE ANYBODY TO CHASE ME OR TEASE ME IF PUDDY TAKES UP A HOBBY!

YOO-HOO! WANT TO TAKE A SWAT AT ME?

BEAT IT, B RD! THE ONLY TH.NG I'M TAK.NG SWINGS AT FROM NOW ON IS A GOLF BALL!

DR SY KLOPS M.R WRA

SOON...

AHHH! THIS IS WHAT I CALL RELAXATION! I M PRETTY GOOD, TOO! I JUST GOT A BIRDIE!

YOU SURE DID! TEE, HEE!

PLUNK!

NOW I'LL JUST RETRIEVE MY BALL AND GO ON TO THE NEXT...

YEEEOWW!

GOODNESS...IT'S PUDDY! YOU SHOULDN'T STICK YOUR HAND IN A MOUSEHOLE!

GRRR! STOP PLAYING DUMB! YOU KNEW DOGGONED WELL THAT WAS A GOLF HOLE.

TSK, TSK! YOU'RE SO SUSPICIOUS. I WAS JUST TRYING TO CATCH A MOUSE!

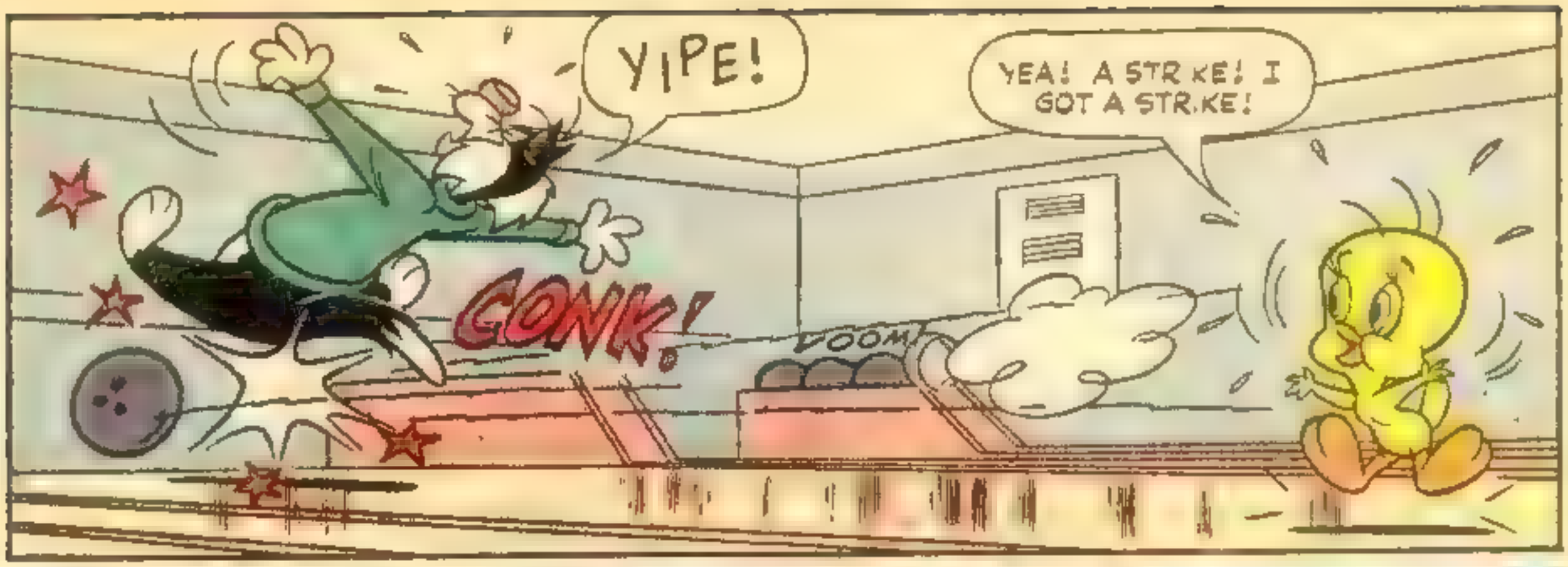
YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT.

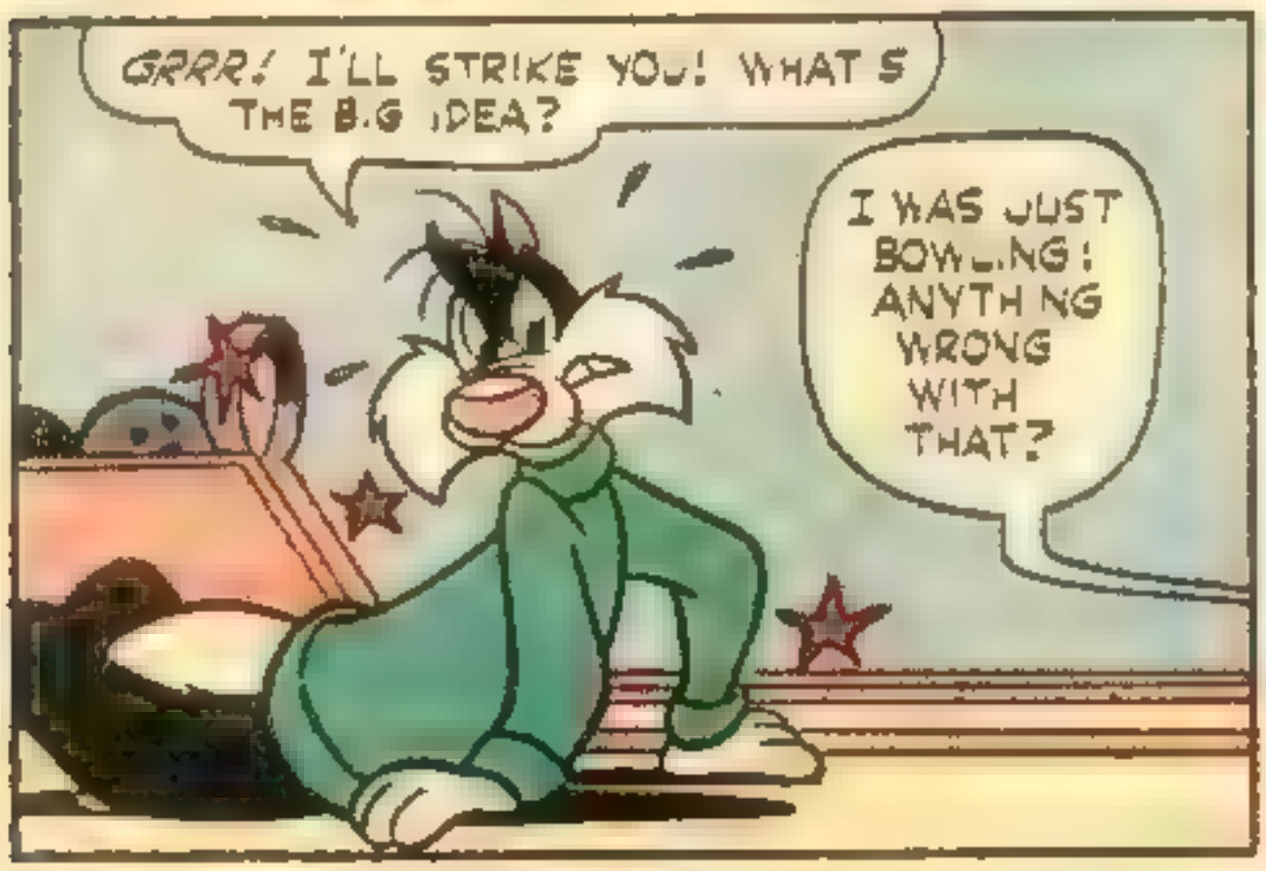
YIPPEE! THE FUN IS GOING TO START AGAIN!

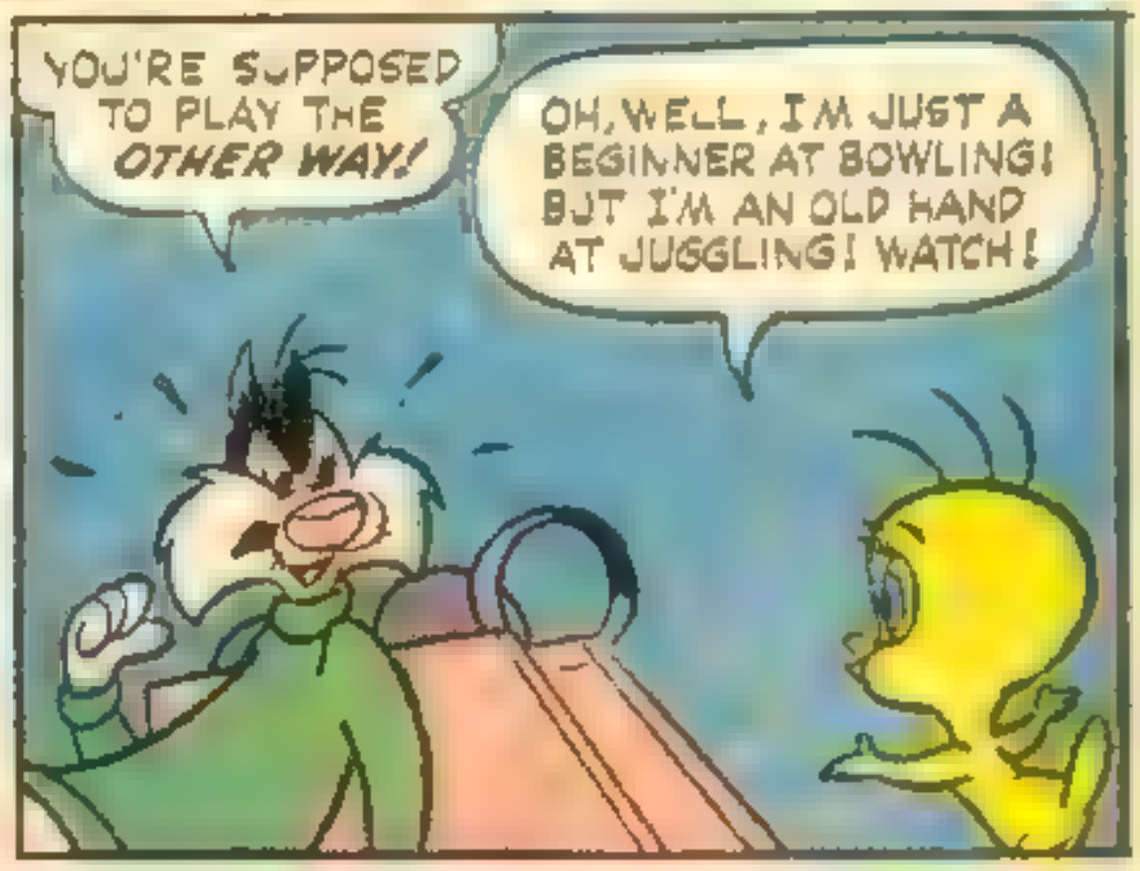
(GULP!) WHAT AM I DOING? THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS WERE TO FORGET ABOUT CHASING TWEETY. AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!

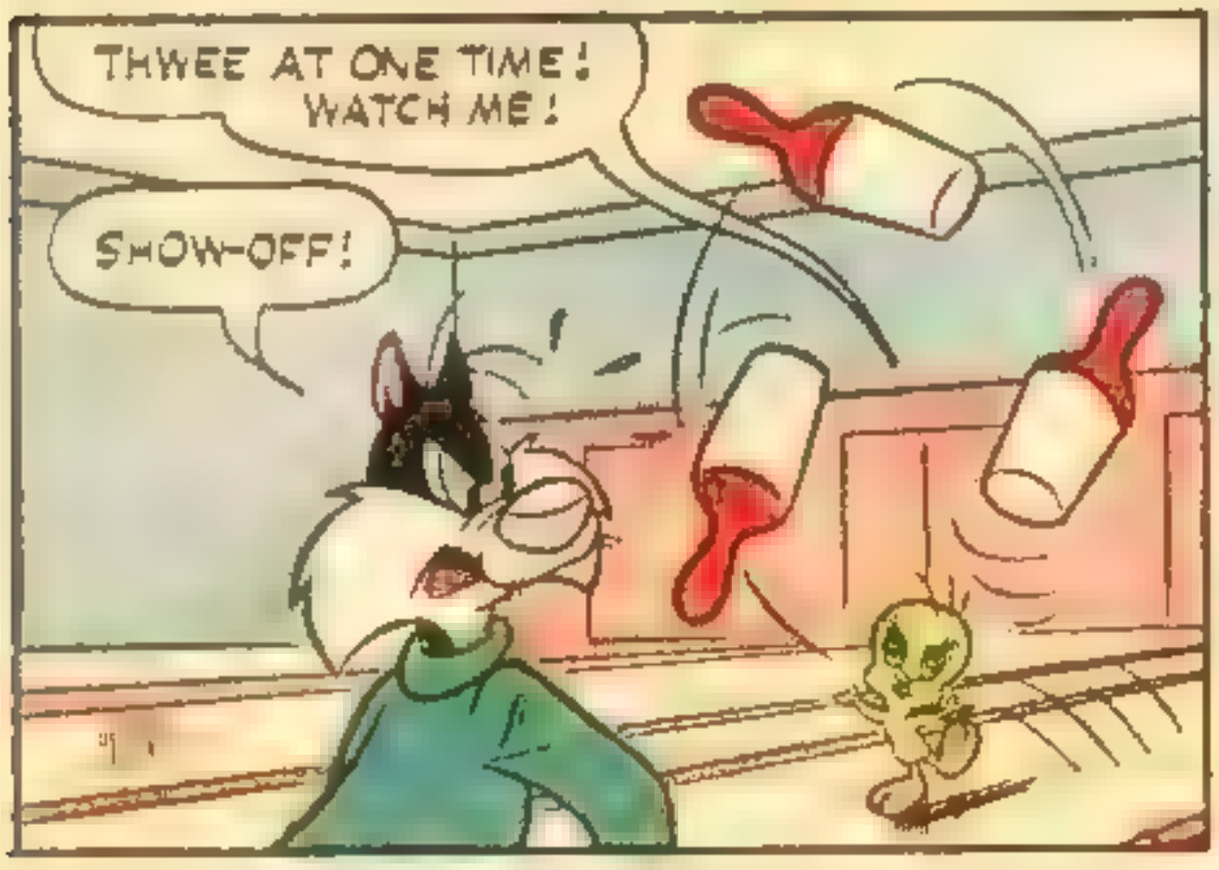
SO LONG! YOU CAN HAVE THE [illegible] TO YOURSELF. JUST TAKE UP ANOTHER HOBBY.

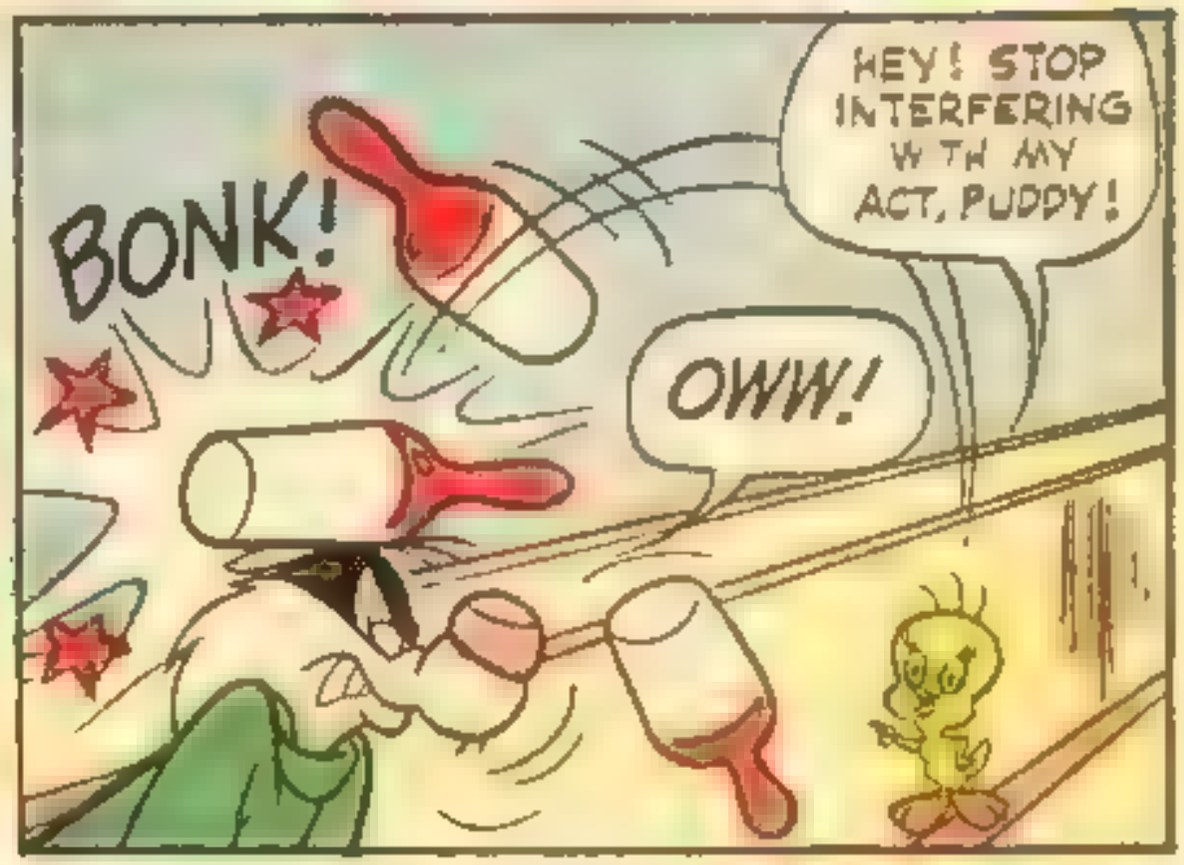
DWA[illegible]. THIS [illegible] BE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT.

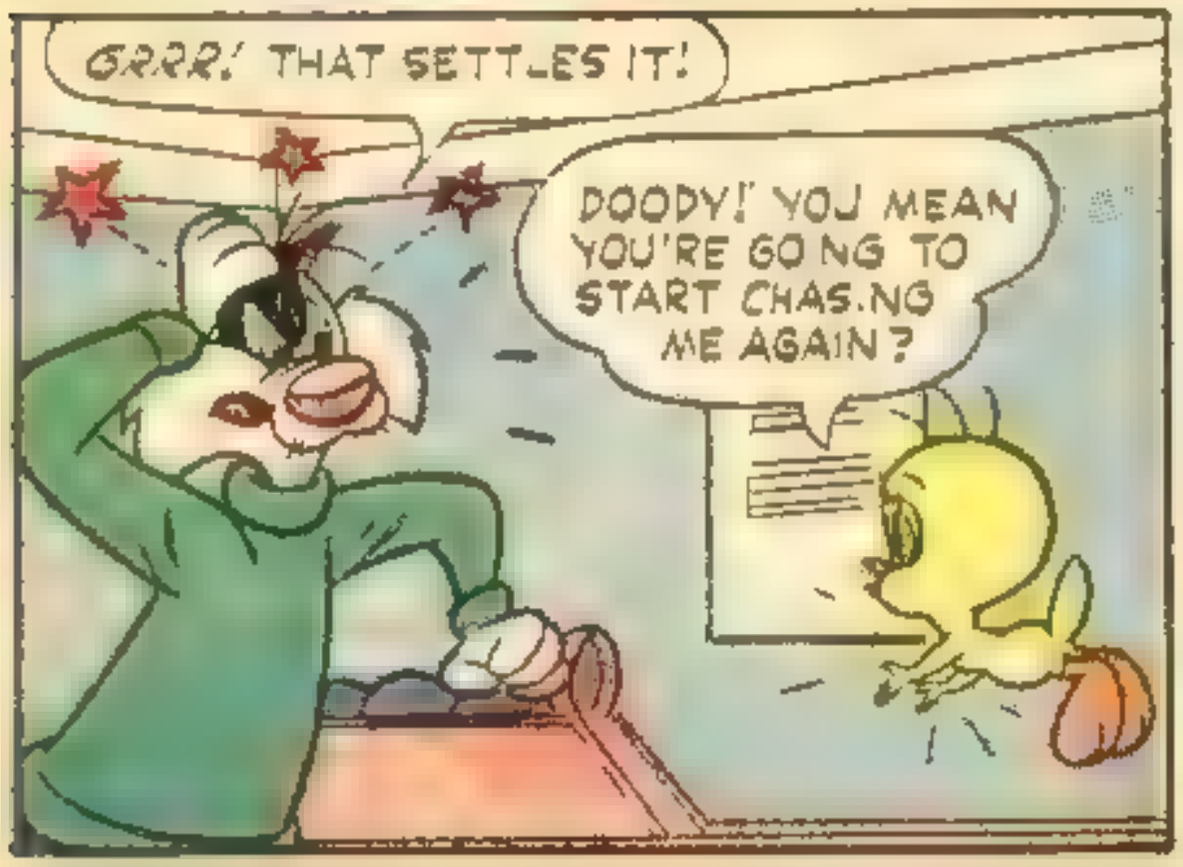

YIPE!
YEA! A STRIKE! I GOT A STRIKE!
GONK!
VOOM!

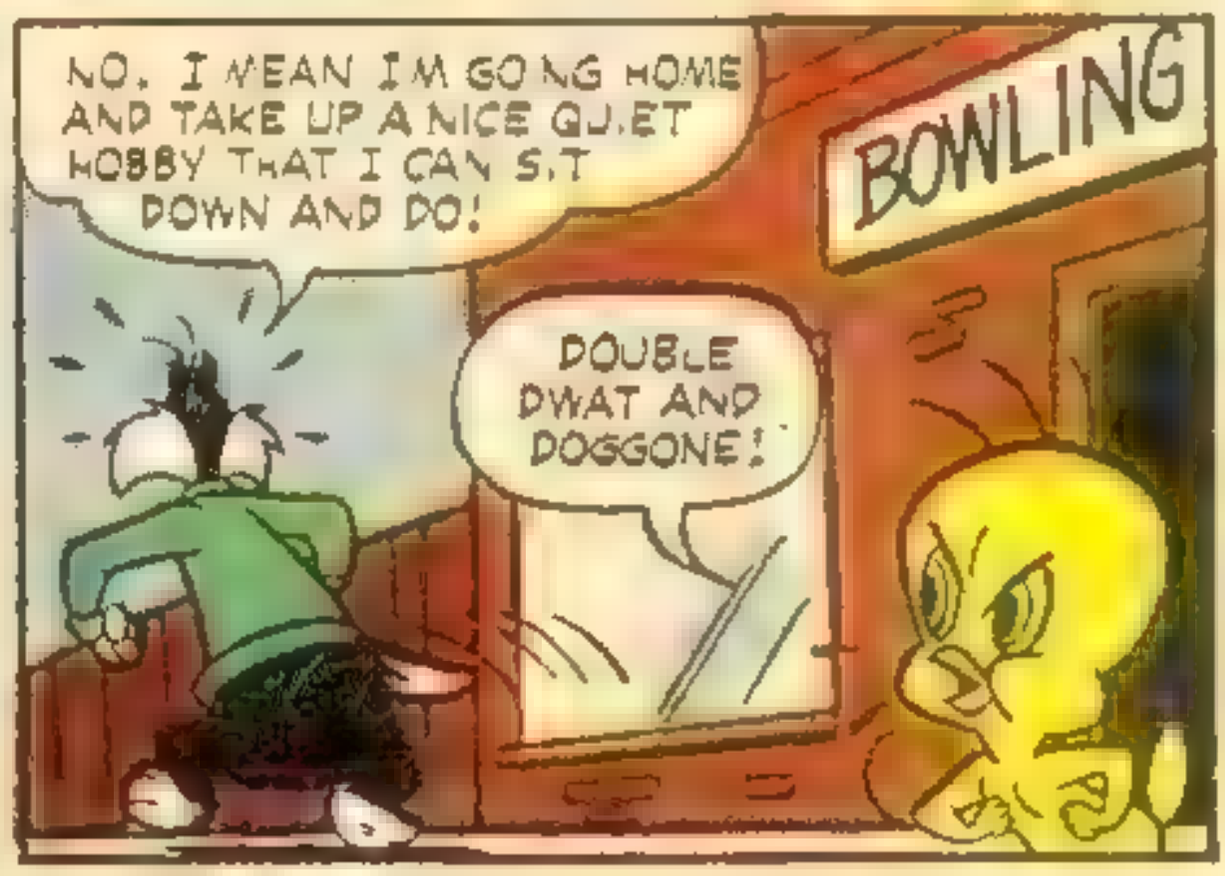

GRRR! I'LL STRIKE YOU! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
I WAS JUST BOWLING! ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT?


YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PLAY THE OTHER WAY!
OH, WELL, I'M JUST A BEGINNER AT BOWLING! BUT I'M AN OLD HAND AT JUGGLING! WATCH!


THWEE AT ONE TIME! WATCH ME!
SHOW-OFF!


BONK!
HEY! STOP INTERFERING WITH MY ACT, PUDDY!
OWW!


GRRR! THAT SETTLES IT!
DOODY! YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO START CHASING ME AGAIN?


NO. I MEAN I'M GOING HOME AND TAKE UP A NICE QUIET HOBBY THAT I CAN SIT DOWN AND DO!
BOWLING
DOUBLE DWAT AND DOGGONE!

H! STAMP COLLECT
CEFUL. IT TOOK ME HOURS, BUT I
GOT THEM ARRANGED THE

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T
SUCCEED, TWY, TWY

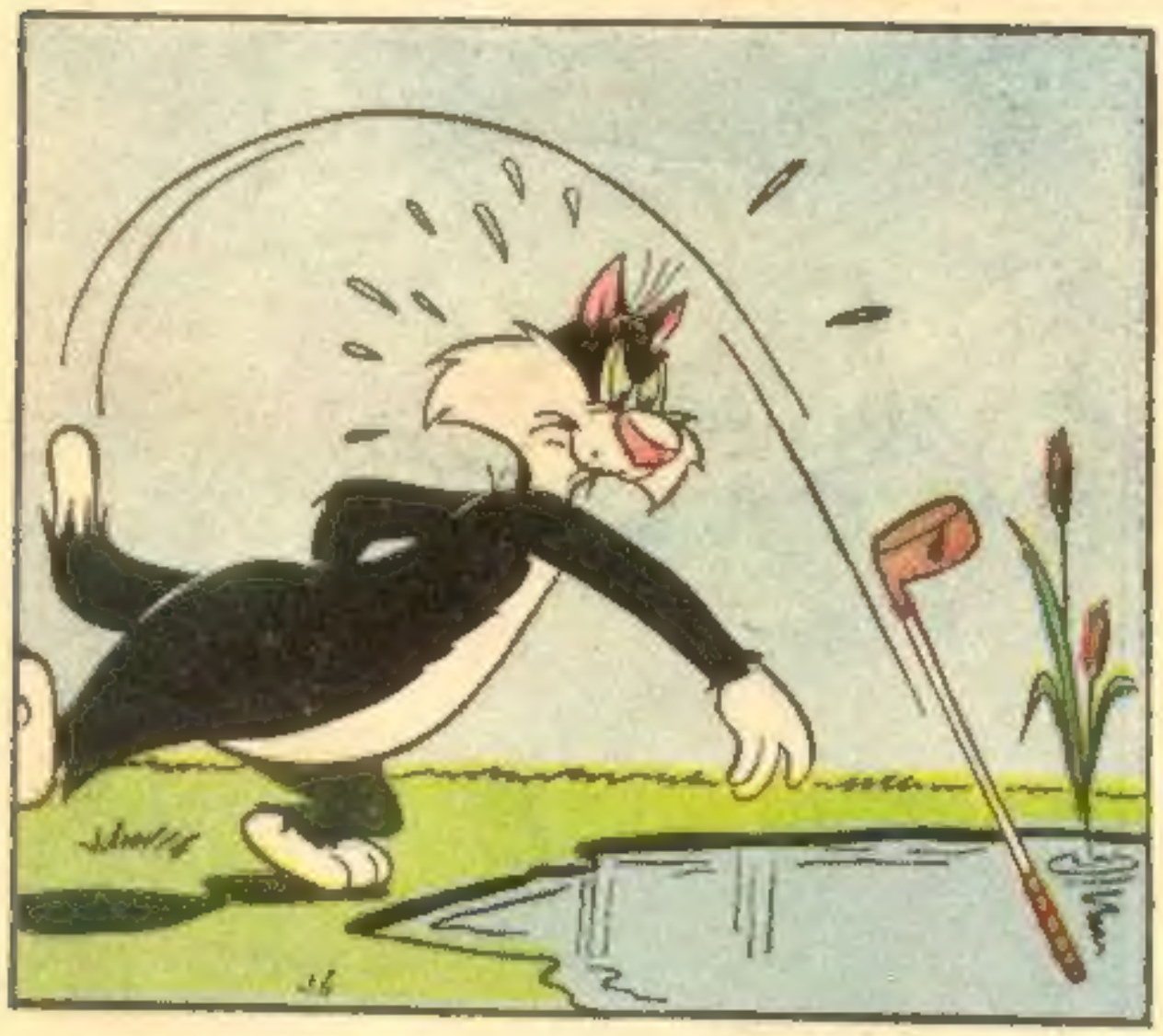
THAT DOES IT! THAT'S
THE LAST STRAW!

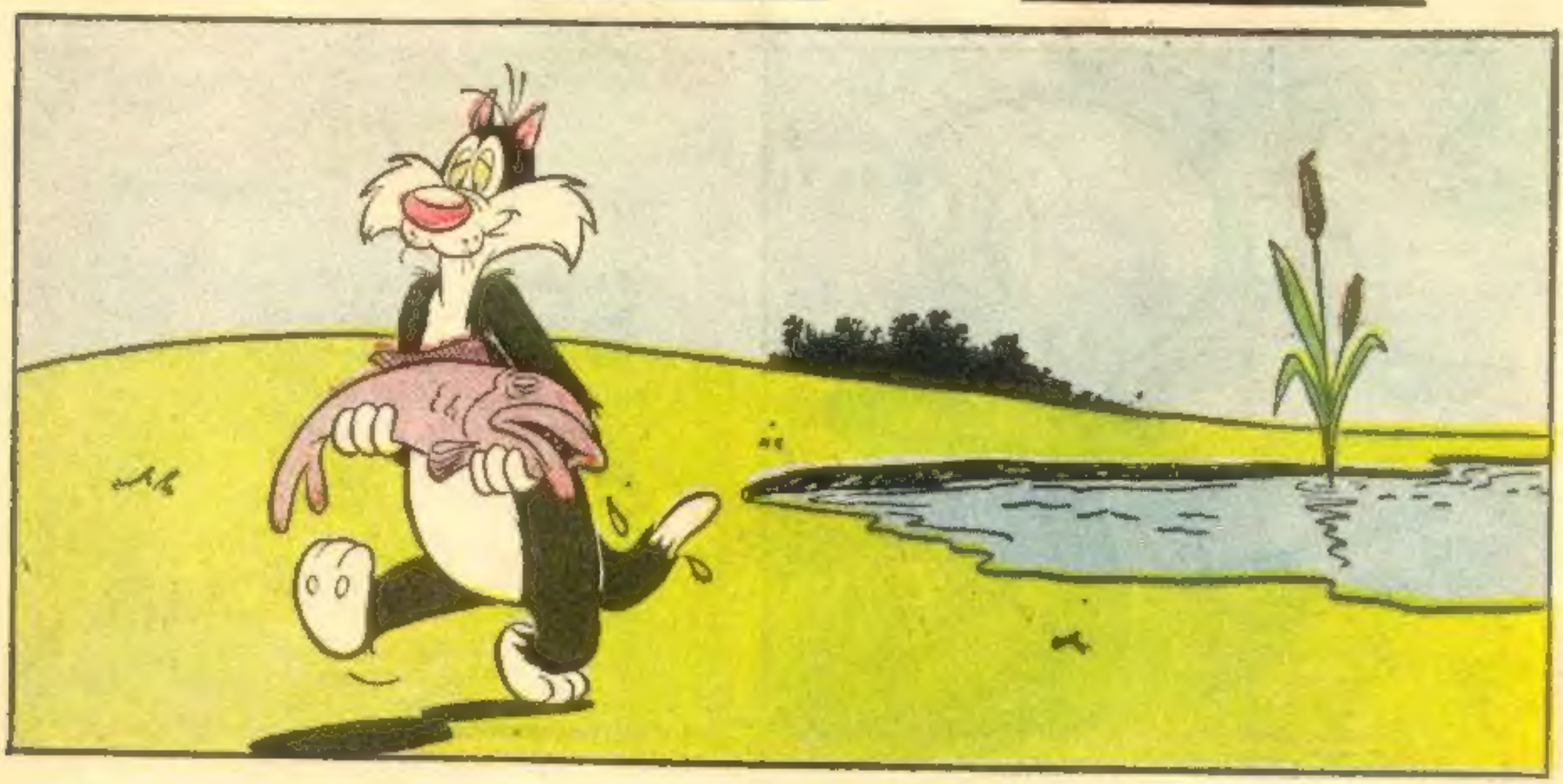
HERE I COME...
READY OR NOT!!

SYLVESTER! YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE RELAXING WITH A HOBBY.
I AM. MY NEW HOBBY IS TAXIDERMY.
FIRST THING I WANT TO STUFF IS THE
TWEETY BIRD!

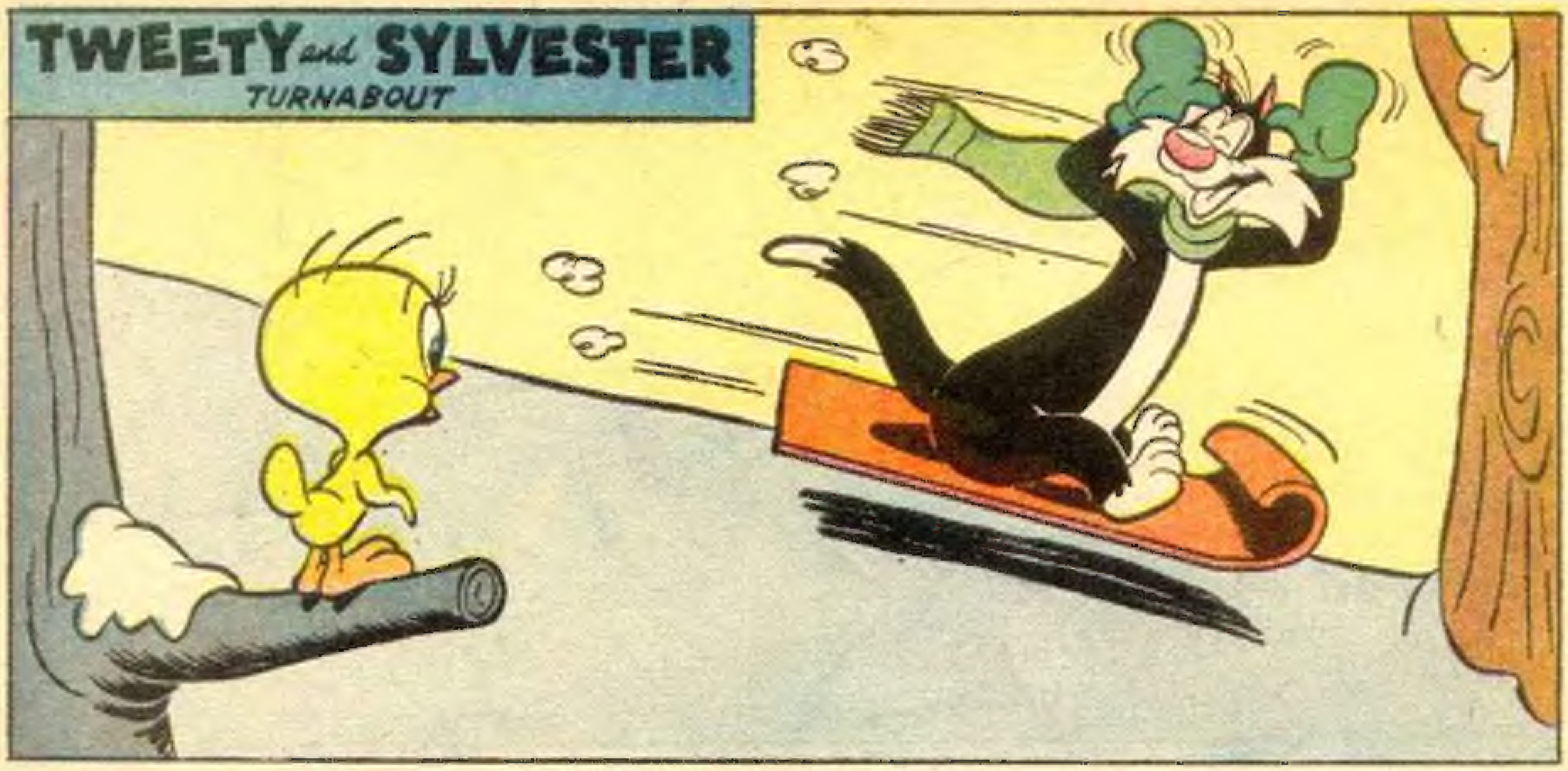
SYLVESTER

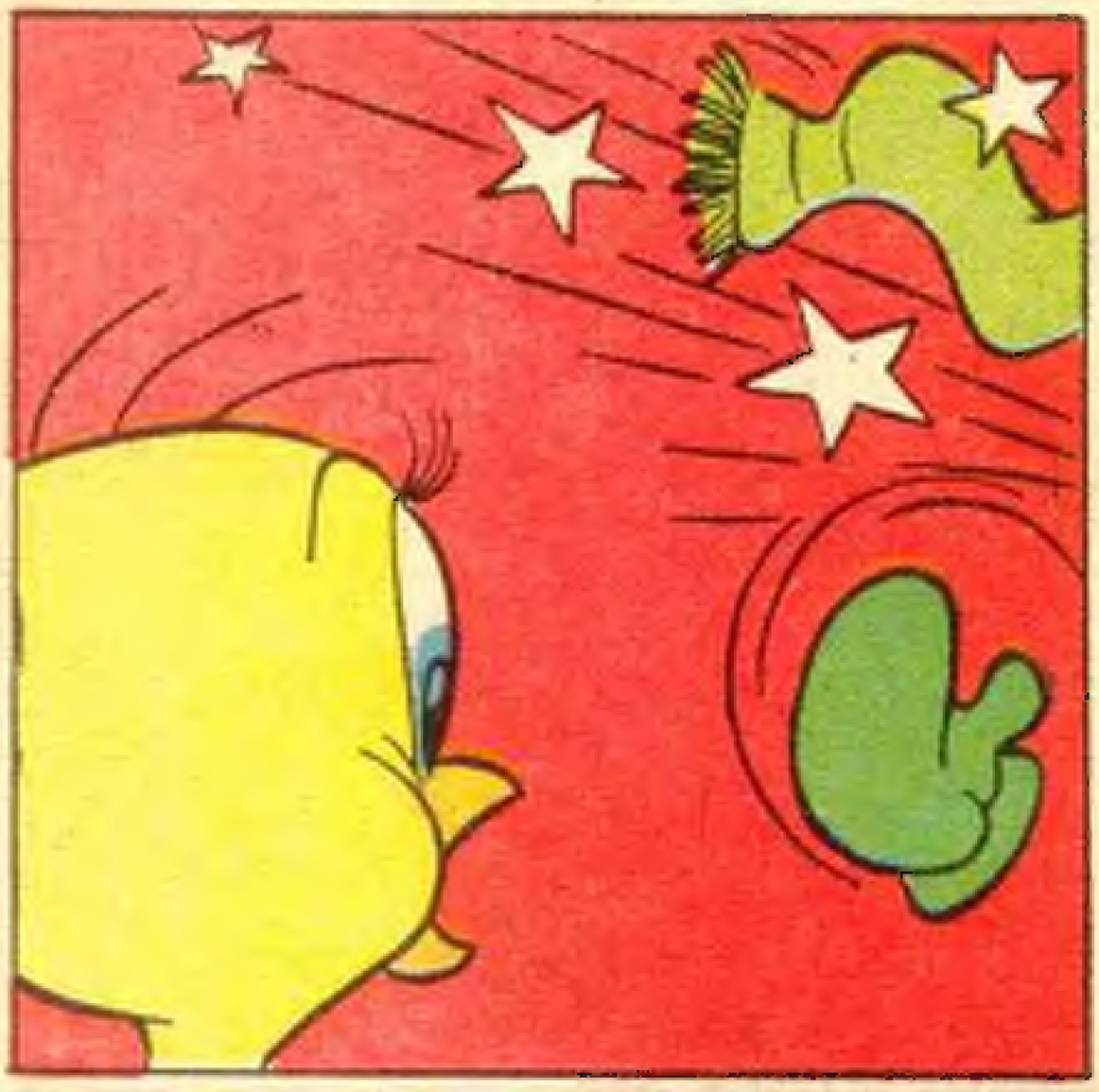
PAR FOR LUNCH

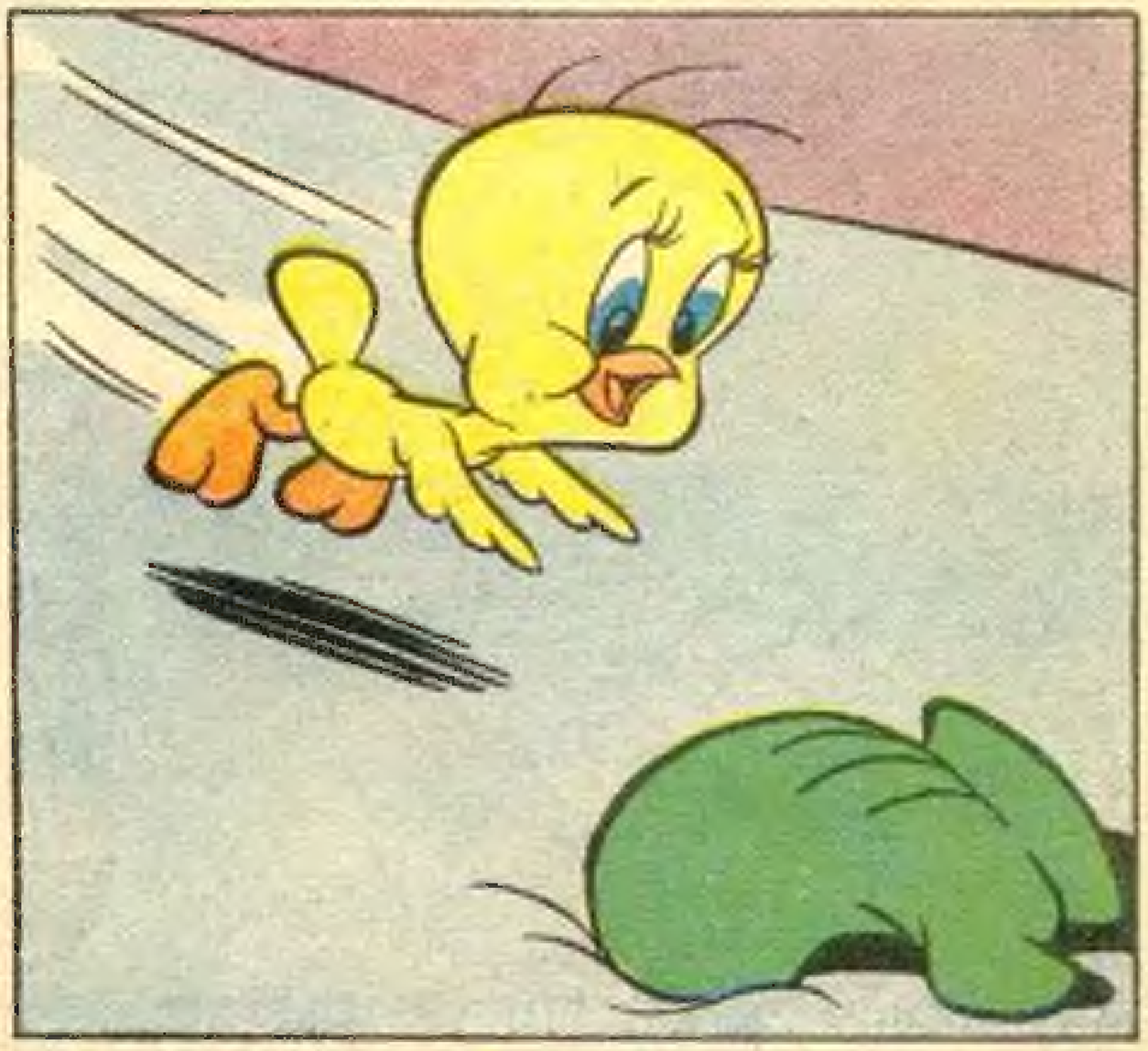


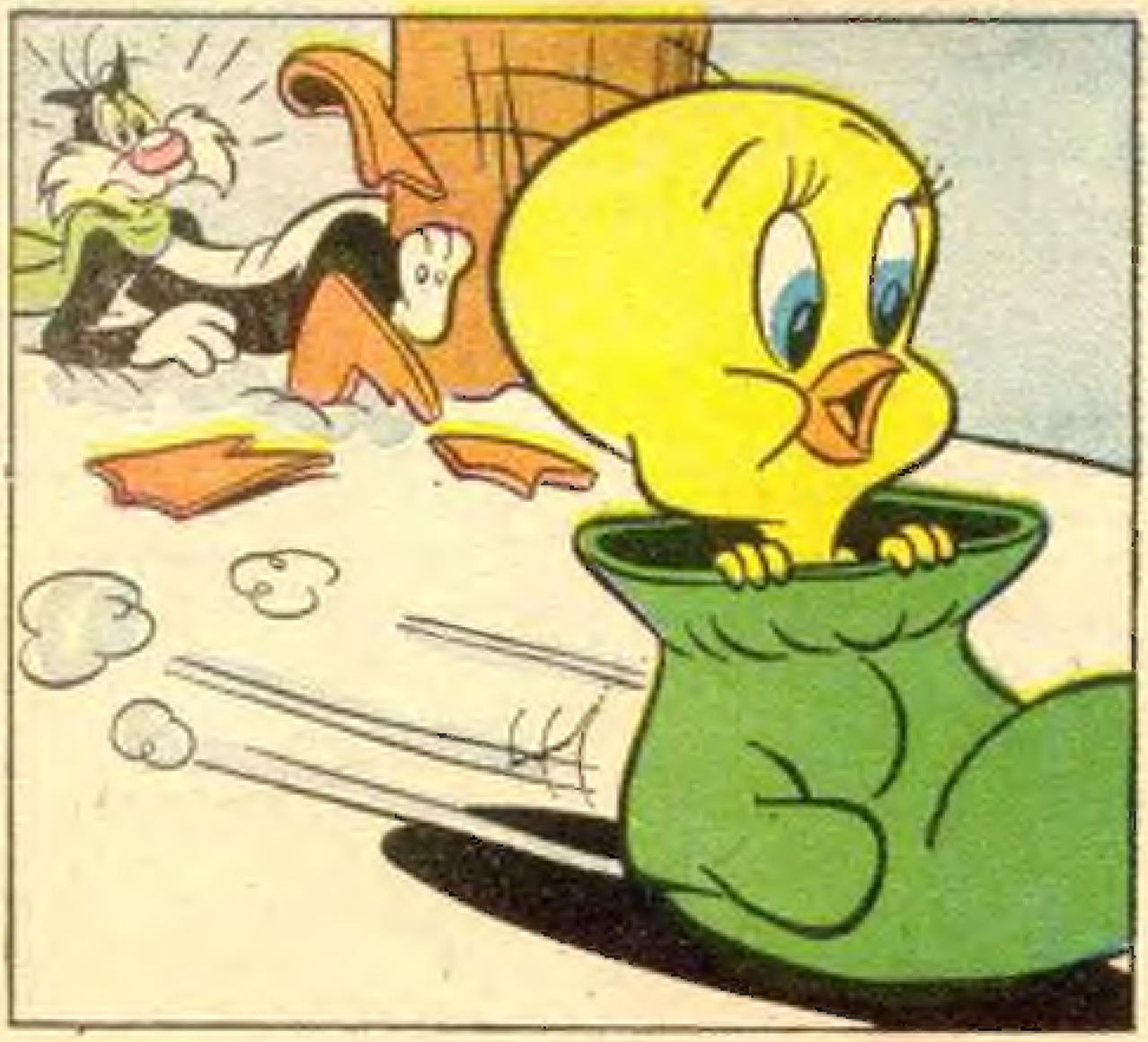


TWEETY and SYLVESTER
TURNABOUT







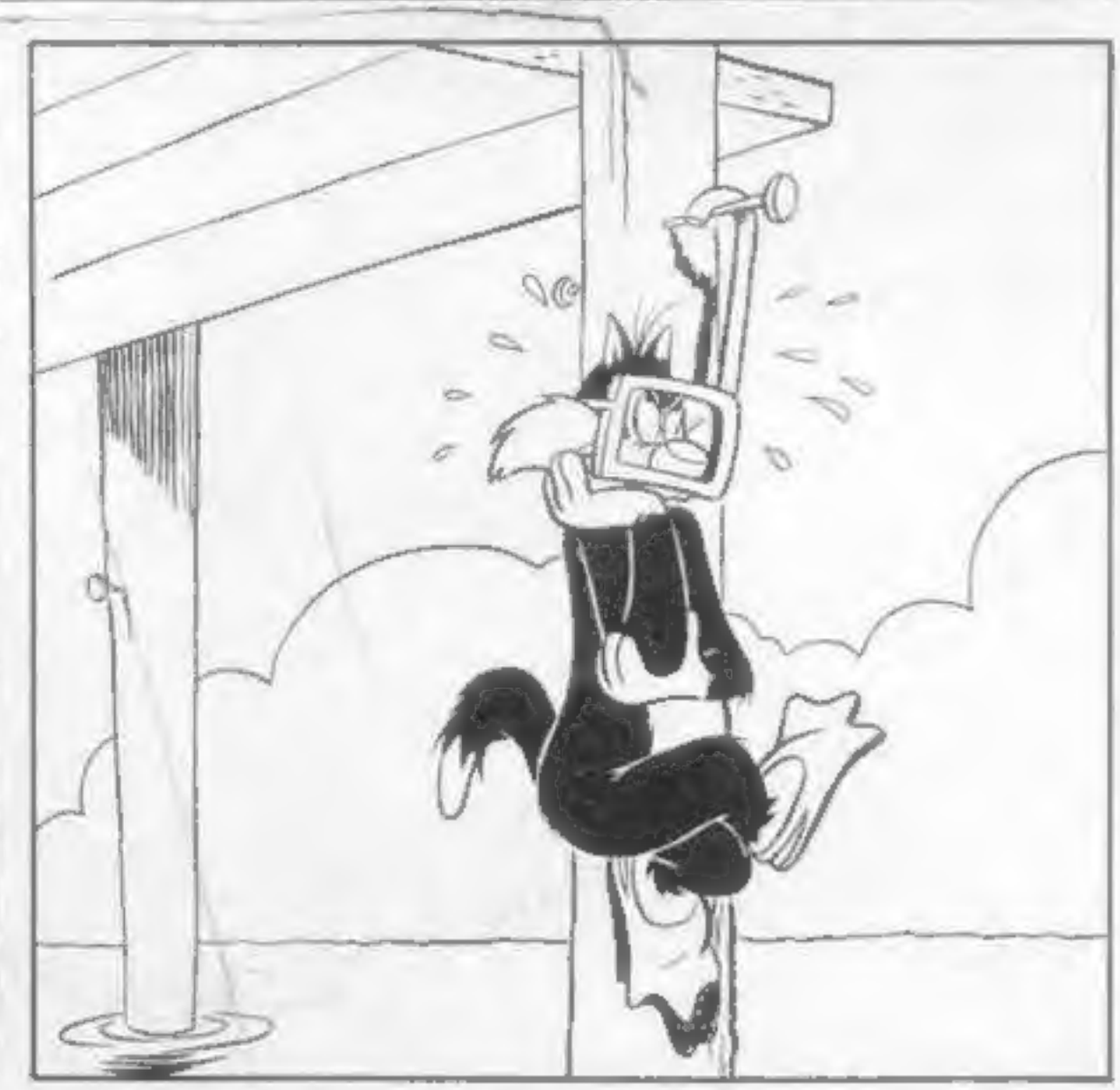


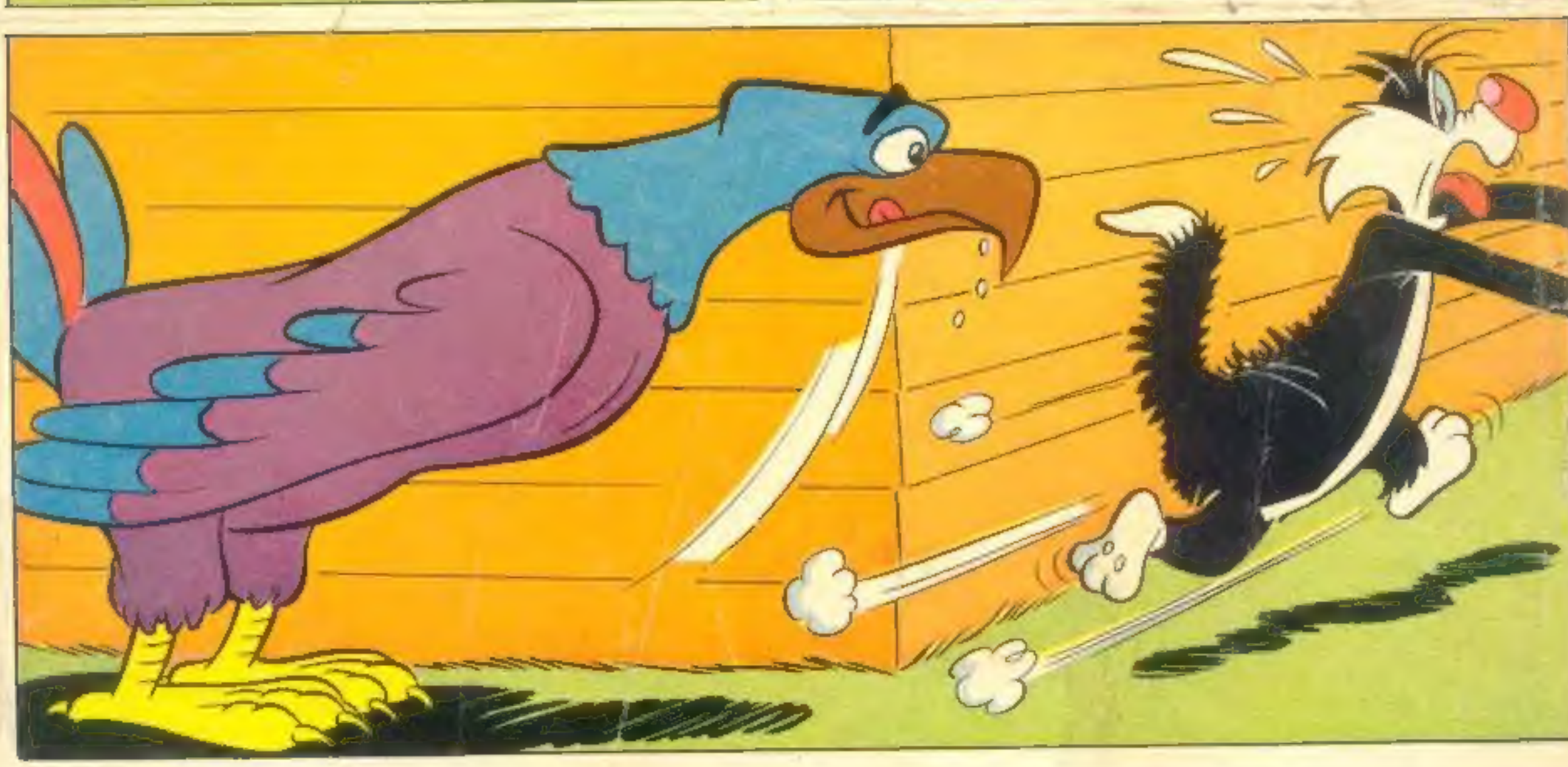
A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" *is our only credo and constant goal.*

SYLVESTER

HOOKED



SYLVESTER

BIRD BAIT